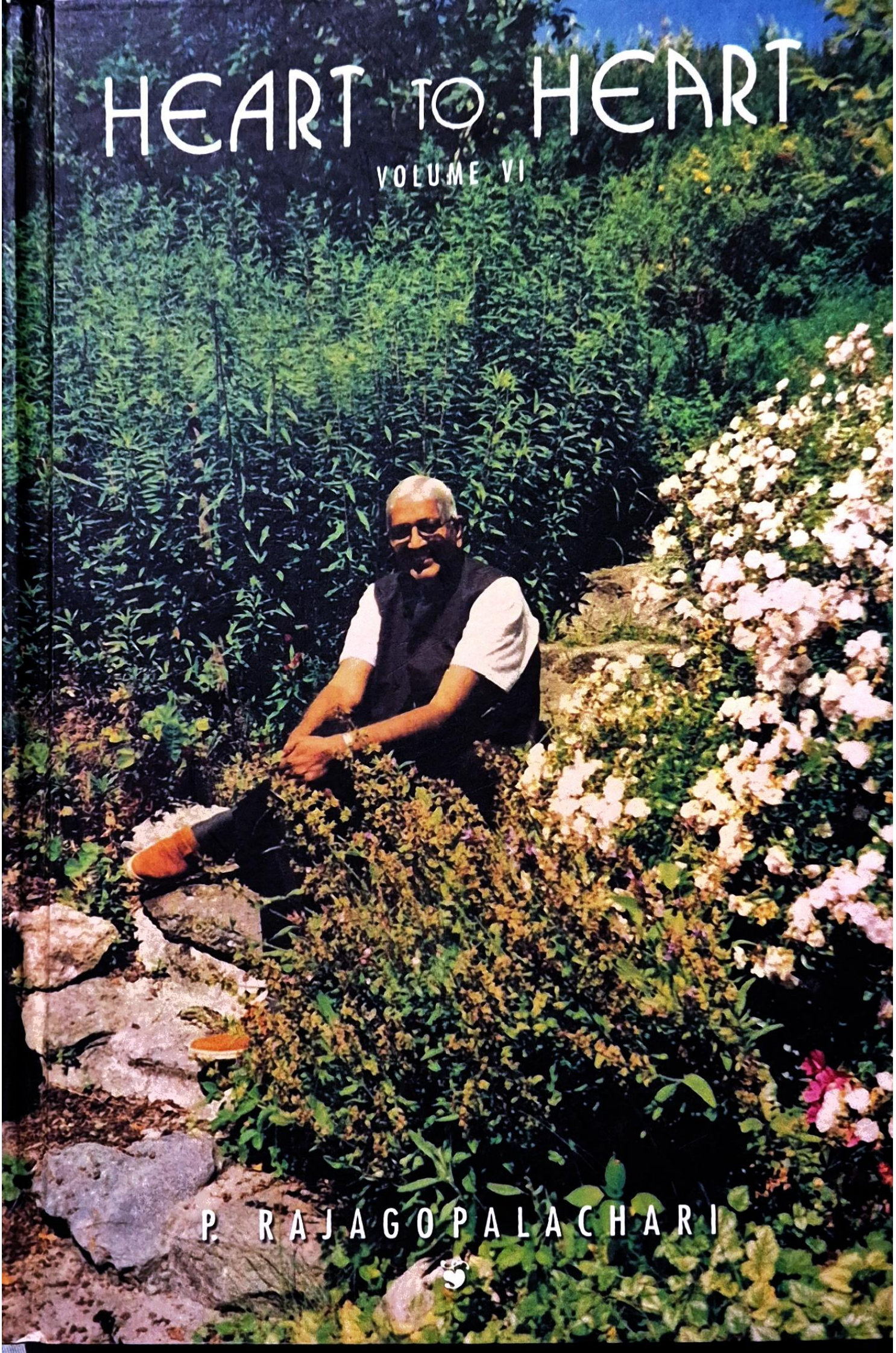
HEART TO HEART

VOLUME VI



P. RAJAGOPALACHARI

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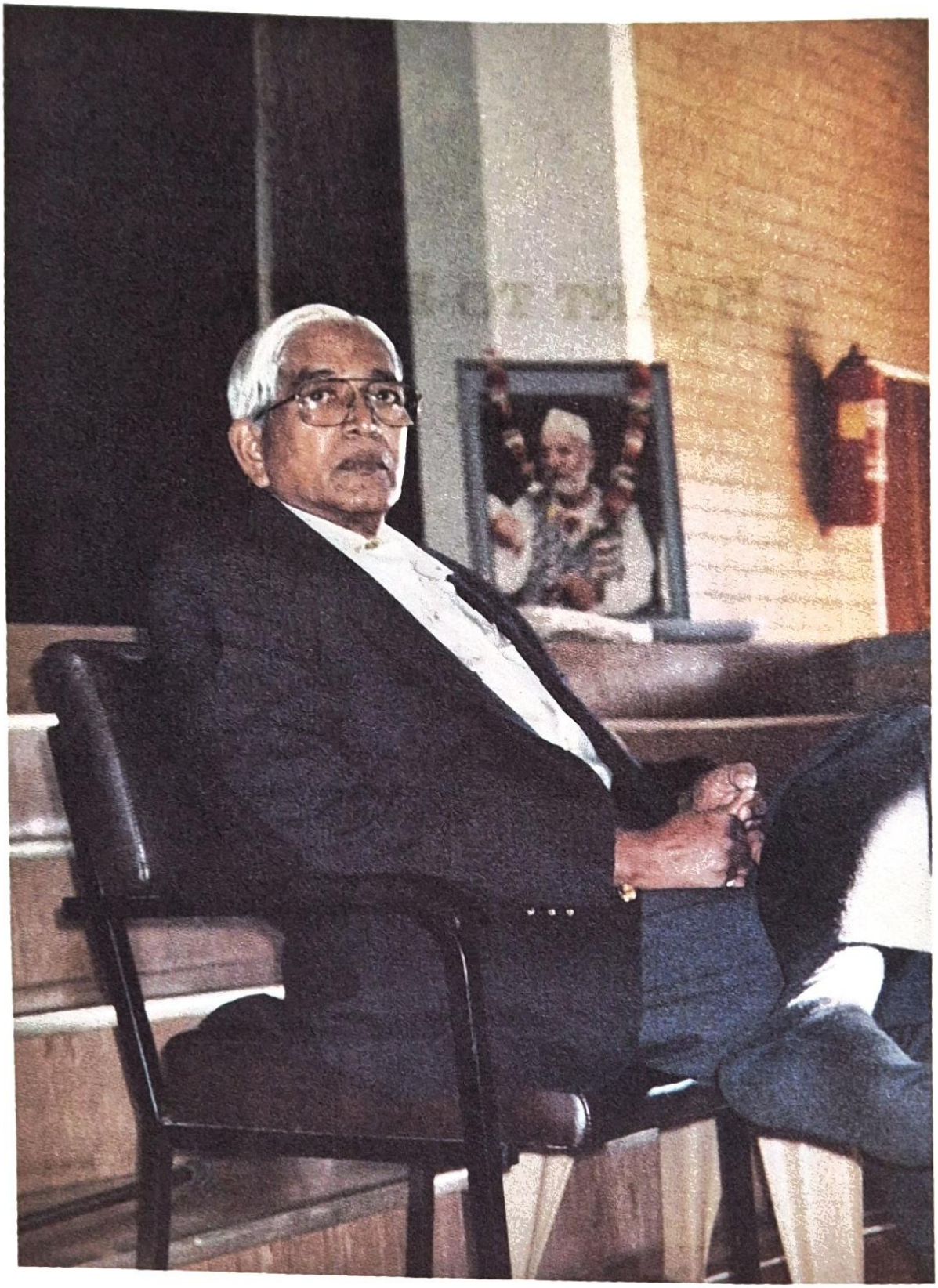

HEART TO HEART

Talks from seminars held in
South Africa, Europe, and Russia
1993

given by
Shri Parthasarathi Rajagopalachari

Volume VI

SHRI RAM CHANDRA MISSION

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PUBLISHER'S NOTE

THIS VOLUME contains talks given by our Revered Master, Shri Parthasarathi Rajagopalachari, outside of India during 1993.

Also contained in this volume are the following two previously published Shri Ram Chandra Mission books:

Heart of the Lion includes talks given in South Africa, 9th to 25th April, 1993.

Revealing the Personality includes talks given in Europe and Minsk, 25th May to 16th July, 1993.

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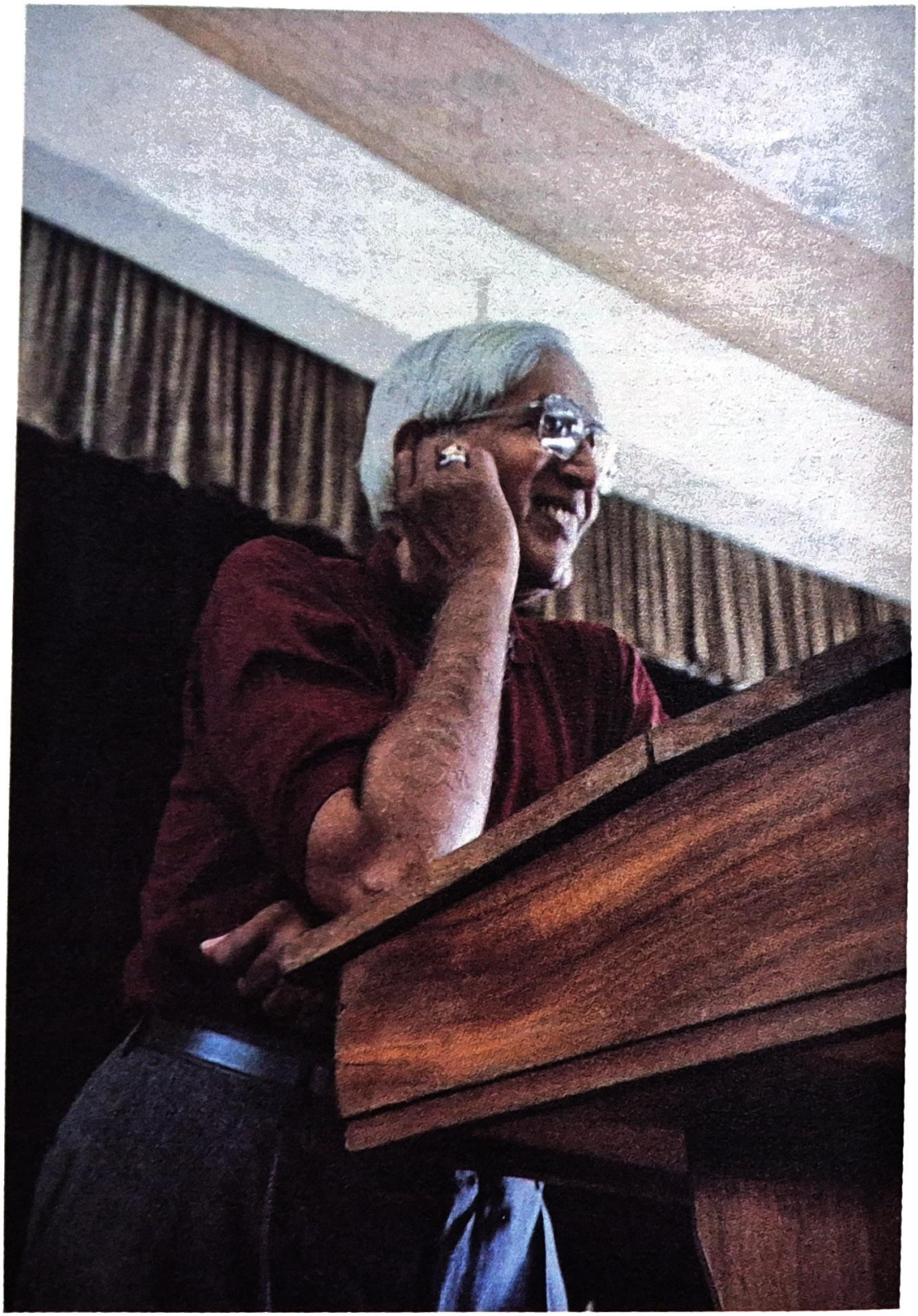
I

SOUTH AFRICA

April, 1993



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THE FRIEND

Lenasia, South Africa
10 April, 1993

This morning, in the bedroom which Rassikbhai has given to me, I saw a photograph which brought back old memories — Babuji Maharaj washing his hands in the wash basin near his bedroom. A very important thing happened in my life right at that wash basin. Perhaps I have spoken about it before. One morning at four o'clock Babuji wanted to go to the toilet, so I took him to the toilet. All night I had been trying to remember it, but I had forgotten his name! And then I thought his Master's name was the same name, so if I remembered that, I should remember his name, but also that name I could not remember. So, I was very upset. I thought there had been some fall at night, some loss of spiritual values, spiritual state — *haalat* as we say in Hindi. So when I took him to the bathroom and brought him back he was washing his hands, and in the mirror he looked at me and said, "You look worried. Why?" I said, "Babuji, there is something wrong with me!" He said, "Four o'clock in the morning, how can anything

be wrong?" I said, "Yes but, you know, how to tell you? I am ashamed I cannot remember your name, and I cannot remember your guru's name, because I thought if I remembered his name, your name is the same, I would automatically remember." You know, with his beard wet, with his hands wet, he embraced me and he said, "Wonderful!" "*Mubarak ho!*", he said in Hindi. "Congratulations." He said, "This is the real condition. That you do not know your guru's name is the best condition." I said, "How can that be?" He said, "The guru really has no name. He has assumed a name for you to be able to call him, for instance." He cannot say, "Hey you!" like the American does. Nobody will turn back and say, "Are you thinking of me?" He's not going to look back and say, "Are you calling me?" He has no form. It is another assumption, or what he has assumed so that we can recognise him.

No name, no form — he has no qualities. You cannot call him, "You, kind man, please come to me." Is he kind? I have often said, "Not at all." Of course there are many devotees here who will probably take up a Zulu spear to throw at me! *Assegaai*! But I suppose I can have *mukabala* [confrontation] with that, too, if necessary. It's not a difficult thing. But to say "Master is kind," is a wrong thing. Is he cruel? Of course not, because one who is not kind is not necessarily cruel. See, it is a human fallacy to only deal with opposites. "He is not rich, so he must be poor. He is not white, therefore he must be black. He is not a man, therefore he must be a woman." How can he be a woman? It's, I mean, something wrong with grammar or with facts.

So we are always going to extremes in our appreciation of values, of life. "The food is not good, therefore it must be bad. It is not tasty, therefore it must be distasteful." But we forget that reality lies between the opposites. It is neither this, nor that. To my understanding, you know, which matured over the years — it is still maturing, one can never know the Master. Obviously when he has no name, when he has no form, when, as I found, he has no qualities, no attributes —

how can you ever know him? Then what is the way of finding out this mysterious thing called the Master? Babuji Maharaj said, "You cannot know God, but you can experience God." So, a Master is a master of experience. Not of acceptance or denial, not of knowing or unknowing, not of having or not having, not of calling or not calling, not of welcoming or not welcoming, but of experiencing.

I wonder how many of you experienced anything yesterday at the airport, because all the way from Mauritius, even though I was talking to these people on the plane, I was transmitting to all those abhyasis of South Africa, also transmitting to those at the airport, and bringing them together in the airport finally and transmitting to them there. How many of you felt it? See now, there is a bit of psychology involved in this. Those of you who think of Him, in whatever way it is, will feel something. Those of you who refuse to think of Him in one way, but only in another way, may not feel Him, or His transmission. Those of you who negate will not feel anything at all.

So, what is this business of acceptance? You see, it is like a wife. When you marry, you accept, "This is my wife." Then she is everything to you. As the Veda says, finally she is your mother! She has to be your wife, she has to be your beloved, she has to be your lover, she has to be your cook, she has to be everything. A man is only one thing to a woman, but a woman is everything to a man. *Ekadasham kruti*, says the old Veda. At the time of marriage, when the woman is blessed, and the couple is blessed, the Vedic mantra says, "Give him eleven children, and make him your twelfth child!" Of course by then the man is generally senile, toothless, and he very much needs a mother! That is when a man misses his woman the most. You know, it is the old man who misses his wife more than the young. The young man only misses her in bed. He misses his fun, he misses his pleasure. The old man misses his wife. The young man doesn't miss his wife. He misses his sex, his pleasure, his fun. He misses good cooking,

he misses pressed clothes, well washed. But when you are old you miss your wife. Like good wine which matures, human relationships must mature. Oh, when a young man, you know, says "I miss my wife," he doesn't know what he's really missing. Or perhaps he knows but he is trying to hide it in different language. "I am missing my wife." When an old man says "I miss my wife," it is something very total in concept. That is why old people, when their wives die, they die very soon sometimes. You know, in the animal world, in the bird world, the mate does not last much longer. Of course, many human beings try to find a second wife! But really, a wife cannot be replaced. You can replace a sexual partner, you can replace a romantic partner, you can replace a cook. If your wife has been merely a cook, you can change her with not much difficulty, you see, with not much difference. If she has only been a concubine to you, you can buy them by the dozen. But if she has been a wife to you, well, you are going to lose one half of your existence.

Now if this is the case only with a wife, with a mere wife, what is it with a Master? But a Master is not to be experienced as a sense object. Babuji Maharaj defined the world once, perhaps in Germany, if I remember right. Somebody asked the question, "What is the world?" He said "Sensed object." We know the world only through our senses. We see it, we touch it, we smell it, we taste it, we enjoy it. So, it is a sensory world. Is it real? Obviously not. That which is merely sensory, which responds only to my senses, which gratifies only my senses — how can it be real?

So you see, when we die, are we losing this world, are we leaving this world? It would be stupid to think, "Oh, I am leaving this world behind, this beautiful world I have seen, full of so many beautiful things," and becoming desolate about it, sad about it, miserable about it, afraid of the next life. How can it be the fact? Material things are transitory things. Today here, tomorrow not here — even the world, even the universe!

The old Vedic wisdom speaks of the universe being destroyed and recreated perpetually, eternally. It speaks of the ultimate Lord, you see, who is reclined in ultimate *samadhi.* With the outgoing breath He creates a world. With the indrawing breath He destroys it and takes it back into Himself, which you call the *mahapralaya.* Just a breath of the Lord, and it is measured in spans of time which are staggering, so you cannot even put it in words, you cannot even write it in figures. Four million, three hundred thousand years is supposed to be *kali-yuga.* Forty-three million years was the preceding. Four hundred and thirty million years, the previous one, and four thousand, three hundred million years, the first *yuga*, the *treta-yuga.* Add up these, and you get a staggering figure. In between each *yuga* there is a *sandhi*, and that is four million, three hundred thousand years long. Like you have the dawn and the dusk which unite the day and the night at either end, you have the *sandhi* between *yugas*, and when you total this up it is one *maha-yuga* only. And the Manu is supposed to be living for so many *maha-yugas.*

That is why in the Indian concept of time, you start with the second, the minute, the hour, then the dark half of the day, the bright half of the day, the dark half of the fortnight, the bright half of the fortnight, the *paksha*, as you call *shukla paksha*, *Krishna paksha*, then the dark half of the year, and the bright half of the year, the *ayana.* The sun's motion towards the north and the sun's motion towards the south. The *daks-ayana* and the *utar-ayana.* And one year is but a day in the life of even a person like Indra, of the Pitras, and they live a hundred such years, and a hundred such years lives the deva, and a hundred of those years lives Indra, and Brahma lives for so many *kalpas.* And the Veda says even Brahma has to come down here. Even Vishnu has to come down. Even Shiva has to come down to this *karmabhumi* and live as a human being again, and work their way into the spiritual evolution.

So, don't look for long life. Brahma is going to live for many *kalpas*, but he is not long-lived, he is short-lived. You

know, Ravana is supposed to have lived for, I don't know, a hundred thousand years, or something like that, and the story goes, you know, that Brahma was washing his hands, and somebody went to him and said, "Ravana has just been born." He said, "Oh, I see," and by the time he finished his tooth brushing they came back and said, "Ravana is dead. Killed by Rama." He said, "*Alpayush* — short-lived blighter! By the time I brushed my teeth he has already been born and dead!" So, people who seek long life are stupid, because Brahma has to come back here, and Brahma is jealous of human beings because we have an opportunity which he doesn't have. He has to rule his kingdom from wherever he is and cannot be liberated from there. He has to come back here.

So you see, the sensory world is a trap. Beautiful things — glitter, romance, glamour. No harm, it is also Nature's creation, but — not to be attached. Ice cream? Well good, why not? If it is given with love, eat it, but don't think of it a second time. Don't ask for a second one, don't think of it at night before going to bed and say, "Oh, I wish I had an ice cream now!"

You know, there are many vulgar stories I have heard which illustrate these truths beautifully, but I cannot say them in the presence of women, unfortunately. One woman asked me in Denmark, "Do you differentiate between man and woman? You are a *chela* of Babuji Maharaj." I said, "Etiquette makes me differentiate! I don't. I mean, I am as capable as any drunkard of talking body things in public, but etiquette forbids." She said, "How to hear these stories from you?" I said, "Become a man!" [laughter] "Then perhaps I will be able to tell you these stories." But there are very, you know, really fascinating stories if you are willing to understand the meaning of those stories, it is something really, you know, out of the Vedas, I should say. After all, even the Vedas speaks, you know, when the human being asks his guru, "What is this *ananda* that you are talking of?" You know, it comes in the Taitraiyi Upanishad. He says, "What is this *ananda* you are

speaking of?" You know, he starts by defining life. He says "This is the *ananda* of the mind, this is the *ananda* of so and so ...," ultimately he says, "*Manusha ananda,*" and the definition is — the pleasure that you have in sexual intercourse. See, this is the definition given in the Vedas, and the Vedas are not body texts. "Why?", I asked, you know, my guru of those days, who was a Sanskrit pandit. He said, "Because in this single thing, all the five senses are put together." Beauty, wonderful perfume, soft and sweet words, silky touch, taste — I suppose there must be something in kissing! — unless it's lipstick!

So you see, the five senses come together — *pancha indriya*. Therefore it is so powerful, therefore it is almost impossible to overcome its pull. Because of the strength of this pull, its enormous pull, which is Nature. Nature has created this potency because for its purpose it wants procreation to continue so that life can evolve. Procreation is not meant for our pleasure, but to give an opportunity for souls to be reborn which have to be reborn, so that they may go on their onward path towards the spiritual goal. Therefore, in Hinduism we have this concept that marriage is a must — that a man must have children, because if you stop with your education, you are not a teacher, but when you start teaching you become a teacher. What I have learned I must pass on. What I have become I must pass on. If I have this enormous benefit, which even Brahma does not have, of being born as a human being, I must pass on this benefit through my, you know, life itself, and create fresh life, giving an opportunity to other souls to be reborn in this human form.

This is the idea of procreation in Hindu tradition. This is the idea of marriage. Therefore, in the Hindu concept marriage is holy, sex is holy, procreation is holy, but only in the right way. So you see, when a man and a woman united in marriage, united in love, unite physically, it is with the idea that, "Lord, let there be a blessed child." You know, even rishis who have not had children have prayed to Lord Shiva. A

thousand years, and Shiva finally comes and says, "Well, what do you want?" "I want a *putra*." You know there is a *yagna* called *putra kameshti yagna*, and Shiva says, "Yes, I can give you a wonderful child who will die at the age sixteen, or you can have one who will live hundreds of years, see his grand-children and great-grandchildren. Which do you want?" In their foolishness, or perhaps in their wisdom, they say, "We want the wonderful child, even if it only lives sixteen years." Because when you have no children, a child is a blessed thing, and a child living sixteen years — well, sixteen years is a long time. So you think, but as this child ages the day is coming nearer and nearer and the parents become sadder and sadder, and you know what happened — the story of Markandeya.

So you see, a child is a divine blessing, not to be aborted, not to be contracepted, not to be thrown on the rubbish heap. Therefore, spiritual wisdom says, "Beware how you procreate, with whom you procreate." Is the vessel fit to receive the seed? You don't go and put, for instance, your cabbage on a heap of cow dung — you won't eat it afterwards. Would you? You select the soil, you select the seed, and you tend that growth with love. Not to eat the fruit, but to see the beauty of that which is growing, and to rejoice in that beauty and to rejoice in a small way in your part in being a creator for the moment. Therefore, it is also said in the Veda that it is in the sex act that a man approaches nearest to the Creator, because he is creating life himself. But if it is for fun, if it is for pleasure, if it is out of a moment of temptation, it cannot be Brahmahood that we enjoy for the moment — it is lust!

So you see, spiritual values are only giving an attitudinal change, a change of direction to the very same thing that we are doing all the time. The purpose is different, the attitude is different, the attitude with which we approach it is different. It does not mean that a saint has no wife, or he doesn't sleep with her. Babuji had six children. In fact, one man in, I think, France or Denmark, he said, "Oh, if he had so many children, Chariji, he must have really enjoyed his sex!" I said, "I never

asked him that question. It would not have been good etiquette to ask my Master, 'Babuji, did you enjoy sex?'" But why not? You see, he was living in a body. Rama had children (Luva and Kusha), Krishna had children. Who did not have children? But the way they had the children, and the children they had — that is what we have to judge. Did he produce a monster? Or did he produce children who could stand up to the father and say, "What did you do with your wife? Where is Vaidehi?"

You know, Rama was going to do one of those famous *yagnas* after Sita had passed off, and he had made a *putli* of gold, a figure of gold of Sita sitting next to him, and he was going with the *yagna*. In the Vedic tradition, no man has a right to perform any sacred *yagna* without his *dharma-patni* by his side. The word *dharma-patni* is very significant, because there can be *adharma-patnis* — *patnis* of the moment. Bought *patnis*, willing *patnis*. *Dharma-patnis* is one who is the wife in the way of *dharma* — upholding life. *Dharma* means the support, the base.

So, not every romance is with a wife, or a concubine. The law may award it but spirituality does not. You see, the famous court scene with Portia — the law allows it, the court awards it! But, in marriage there is no law, there is no court, there is only the moral law. Because, I think it was our friend, our sister here, who said, "Some speakers are very moralistic." We have to be moralistic in times of immorality, in times of grossness, in times of decadence. We have to go to hospitals when we are sick, and if the doctor says, "No smoking, no drinking, no sex," you have to abide by it. "Oh, he's a moralistic doctor. He doesn't want me to have any fun in life. I'll change my doctor." Well, it's time for you to telephone your undertaker and, you know, reserve your plot! You should reserve your plot for your burial well in advance. Beware of a doctor who says, "Oh yes, why not? But, keep it down!" "Three times a day, doctor?" "Well, perhaps, why not, but two might be better, one best!" One what? He doesn't know.

So, beware of a guru also who tells you, "Yes, why not?" Can he make black money? "I will give fifty percent to the Mission." "Yes, yes! Make crores!" Such a guru is not trustworthy. The guru who says you can have fun with your women is not trustworthy. A guru who says you can cheat in business is not worthy of being your guru. A guru who says, "What is there — it is all life." You know, I was traveling once to Balsar in a first class compartment. I was smoking. There was a sannyasi outside in his usual yellow robes surrounded by, you know, I could recognise some of them — the top cinema stars, directors, cameramen — hundreds of them. I was hoping that he would sit in a third class compartment, but he walked into my compartment and sat next to me. So immediately I threw down the cigarette and stamped on it. He said, "*Nay, nay, piyo* — smoke!" I said, "But Swamiji, how can I smoke in your presence?" He said, "This is also created by God!" [laughter] I said, "Swamiji, that's a very convenient philosophy." He said, "My son, God is a convenience that we have created for ourselves. God creates everything. I don't think God will frown at a little pleasure." Then I understood why all these cinema stars and, you know, movie directors were around him! [laughter]

So you see, yesterday we were talking about friendship, friendliness, friendly attitude, God reality. I must tell you one rather *kaduva* truth: The Guru is the only friend you will ever have. I repeat — He is the only friend you will ever have. If you understand the significance of the proverb or the old way of saying who is a friend: a friend in need is a friend indeed. When do I need a friend? When I am in trouble, when I am in difficulties. A man who is well off and enjoying his life, he doesn't need friends. Of course, he is surrounded by so-called friends who are hypocrites who want to share in his prosperity, in his fun, and because he doesn't like to be alone he is surrounded by these sycophants, he throws his money around and they enjoy. No. A friend in need is a friend indeed. If you are in need, how many of those whom you call your friends

will come to you? Sometimes I wish there should be a moment of disaster in every man's life, because that is the moment when you will be helped to find out who are your true friends. In prosperity, in good health, when you are at the peak of your name, fame, and fortune, you are always wondering, "Who is my real friend?" When a man is in power in politics, he does not know who are his friends. It is at the time of fall, when we are sick, when we are miserable, when we are alone, that we can say, "Here is the friend who comes," you see, and only one person will come to you then.

Such a person must have the right to criticise you, to curse you, to kick you if necessary. If you do not give him that right, don't ask for his friendship, because if he is your true friend he has to help you, he has to give his life for you. He cannot do it unless you permit him to do it. If you say, "No, no, what is this — this blighter is always calling me names, criticising me, telling me not to smoke, telling me to get rid of six out of my seven girlfriends and marry the seventh one... I don't want! I can find friends enough." Yes. They will not aid you — they will give you AIDS! Many acts of aid does not make AIDS. AIDS is not the plural of aid.

This is a stern warning I must issue to all of you. A really stern warning — that if you are not fit to be kicked around, or not willing to be kicked around, don't go for spirituality. Find one of these false gurus, spurious gurus. You know, there are many cults, many organisations where they will praise you, and while they are praising you and hugging you they will take the purse out of your pocket as beautifully as one of the light-fingered gentry can do it. You won't even know that you have lost a crore of rupees. All that you will get in return is your name on a piece of marble outside their temple. Donors — list of donors, starting with the biggest, ending with the smallest. How long will it last? As long as the temple lasts. How long is the temple going to last? Well, nothing created by man lasts forever.

So you see, a friend need not be friendly. Remember this. It is only in material things that honey must be sweet, lime juice must be *khattah*, you know, *khattah, mitta,* all this nonsense. Yes, because in nature there is no change. A mango is always a mango. I would love to have a mango which will taste sour to me because it's not good for me, and I would throw it away and say, "No, no," and the mango says, "Sensible fellow! I will come back to you sweet when you can tolerate it, when I am good for you." That is also the role of the wife. The wife must learn to say no to her husband. What is the disaster that has taken over the Occidental world in their love, in their marriage situations? The inability of the woman to say no. I hold the women squarely responsible for degeneration — moral degeneration — anywhere, in any society, white or black, Hindu or Muslim — anywhere. Where a woman cannot say no, that society is plunging towards disaster. I have said this in the white countries — they were very angry with me. I now say it in our countries here, with black and brown people. They will also be angry with me, but the woman knows in her heart that when she cannot say no, she is slipping. Not sleeping, as some Gujaratis would say, but slipping.

To say no is the most difficult thing, and like a wife, a guru must know when to say no. If he cannot say no, he is useless. If a guru is always saying "Yes, yes," "Can I go out for half an hour and see the beauty of this country?" "Yes, why not!", shun him. "Can I have a little whisky? Just a little?" "Yes, yes. It's good." You know, yesterday I was reading an article in the magazine on the plane, where it says a little wine a day keeps the heart attack away! So, come to your guru and say, "Babuji, can I have a little drink? You know, my heart!" "Your heart?", Babuji was very innocent. "What do you mean, my heart?" "No, no, you know, this heart," patting your chest, and then Babuji quietly looks at somebody sitting near him and says, "I wonder whether this fellow has a heart at all!"

Make sure you have a heart. We all imagine we have hearts — golden hearts, spiritual hearts. Make sure you have a heart, not just a pump, pumping away futilely. Make sure you have the heart, then start developing that heart into something into which divinity can plunge itself and renew itself and come out, you know, as you.

So, I repeat, the Guru is the only friend. In fact, I have said this so often, that in the Sufi philosophy the guru is called Friend. They say, "The Friend is coming." Because he is the only fellow who can give his life for you. He is the only fellow therefore to whom you must hand over totally a power of attorney — "Do with me as you think I deserve to be done, as I deserve to be done with. Kick me when I have to be kicked. Beat me when I have to be beaten. Curse me when I have to be cursed. But make of me what you think I should be eventually, because only you can do it."

So, once more I say this in all humility — if you must have a Master, find a fellow who is capable of, you know, throwing you around, beating you up, cutting you to pieces. Remember Parushurama's father and the stern test that young boy had to make for obedience — "Kill your mother." "Yes." He pulled out his sword and cut off her head. He said, "I am pleased with you, my son. Ask for anything you want." He said, "I want my mother alive." And he said, "So be it," and she got up and walked off. The Guru is the Guru is the Master, when you say of destiny, it means of life and death. He must be the master of your life as he must be the master of your death.

If the Master does not come to me in my final moment when I shall close my eyes for the last time, it is useless, because that is when I need him most, because that is when I take my step through a door that has never been open so far in my existence and I don't know what lies beyond. I may be stepping off a precipice and falling to my ultimate death. Who knows, when I open that door, what is going to happen to me.

Then the Master comes and says, "Come." He takes the hand and leads you lovingly to your goal. But he can do that only if throughout your life you have given him the charge over yourself, kept your hand in his, like a trusting child with its hand in its mother's hand, and gone where he goes. Trusting him, loving him, knowing that he will not do anything against your interests because, after all, his interest in you can never be less than your interest in him. His goal for you can never be less than the goals you have set for yourself. His love of life, your life, can never be less than your own love of your own life. If you have understood these things with your heart, then you will never withdraw your hand from him. Even if he wants to shake it loose, you will not allow it to be done.

Therefore, Babuji said, "Look for such a one who can lead you to your goal, and having found him, bind him to yourself with chains of steel." Why? They should be unbreakable. Even in a moment of anger, of temper, of renunciation, so-called, we should not have the ability to break the chain that we have tied around him and us. What about his strength to break it? Of course he can break anything. But he doesn't come to us to throw us off, or to shun us, or to repudiate us, or to break the chain that we have forged with him. The danger is always that we shall break the bond. Therefore we have to tie, with chains of steel, the Master and ourselves together, because in a moment of despair, in a moment of anger, in a moment of weakness, the abhyasi should not be tempted to cut the chain and run away. Only slaves cut chains. Only prisoners break doors and escape. Devotees, never.

So, I pray that all of you should have these senses awakened in you — the real senses — the sense of what is good for me, the sense of who is good for me, the sense of what is a friend, who is a friend — not of friendliness. The true friend, the Guru, has no need to be courteous, no need to be polite, no need to have etiquette towards you in his behaviour. We are translating into the spiritual world merely, what shall I say, values of etiquette and politeness that we practice in human

intercourse. "Is he a human being?" Of course! "He is my friend, can I address him as friend?" Well, decide in your heart how you can address him. In our Hindu culture, the husband can call his wife by name, but the wife cannot call her husband by name. "Hey, Ramu *yavo*!" What do you think of such a woman? "Oh, I don't think they're married, sir. No Indian woman would call her husband by name." Today it is the fashion. It is taken as the sign of equality of the sexes. A cheap equality in which you can call your husband by name, and you think you are a woman? Shame. You have lost much in gaining very little. "*Ranjit aavo.*" "*Arre kaun bulaveche mane.*" "Mama mia, my wife is calling me by name. I don't know what is happening in this household." It is crazy, it is artificial, it is stupid.

So, let us hold onto our Hindu culture very tightly. Let us not sacrifice the ideals of womanhood, especially in India. You know, in India a woman is something very great. Don't be misled by what these Occidentals tell you, that a woman should not walk three paces behind her husband: "Are you not equal? Should you not, you know, put your arm around his waist and walk like we walk? Look at us. La-la-la-la, we are going walking." And tomorrow morning the girl is missing or the man is missing. Where is that arm around my waist? Gone with the wind, gone forever, like two pictures I saw in my childhood.

These cultural values are the bastion which protects us. They are the values which nourish us, which make us enriched in our life. That which enriches must be protected. You can leave cow dung on the heap, but you don't put vitamin pills on cow dung; they are in bottles. The Hindu way of life is a supremely benevolent and good way of life. Let us not barter it away for flippant ideals such as women's lib. The woman is no more free than the man when they are married. The man enjoys an apparent freedom because he can go to work, he flies around earning his money, so a woman thinks, "Oh, you know, he can go anywhere he likes." He does not go anywhere

he likes. He goes to see his customers, he goes to collect his money, he goes to see his suppliers. They are not everywhere, everywhere. He cannot go to Mauritius for a holiday. Which businessman takes a holiday? The richer they are, the less of holidays they have. Isn't it? So, let not our women be foolish and think, "Oh, my man can go where he likes. He can go in the morning at six, come back at ten at night." For your sake! He is slaving for you, for your children that you have borne to him. Don't you think he should do it? Or should he lead a happy life wandering around the gardens of Johannesburg singing around trees? That is a false world of romance which doesn't exist. You know how many times they say a man hasn't married, and yet how many affairs they have. In and out of affairs, and it is very symptomatic of the truth of what they say, that the French call it "*l'affaire de coeur*" — an affair of the heart. I call it "*l'affaire de corps,*" given my own broken knowledge of French. I hope it's an improvement!

So, cherished values, values which have lasted centuries, values which keep the beloved protected, cherished, nourished, let not the beloved throw away. It is not freedom to break these cultural ties — they are not bonds. When young plants are growing we put protective devices around them so that the cows may not graze on them. We send our children to school with somebody else, so that they are not abducted on the way, kidnapped on the way. We live in houses with doors and windows precisely for protection. Protection should not be confused with imprisonment. In prison you are not under protection. I hope nobody thinks that a prison is a place where we are protected. Only some of the Mafia dons prefer to be in prison, because then their enemies cannot shoot them down. But even there they penetrate, and Mafia dons have been shot in prisons. There is no protection in prison. It is where society is protected from you.

So you see, coming back to this idea of friendship — don't expect friendliness from your only Friend. From your other friends, yes, they should be friendly, they should be

polite, they should praise your *dokla* even when it has no salt — doesn't matter. "*Saruche*." But with the Friend, remember that he is the only one who will stand by you through thick and thin, through adversity, through prosperity and pain, through suffering. And however he may behave, whatever he may say, accept it as something in your good, for your good, for the ultimate destiny of ultimate release from existence itself.

Thank you.

2

NOTHINGNESS, PART I

Lenasia, South Africa
11 April, 1993, Morning

We often speak about the Master, and how his capacity is nearly divine, if not divine. Babuji Maharaj said so many times that God has no mind. That is a specialty of Sahaj Marg philosophy. In our own experience of life we also know that God is heartless. I mean, it doesn't need any explanation. In the Occident people are always asking, you know, "According to many religions and philosophies, it is said God is love. So, if He is love, how does He allow little children to be born incapacitated, babies having AIDS, children being born blind, children being tortured, children being abducted and raped?" — all this, you know, the whole panoply of inhuman civilisation that we have had after half a million years of so-called human existence, perhaps a million years of human existence.

If you look at today's human beings, one may perhaps be tempted to say that over these million years of evolution to what we call *homo sapiens* today, the animal in man seems to manifest itself more and more. Of course, the primitive

underdeveloped societies are always blamed. I see here, in the South African press, this tendency to blame one section of the population over the other, to say that they are crude, they are dirty, they are filthy, they are primitive, they are animals, etc. But I don't think the other half is any less animal, I only think they have whitewashed it, tailored it a nice suit, given shoes to it, and cosmetics. Smells nice, but it is still as violent and as animal as the other half.

There is a saying in India that, "To clap you need two hands." One hand cannot clap. Similarly, for violence to exist there must be two sections of society, and it's a moot point, a debatable point, as to which is responsible. It is like a couple where the two partners to the couple blame each other for all their mess.

So, coming back to this idea that more and more animal tendencies are being manifested as our greed, our avariciousness grows in a materialistic environment. We know for a fact, you see, that God has no heart. We know from the teachings of the Master that God has no mind. Then what is this Divine capacity we are talking about? So, I have ventured to suggest that the Divine only creates. When I asked Babuji Maharaj, "Why does the Divine create?" He said if He did not create — excuse the masculine gender for God, but that is our traditional way of looking at God — we cannot say "the chairperson" — God is not the chairperson. He is very much the chairman, and this is not a matter of male chauvinism, it is a philosophy in itself. When I asked Babuji why He creates, he said, "He would suffer from power grossness if He didn't." He has to create. Then what happens is, in this creation of ours we have all the raw materials necessary for evolution, and we as human beings, we have been blessed — sometimes I think we have been cursed — with an intelligence and the will power to guide our own destinies — one helping us to choose the right destiny, the other giving us the power, the motivating power to go on that path, the chosen path.

So, what I am trying to suggest is that there is no use looking to a God to correct us, or our societies, of our tendencies. The buck stops here, and the **here** is — each man pointing to his own heart, each woman pointing her finger to her own heart — towards yourself. The buck stops here. So, now we have to wonder, you see, what is this role that the Master is going to play in this. Has he any role at all? Can he help us? Of course, it is almost a truism, it doesn't need an explanation, that help can only be forthcoming if my direction is right. Obviously, if I am going towards Capetown and somebody is going towards Zimbabwe, he cannot give me a lift! It's obvious, and there is no use ranting and raving and saying, "Oh, these blighters, they are going all the time towards Zimbabwe when I want to go south towards Capetown. Why doesn't somebody help me? Where is this God you are talking so much about?" Babuji can help only in an established direction in which he can take us, and in no other.

This has to be very definitely understood, then it will avoid a lot of disappointment. It will obviate the need to curse the Master roundly whenever we feel like it. It will also remove our foolishness and childishness in expecting the Master to pamper us, to fulfil our every whim, our every pleasure, and decide once and for all that he is a spiritual guide who can guide me on my spiritual destiny, offering of course such palliatives as I may need on the journey. There is nothing against his helping me materially if he chooses to do it, but that is not his job. After all, if I am a passenger on a train and I have forgotten my water bottle, there is no law which says that another co-passenger will not give me a sip from his bottle, or a sandwich from the basket of another person. But they are incidental. They are not planned, and we should not depend on that. We have to equip ourselves in all possible ways to undertake this journey, this enormous distance we have to cover, which Babuji Maharaj says, nevertheless is no distance, covered in no time.

So, do we really need all this paraphernalia that we put together when we go on a journey? Not if you are going to take it as a journey of no time and no space; very much yes, if you are thinking of it as a long journey over a long stretch of time. It depends on you. If any one of us here has the capacity, has the gumption, has the spunk to say, "I shall leap into eternity here from now. All that I need is to jump. I don't need anything else." But if I want to walk down the precipice like a slow-moving ant, creeping here, creeping there, crawling around, afraid of falling, afraid of breaking my neck, holding on to the Master for dear life, or forgetting in the process thinking I can do it myself, and falling to my destruction — then of course I need parachutes, I need hang-gliders, I need helicopters above to rescue me in case of disaster — I need everything.

So, we think of the Master in several ways. Some of us tend to think of him as a banker who will help us in our business, making us free of the problems of cash flows, etc. Some of us think of him as a supervisor of a health club, helping us to rejuvenate ourselves, to remain young, youthful. Some, as a sort of a marriage bureau, providing life partners, or not-so-long life partners! For the nonce! Some, as a ticket issuer, you see, who has only to give me the ticket to eternity and then fade out of the picture. "I don't need him any more. I have my ticket, why do I need the old fellow now? Doesn't make sense, Chari, to carry the travel agent with you to Bombay, does it?" Not at all.

So, how we look upon the Master also is a very clear indication of what we are. Each one of you can decide for yourself what the Master is to you, and therefore what you are now in this moment on the spiritual journey. You don't have to look into your journals, you don't have to look into your heart. Just think of what you think of your Master, and you know, it's like solving one of these mathematical equations — shift the equation around and you have the answer. If X is

equal to Y, Y is equal to X! You don't even have to change the factors around.

So, this fascinating problem of what is a Master, who is a Master, why a Master — it is entirely up to you to provide the answers. The Master is helpless, he has no answers, he cannot answer any of these questions except by one answer, saying, "You know it already." Babuji Maharaj used to be very polite. He was an extremely cultured person. He would say, "You are intelligent. You already know what the Master is." They went home satisfied, thinking that they were right in what they thought the Master was! Of course, they were partially right. The businessman went home thinking he is the banker, and when his loan didn't come through he said, "What have I got into? This man, you see, he even told me that I am right in what I think of as the Master. And yet no loan! How can it be possible?" So, a long letter comes, "Babuji Maharaj, I have been dependent solely on you," and then poor Master says, "Now, what should I do? How to answer this letter?" Sometimes I have known him walking up and down in his house for three days, not knowing how to respond to a letter, because his etiquette forbade him to write the truth about the other man. About himself, there was no such thing as the truth to write, because he was all things at all times, and therefore something to someone at some times, and nothing to somebody at no time, everything to someone at all times. He was a whole, you know, spectrum of possibilities. So, how could he say what he was, except in relation to a particular individual? Someone thought of him as God, someone thought of him as a beggar without education, someone thought of him as a silly, idiotic Hindu trying to ape Mahatma Gandhi.

Somebody said, "What is he when there is Aurobindo and Ramakrishna Paramahamsa and Rajneesh? This man, living in a pokey hole in a dirty lane in filthy Shahjahanpur — what is he?" And when you ask him, "What do you get from Rajneesh?", they say, "Oh, come on Chari, don't be so naive! You know what Rajneesh gives. By Jove, it's wonderful!" As

I said yesterday — AIDS. "What does Satya Sai Baba give you, or somebody else give you?" "Well, you know that, too. He does miracles! So, what does your Master give you?" I said, "Nothing." He said, "There you are!" I said, "Yes, but can you find somebody who gives you **nothing**? Have you ever found anybody who can give you nothing in a very real sense?" Then they are stymied. They don't know what I am talking about, they think, "Well, this disciple is as bad as his Master. Only thing, the other looks like a fool, behaves like a fool, is a fool. This man looks educated, behaves educated, but is still a fool! How can anybody give nothing, for heaven's sake?" I said, "Oh, in that case, why do you say Babuji gives you nothing? If he cannot give you nothing, then why do you blame him for giving you nothing, when he really gives you nothing?" So, you put them in a sort of a loop, you know. An intellectual, logical loop in which they are trapped and you can walk away whistling, for your morning walk, and leave them with their head in their hands trying to figure out what I said. You are accusing him of giving you nothing, yet when I say he gives you nothing, you deny he cannot give it. Then why do you blame him for giving nothing when in fact he cannot give you nothing. At least he cannot give you the nothing except the nothing that you are getting. Now I will put you all in this mess of thought! [laughter] Leave you to work it out, you see, figure it out.

Because, in Sahaj Marg, God is nothing. He is not a person, He is not a place, He is not a thing. He does not fulfil the classical definition of a noun. A noun is the name of a person, a place, or a thing. He has no location in space. He has no existence in time. He has no attributes. He is nothing. Now, who can give you that, except one who is a Master in giving you nothing?

Sahaj Marg is often made too simple by preceptors who want to make it easily available to abhyasis. It is easily available to abhyasis. It is easily practised, but when we are asked to assess what we have got, it is like an examiner with a blank

sheet of paper in front of him from a genius who says, "Look there and you have the answer to this problem." It takes a genius to assess a blank sheet of paper. It takes a lover to read a letter in which there is only "My dear," and "Yours affectionately," at the other end. Some of you might have received such love letters. I don't know, I hope you have been fortunate enough. Where it is all written down, you know, it is limitation. "I love you." "Oh yes, of course, everybody says that!" At the same time you want to hear it, you are also suspicious because everybody says it. At the same time, everybody speaks the truth, but can the truth be spoken by everybody? Is it not lies which all people speak, only the truth some people say. Therefore, should my lover say, "I don't love you"? If he does so, would you be happy? So you see, this is another double-bind situation.

I am deliberately confusing you today, to break some of these cobwebs in your head — that Babuji was this, Babuji was that, Babuji was *extraordinaire*, and things like that. Babuji was nothing — this is my thesis. And being nothing, he could not give anything except nothing. And only those who want nothing from him should go to him and get that nothing! And if you are stupid enough to ask, "Why do I have to go to him to get nothing from him? Cannot I not get nothing at home?" Try it! If you can get nothing by sitting by yourself at home, you are a saint, you are almost divine yourself.

Therefore, this is the funny thing in Sahaj Marg, you see — that to get nothing I must want nothing. Wanting nothing, I must go to somebody who is nothing, who has nothing, and try to get from him the nothing that he has. It is an extraordinarily beautiful situation. It is a situation unparalleled in the history of human thought, in the history of human spiritual endeavour. Always people have gone to others for something. Never have people gone to somebody for nothing. For the first time in human history, we have an institution, we have a guide who says, "Come to me for nothing. I give you nothing. You take back nothing with you." And we are wondering, you see! And,

if you are able to wonder instead of feeling anger and frustration, you have begun your first step on the spiritual path.

This is really a wonder-full situation — a situation of wonder, a situation which can make us, each one of us, wonderful in our turn. Because when this nothingness has been received, we are nothing — yet full, complete. You know, it is like saying, a vacuumised vessel in a chemical plant, for instance — almost total vacuum, you see, but there is nothing in it. Yes, but look what happens when you open a single valve of that vacuum chamber. Everywhere else, when you open a valve things rush out. Here, when you open a valve, if the vacuum is powerful enough it can take in the whole universe into itself. Think of a black hole in space.

Think of a person who loves so much that nobody can stay away from that person. You are sucked into that, shall we say, orbit of influence of that love. You fall like insects, moths into the living flame. Only a lover wonders at the stupidity of a moth which immolates itself in a flame. He says, "For heaven's sake — committing suicide!" But if the moth could speak, it would laugh at us. "You are so near the light, and you are still alive? Are you not ashamed? What can you aspire to except this light, this living light, into which you must plunge and disappear forever in an act of ultimate union with that light? And you are holding yourself aloof, allowing it to illuminate your ugliness, your stupidity, your ignorance, your grossness, your avarice, your greed. Look at me, a humble moth — I cannot rest till I have totally burned in this flame."

Therefore Babuji wrote so much about the moth and the flame, going one step further and saying, "Any moth can immolate itself in a living flame, but rare is the moth which can immolate itself in a cold flame." Now we have to work that out, too. Where is this cold flame? How to find it? How to find the light which does not make itself visible to me? How, in fact, to find light without luminosity? Again this problem of something and nothing, or something appearing as nothing.

Light appearing as darkness. Nothing appearing as something, or something appearing as nothing. Babuji giving, and we receiving, yet nothing being transferred from him to us. He feeding us, and we growing, but nothing actually going into our mouths!

So you see, this is a very, very paradoxical and difficult to understand *marg*, as we say in Hindi — a way. The easiest, perhaps, is to understand the Mission. It is his creation. It is an organisation. It has a president at the top who has the dual function of the spiritual guide and the administrative head, assisted by a team of experts who constitute the working committee, and by a team of spiritual people called preceptors. Of course, there is the usual paraphernalia of books and buildings and whatnot, without which an organisation cannot exist as a service organisation. We need these to serve. Don't make the mistake of thinking that the Mission builds ashrams for itself. It is like saying this building built itself for itself. It cannot build itself for itself. Somebody builds it for someone else to use. Even a businessman builds blocks and blocks of apartments to rent out for somebody's use — he doesn't stay in all of them. The Master is not in his ashrams.

Don't make the mistake of thinking that, "This ashram was charged for so many years — X,Y,Z, and therefore I don't need the Master any more — if I sit in that ashram I will get everything." It is like expecting your wife's photograph to make love to you! I mean, putting it very bluntly, you see. It may look even better than she ever did in her lifetime — most photographs do. Yet we can get nothing out of it except an image.

So, the Mission is the easiest to understand precisely because it has the least part to play in our spiritual journey. It is a creation which he considered necessary to help us. We should allow it to help us in the way that he designed — meditate. Don't imagine that you can just sit in an ashram and become a saint. No ashram produced a saint, though saints

lived in ashrams. Kings live in palaces, but if I went into a palace and lived there I wouldn't become a king!

Lamps give light, but just by sitting near a lamp I will not become a lamp. I must burn. I must allow myself to be burned, as Babuji Maharaj used the example of the candle. It consumes itself to illuminate everything. You cannot illuminate anything without consuming yourself. You cannot create love in others except by consuming yourself with that love, allowing yourself to be burned up in that love. People want today to get fulfilment in love. They want to **get** in love. They cannot. It is against the law of love, it is against the nature of love, it is against the divinity of love. One who loves has to give, not to take. It is impossible to take from it.

There is a beautiful image, you see, of light — light illuminates everything. We see everything in this universe only because of light illuminated, or light reflected, off the objects. But when the light reflects itself off the object, illuminating that object for us to see, it takes nothing from that object. It does not leave a single photon behind. It does not take a single photon from that object. It is reflected. Therefore this light can go on through eternity, proving in a perhaps unscientific but spiritual way that light is eternal. It goes round and round the universe. Einstein's theory, you see, that light can travel even through the deepest vacuums in space because it adds nothing to itself, it depletes nothing from itself, while illuminating the whole universe for us to see, for us to admire, for us to understand, for us to eventually overcome.

You must always understand one thing — that we need light only to avoid obstacles! If there were no obstacles we don't need light. When we walk in the darkness we carry a flashlight with us precisely to help us to see where there are obstacles and to avoid them. If I know that there are no obstacles in my path I can walk with my eyes blind, with my eyes blindfolded. I don't need vision. So you see, we are wondering about light, fascinated about light, employing the

metaphor of light, yet knowing, or shall I say, not knowing that light is an unnecessary adjunct to our existence, needed only when we need it to show us where the obstacles are. And, if I can remove those obstacles I can be totally in the dark. Paraphrasing Christ, perhaps we can say, "Blessed are they who don't see, for unto them is ensured a path on which there are no obstacles."

Babuji Maharaj said again and again that the greatest grossness is of the vision. Why do we meditate with our eyes closed? Many people have asked "Why can't I sit with eyes open and meditate?" Yes. Something in a miniskirt walks by and the meditation is gone! Or somebody brings a truckload of buns and wafers and ice cream — the other man's meditation is destroyed. Another one carries T-shirts and *salwar kamij*, and a third one's meditation is destroyed. So, the eye is the most potent, shall we say, apparatus that we have for our guidance, and yet at the same time is potent with the possibility of degrading us, denigrating us, contributing to our fall. 'Close your eyes' is the first law of meditation. When the eyes are closed it becomes very easy to meditate.

So you see, really we don't need light for meditation. Often I am asked when I am to conduct satsangh, "Sir, should we leave the lights on in the hall?" I said, "Well, suit yourself. To me it matters not a whit. But can you sit in the light and meditate?" "No, no, we prefer dark." "Okay." You see, you actually come to state that you prefer the darkness to meditate in. Because the whole objective is to find that small sliver of light, a ray, perhaps, of light — like the ocean-going steamer looking for the lighthouse, the beam from the lighthouse to guide it to its port. In that darkness, in that immensity of our universal darkness, an internal universal darkness with which we are entombed in ourselves, all that I need is one ray of light from Him saying, "That is your destination."

This is the light that Babuji Maharaj said he created with the first sitting that he gave to an abhyasi. He said, "I sow the

seed of spirituality in the heart of the recipient." Then it is watered with his love, which is transmission. Now it becomes our duty to allow that light to grow. One does not light the lamp only to blow it out immediately. It must be allowed to grow and grow until the light not only fills our heart, but now flows out of us to illuminate everything outside us — now, each one of us can become the light.

When Christ said, "I am the light and the way and the truth," what is the truth of existence? All this, you know, semantic understanding of truth, as that which is not the light, or that which states a fact — all this is philosophical blah blah, in the Occidental mode! Truth is the way of an existence dedicated to reaching the goal. He who is journeying towards the goal is going on the right way, the true way, the illuminated way. What is this way? It is but the Master who says, "I am also the way. I am also the truth. I am also the light. Follow me. Apart from me there is no other way. Don't look for Autobahn A-16!" And, "Thank you for bringing me up to this speedway or highway, Chari. Now I can go by myself. I have a map." Here there are no maps, because that which is at the other end of the universe for somebody, and yet is right in front of his nose to another person, cannot be mapped. "Is it not south, east, or west, or up or down?" It is everywhere for someone, it is nowhere for most people, it is right in my heart for somebody else. For such a person there is no guidance, no direction in which he has to move. He has to only go inside himself.

When you are in a swimming pool or outside a swimming pool, you don't think of jumping into it — which direction should you choose — should you come into it from the north or the east or the south or the west? You just dive into it. So this eternal swimming pool — it is a swimming pool, because Babuji Maharaj uses the words "swimming in the ocean of bliss". It is a swimming pool, which is a vast pool by any standards to those who are awe-struck by its immensity. It shrinks into nothing more than myself when I am confident

that my Master is there. He has jumped in, I jump in, and I see that it is nothing at all — it is just a pool of water into which we went swimming. I am in it.

Does the ocean have a central point? Where is it? Does the galaxy have a central point? Yes. Technically, or shall we say, theoretically, there must be a point which is the centre of this galaxy of ours. But is it coterminous, shall we say, with the centre of this universe? Nobody knows where the universe begins, where it ends, where the centre of the universe is! So, which way shall I swim? And there comes the fascinating discovery that whichever way I may swim, if I am swimming with the Master, I am going towards the centre, because He is the centre.

One of the definitions of God, classical definitions, is that he is a circle with a centre everywhere and circumference nowhere. So, if this is a circle with its centre everywhere, should not the centre be here, too? Right here with us, right in each one of us? If you start thinking mathematically, using your intelligence and your education you will die a fool, because mathematics says one circle can have only one centre. Even a sphere can have only one centre. "What is this, Chari, you know, this is against the laws of mathematics." Okay, stick to your mathematics, become a professor, become a professor emeritus, build two, three houses, live happily, and I hope you will be reborn in your next life as not a mathematician at least! Because this way is not subject to any logic. It is like asking a couple who have fallen in love, "For heaven's sake, how did you pick on this girl to love?" He can only say, "Well, with whom would you have fallen in love?" There is no explanation for love. There is no logic for love.

Why do you love your child? Why do you love your child more if it is retarded? Why do you kill yourself weeping for it, die for it? This is a fact of life. The father may not be there, but the mother — the more the child is disturbed, underdeveloped, the more she agonises over it, prays for it,

gives all her life to that child. What is the logic of love? "Oh, but Chari, don't you think we should love a nice handsome child who is growing well and, you know, growing in leaps and bounds towards a university education, ending up in Harvard, preferably?" That is a different logic, that is a materialistic logic, that is a selfish logic. Logic of love is unselfish.

Why does Master love us? Each one of us should have this, you know, this need to ask ourselves why the Master loves me, if I think he loves me? What am I that he should love me? We are ugly, we are stupid, we deny him at every possible turn. You all know how Christ predicted, at the Last Supper, that his best disciple Peter was going to betray him the next morning. "Before the cock crows twice thou shalt deny me thrice." And Peter was shocked. He said, "Me, deny you? It's not possible." But he did. The Master knows everything, you see, and because he knows everything, he understands us. He understands that we are gross. It is our grossness which makes us deny him. It is our grossness which makes us drunkards, womanisers, pilferers of money, and he says, "I cannot blame him or her, because he or she is not responsible. It is the grossness which is responsible." So, he can love us while hating our grossness. He can love us while cleaning us out. How many of us can love the toilets which we are cleaning, or the sewer which we are washing out? He loves even the sewer in us, precisely because he does not equate any of us with what we have inside ourselves.

We like a milk bottle, but if you put urine in it and ask somebody to carry it to the clinic for testing, how many of us would carry it without feeling a little, you know, "Oh my God, a urine bottle!" But the urine is inside, not outside, and if you don't know it, I will tell you an amusing joke about the rich man. My friend, who had called several people for a party — in the evening they had four bottles of whisky but they finished it in no time at all, and then they sent out for two more, and they were filled with urine. They were filled with

urine and they drank it, not knowing it because they were too drunk! This is a real story, not a made-up one. And they paid 360 rupees for each bottle, and this was way back in 1962 — supposed to be this Black Dog, famous brand of whisky.

But Master does not deny us. He says, "Well, you are you; your grossness is something else. It is my problem. Leave it to me." But we are not willing to leave it to him. We say, "But Babuji, I feel so heavy, I feel light, I feel this, I feel that." And he says, "Look, I am telling you — forget yourself!" "Yes, but the Delphic oracle said 'Know thyself.' Yes, now what can I do? They were wise people who must have said it." "Now you may decide, you are intelligent." The ball is back in our court. One problem with my Master was, he never gave directions, he never gave instructions. He only nudged us in a certain direction, and if we did not accept it he would nudge us a second time, nudge us a third time, and then leave us to our destiny.

Recently I had one old preceptor from Babuji's times telling me that I am doing the Master's work as well as he did, but I am making a terrible mistake which Babuji never made. I said, "What is it?" He said, "You are running after abhyasis. You are too much with them. You are too much interested in their development. You are too much, you know, critical, and you are giving too much advice. They resent it. You should be like Babuji." I said, "How was Babuji?" He said, "But you know, Chari, he told them once, he told them twice, he told them a third time, not individually but in a group, and if they didn't accept it he just dropped them." I said, "But don't you think that is a dis-service?" He said, "Yes, if you think of it in one way, but then the Master cannot do dis-service to people." So I said, "Do you recommend that I should drop you if I nudge you three times in a given direction and you don't move in that direction?" He said, "For heaven's sake, don't do that!" [laughter] I said, "There you are. You want me to do that which you are recommending — Babuji never did — and suggesting that I should do, but you don't want me to do it in

your case." I said, "I have a mandate from my Master. He said, 'All that I have not said because I could not say it — you have to say it. All that I could not do for various reasons — you have to do. If you have the integrity to do this, this Mission will shine as it has never shone in my lifetime. If you don't have it, it will decay. The Mission will fall into, you know, the limbo of lost things once again, perhaps to be resurrected after another ten thousand years by another Personality who shall come then.'"

When Babuji Maharaj said that such a Personality may not come for another ten thousand years, he did not mean that there is no Personality now on earth. He only meant if this Mission is lost, if this method is lost, as it was lost during the time of Raja Janaka, before him, seventy generations before him, it may take another seven hundred generations for it to be rediscovered. And like all lost things, it will end up in a lost property office where nobody goes to claim anything until, like the Customs in India, they start auctioning off all the confiscated goods and somebody goes and buys it.

So you see, we have to understand Sahaj Marg not with our minds, not with our intellect, not with our intelligence, not through the books, not even through the words of the Masters. Because the Masters are like the wind vanes — as the wind blows, it shifts its direction. There is nothing steady about the Master and his sayings. I can point out a thousand illustrations where Master has contradicted himself — apparently contradicted himself. I can tell you in my own life, someday you will read all about me in my diaries.

Incidentally, volume two of *In His Footsteps* has been published in the US. People in South Africa don't seem to be very keen on buying books. This is the land of gold and diamonds, I know. But books are more valuable. I suggest fifteen dollars for a book is not too high a price to pay, and since Santosh is here you should give your orders to him. It is rather, shall I say, depressing to find twenty copies of a book

ordered with three hundred abhyasis around, all of whom are wealthy enough to afford one or two books every year. That is by the side — you know I was a salesman all my life, I cannot stop selling things even now! The only thing I am not allowed to sell is spirituality, which we get free. But I do request you to buy books.

So you see, you can find contradictions in page after page after page. Only the fool looks for consistency. Consistency means a thing is fixed eternally. It cannot change, therefore it is a dead thing. The living truth, like the living river, must change course as it flows. You don't expect a river to flow in a straight line, a geometrical straight line, down from its source to its destination on the ocean. It often goes against the very direction with which it started — oxbow lakes where part of it is stranded and has become a lake, going round in loops as if it doesn't know where it is going. But it knows very well where it is going, because the destination is pregnant in its presence. And it knows that to reach that destination it has to find the path which is going lower and lower all the time, never rising, and by sticking to the lowest path available it shall inevitably reach the ocean. Though, to our stupid eyes, to our geometrically trained eyes, to our logically trained minds, a river which could have been just two hundred feet long, is probably two miles long. So you see, again I repeat, logic — not mathematical logic, not physical logic, not chemical logic, no logic of any sort can apply to Sahaj Marg.

I remember C. Rajagopalachari, the last Governor General of India. He was accused of being inconsistent. He used to publish a newspaper called the *Swarajya*, a political newspaper in the times of Mahatma Gandhi. He often said things contraverting what he had said in a previous issue, and when he was questioned he said, "Consistency is the virtue of fools!" I recommend that for you, you see, because we are most of us living in foreign countries, and we have tended to become Westernised, Occidentalised. It's all right to wear a

nice suit or jeans, but don't let your minds be influenced by this need for logic in everything that you do, in the need to understand the cause and effect sequence of what is happening, because Babuji Maharaj said, "There are causes without effects, there are effects without causes, and often the effect comes first and the cause later."

Now, how to understand all this? If we think — Babuji was uneducated, eighth class, as he himself has said. You can say, "But Chari, he doesn't know anything! Eighth class man — how can he talk about logic? How can he talk about cause and effect? How can he talk about straight lines? What does he know of the universe?"

So, we can have no assumptions about the Master. Every assumption is bound to be wrong. To assume he is God can be the greatest mistake we make. If possible, to assume that he is a mere human being may even be a greater mistake! Think over it. Don't understand, don't try to understand, don't worry about what he is — just understand with your heart what he can do for you. None of us have ever thought about salt, or its chemical composition, when we put salt in our food — enough that it is there. It makes my food palatable. Nobody thought of *hing*. What is *hing*? How many of you know where *hing* comes from? Some of you will say it is mined, some of you will say it's made in a chemical factory. It is only an exudation from a plant. And yet without *hing* there is no flavour! We are satisfied with the results. In Sahaj Marg, results are guaranteed to one who looks for results and does not try to examine the source of that beatitude which gives us all these results.

What does it matter to me where the Ganges originated, so long as it is flowing where I can have a bath in it, and where I can have water from it. Only fools will argue about that. Somebody says, "It was in the Himalayas." Somebody says, "No, no, it was in Nepal." Third man says, "It is in Bangladesh." How does it affect me? Does the water in my

river change just because you think instead of Kathmandu it came from, I don't know, Johannesburg? What does it matter? What does the source matter? Enough that I have to go to my destination. Even if my Master says, "The source is the destination," I don't have to know the source — I have only to know the destination. There I shall find out, perhaps by direct experience or direct perception, that the source was, is, and always will be the destination, but it does not mean I can go backwards in my journey to the source. I have to go forwards!

Now here comes another mystery, you see. "But the source, Chari — isn't it always behind me?" Are samskaras not created in the past? Does not a river begin in the mountains and go into the ocean? How can I go forward to reach the source? Well, try it. After all, the water in the ocean does evaporate, does go back as a cloud to the mountaintops, does furnish the water that flows down to you again. Leave it to the clouds to go back to the source and replenish it. You be happy with your destination. Perhaps you may also be vaporised. If I tell it to you in advance you may be frightened, you see, but without vaporisation there is no third dimension movement possible to us. It is nice to sit in a high-flying plane, to look at those puffy white clouds, you know, outside, and imagine how nice it would be if I were a cloud like that. No visas, no plane fares, just float on and on to wherever I have to go. But to become a cloud, the water has to vaporise. It has to give up its fluidity, its tendencies, its tendency to stick together, its molecules to stick together into what we call water; and if it is condensed into ice it is stuck. Think of the South Pole and the North Pole and the Antarctic and the Arctic ice, which are not melted for millennia, where even dinosaurs have been found embedded in that ice, living probably, I don't know, five hundred million years ago.

So you see, solidity is death. Fluidity is the beginning of life. The ability to float free of all encumbrances means vaporisation. So, we have to be ready to be vaporised into a state of non-being. Non-being in the sense of non-physical

being, where only my love for him is in my heart, and that heart is invisible, yet it is there. That is what we carry through life, through another life, and through yet another life, and which we have carried for I don't know how many lives so far. Part of it is samskara. When the samskara is removed, there comes the original heart in its original pristine divinity and beauty and glory, and being of that nature, which is similar to the Master's, union is possible.

No two things which are different can unite. Water and oil do not mix. A cow cannot mate with a dog. All these are well known genetic facts, breeding facts. Interspecies mating is impossible. So, to mate with the Ultimate, to have that ultimate union which we call yoga, to have it as a possibility — He being nothing, cannot change. I being something, must change to become that nothing, so that this nothing and that nothing becomes one nothing. So that is our goal, that is our aim, that is the beauty of Sahaj Marg. I recommend it to all of you for your attention.

Thank you.

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NOTHINGNESS, PART II

Lenasia, South Africa
11 April, 1993, Evening

I thought I had finished what I had to say this morning, but you know, what I really came to say I had left out. We know from Babuji's teachings, from Lalaji's teachings, that God has no mind. We know from our experience that God has no heart. I learned also from Babuji Maharaj that God has limitations, and this was not a joke, it was a very serious statement. He said "God has limitations," and he said, "The most important one is, he can never produce one like himself," whereas a Master of calibre can go on producing a *parampara*, as we call it, you know, a hierarchy of gurus, one after the other, all like himself. So, this is a severe and a very serious limitation that we face when we think of God in the context of worship through religion. There is no possible hope in religion, through religious practice, that our prayers will be answered because there is nobody to hear; that our sufferings will be mitigated, because there is nobody to feel what we are suffering; or that we will become like Him, because His single

limitation is He cannot make anybody like Himself. Therefore, Babuji often said, "What can God do for you?" To me, when I first heard this, I thought my Master was an exceptionally arrogant man! He mitigated, or shall we say, diluted that arrogance — seeming arrogance, apparent arrogance — by saying, "Whereas Lalaji could do anything." And I said, "What is the proof that Lalaji could do?" He said, "Sit in meditation. We can show you what is possible."

I remember once, my father was wanting to go to Badrinarayan. You know we are Vaishnavaites by birth, and it is a sort of a Mecca for the Brahmin *vaishnav* — Badrinath. We went to Shahjahanpur to participate in a wedding, and after that we were supposed to go to Badrinath. My father went to get his permission. He said, "What you are looking forward to in Badrinath I will give you right here. Sit in meditation." And he did give it. I mean, the instances are too numerous to either mention or to catalogue or to specify. We have all seen — the serious ones, the sincere ones — we have seen the manifestation of his divinity, which we have never seen in a place of worship in any religion. We have seen beautiful idols, we have seen ugly idols. We have seen jeweled idols, we have seen unadorned idols. We have seen poor pundits, we have seen rich pundits. That is all the difference — physical differences from temple to temple, but nowhere, let me assure you — I have been an ardent temple-goer before I came to Babuji Maharaj, I did *veda-parayan* myself. I learned it from a pandit for several years. I was a *vaishnav* Brahmin wearing the *dhoti* in the typical traditional *vaishnav* fashion — bare body, *tilak* on my forehead, and a minimum of three hours of Vedic chant per day, which I can do even today because you don't easily forget these things! And my Master said, "What did all this give you?" I said, "A love of the Vedic chant." "Yes," he said, "You can get it by listening to records!" And the funny thing is, all over India you will find today people are playing gramophone records early in the morning and pretending they are worshipping the Lord.

Throughout the four southern states you will find the *suprabhatam* of Venkatachalapati, you know — Lord Venkateshvara of the Tirupati hills. Five-thirty in the morning you can start hearing this chant, "*Kausalya supraja rama purva...,*" it goes on for about one hour. The man is shaving, the wife is preparing the coffee, the children are doing their homework, and this is going on as some sort of background chanting, and the neighbours are very happy, "Look what a pious neighbour we have!" The day starts with *divyanama* — the recitation of the Lord's name. Where has it got us? As Babuji has written in *Reality at Dawn*, "All this clamour and noise is spoiling the heaven, the peace of heaven." These are his words if I remember right. All the bell tolling, all the loud chanting, all the wailing, all the rolling around in the mud at his feet.

I have often said that if God were really aware of what is going on, He would be nauseated with His creation. His priests cheating Him, his devotees belying Him, denying Him, most of humanity even going to the extent of saying there is no God. And of course, the major religions all quarrelling over "Where is God?", "Who is God?", and "My God is bigger than your God," while all the time saying that there can be only one God, there cannot be a second God. Therefore, even in Lenasia we have temples, we have mosques, we have churches, we have Swami Narayan, we have so many things, you see, all clashing, everybody wanting to make the most noise. Then the one who makes the most noise is shut down by the other who is number two in noise-making, so that he can be number one in noise-making. And the powers that govern us are only interested in keeping peace, so they say, "Please, turn down your loudspeakers. I don't deny your right, but please, in the interest of communal harmony, reduce your volume a bit."

So, when these limitations are there, in worship of God through traditional religion, any religion, it is amazing that, if anything, it is growing and growing and growing, that even in

the remote parts of this world priests are being imported to do what essentially we should be doing ourselves. I have considered the Hindu religion probably the most corrupt of all religions. You'll excuse me for saying this, because this idea that I can hand over my spiritual responsibility to somebody else to perform, calling him the *yajaman*, and that he does, and I will benefit, is a travesty of the truth — it is a lie. Only he who does will get, and if anybody is to get anything it should be the priest, not the *yajaman* who has hired the priest's services. And because the priest's services are hired, he skips most of the mantras. If any of you had ever learned any of these mantras you would know that priest doesn't repeat even ten percent of what he should repeat. And he gets away with it. He gets his silks, he gets his Datsun, and later on a BMW, and he is happy! Where are we, the worshippers? We are where we always were because we are not worshipping, we are handing over — you know, giving him what in legal parlance we would say is a power of attorney. In between God and his devotee there can be no *dalal*, said Babuji Maharaj, and the priest is a *dalal*. At least you Gujarati *dalals*, you do something — you go to a client, you go to a supplier, you bring the two together and you take your commission. These fellows in temples — we go to them, but do they have an access to the other party to the transaction? How can they fulfil their *dalali* if they have no access to the God to whom we would expect them to approach on our behalf?

So you see, the whole thing is a myth, it's a fallacy, it's a crime. Babuji said this in very explicit terms in *Reality at Dawn*. He said gods are only functionaries of nature. Like I am working for my Master, not for you, they work for their Master, who is the ultimate God, not for us. Therefore they don't do anything for us. They cannot, they are not empowered to do it.

The word *permitted* is very important in this context, when it is used in relation to preceptors. There is no question of qualification in Sahaj Marg. I know some people today

claim that they are under the direct instructions of Babuji Maharaj, and they can do this, that, and the other, and that they are qualified or able to do it. I must correct this impression in your minds, of those who are here, because here it needs permission. I often use a slightly vulgar example, you see, that any man can produce a child out of any woman, but if they are not married there is no permission to do it. There is no legal permission, there is no moral permission, there is no spiritual permission. That a man can indulge in an act does not give him the right to do it — or a woman, for that matter. I can also set fire to a house. What does it take? I can destroy a whole complex. How long does it take? A single bomb planted in a nice position.

You know, I have often thought, when this world has to be destroyed, this universe has to be destroyed — all that the Master will do is to quietly place a very subtle transmission at the particular point which you call the Centre, because even the tiniest explosion there will radiate out in all directions and scatter this universe into bits and pieces. It doesn't need any high technology. It doesn't need explosives. It only needs the permission of the Almighty, and a little ability to transmit. You know, sound waves can destroy — the walls of Jericho, and the trumpet. Sonars, lasers, they can destroy. So, what does it need to destroy? Nothing.

What does it need to create in us a new human being, a new person, one who from his animal level of existence is going to the divine level of existence? That needs capacity, that needs courage, that needs conviction, that needs patience. It needs more and more than anything else — love from the mind. God — no mind, no heart — cannot love human beings, and cannot love anything else. He is love, but he cannot love. We, on the other end of the spectrum — we can love, but we are not love. Therefore comes this, you know, blindingly illuminating concept that we have not to love, but to become love. We are all — at least we think we are all — capable of loving. Some of us have loved profusely, if I may say so. We

have loved cattle, we have loved cats, dogs, many women, many children, many jobs, many things in life, but the experience of loving the many does not seem to give us the capacity to love even the one.

Therefore Babuji says, "Love." And how to create this? Love the Master. Love Him who loves all. He is the only person who can ever have the capacity to love all. We cannot even love our brothers. We cannot love our neighbours. How many of you are at peace with your neighbours, or with your own brothers in your home, or with your *bhabis* and your *behnois*? How many of you are at peace with them and harmony with him? Where is the family which has not partitioned its assets? Success is followed by partition. Failure brings unity in the family. One famous mystic of England — I don't remember a second example — he has given a beautiful example. In winter when it is snowbound, when the country is freezing, everything dying, you put a few crumbs of bread on the window sill, and all the sparrows will come and eat it co-operatively, each giving place to the other. In the fullness of spring when nature is bountiful, you throw a whole loaf of bread outside the window, one sparrow will sit on it and keep everybody else away.

Prosperity is bad. We need enough. We don't have to be prosperous. So, when we pray to Babuji Maharaj for prosperity, he smiles a compassionate smile. You know, compassion is necessary not for the criminal, so much. It is necessary for the stupid — for the educated stupid, for the intelligent stupid, who know that one hundred rands is enough but they want one hundred million. And Babuji is compassionate. He says, "Yes, in your foolishness you have lost all sense of what you need. Now you are in the universe of wants, and wants have no end." Therefore he said, "You have a right to expect your needs to be fulfilled, but not your wants." Wants are many. Needs are few. As a distinct and direct, shall we say, corollary to this he said, "Simplify your existence. Be simple and in tune with nature."

When one lives a simple life one has few needs. One who has few needs, needs not much money — that is easily acquired, morally acquired, acquired with a certain dignity which goes with rightful earning, a fearlessness which goes with rightful earning — one need not be afraid of the police, the income tax man, or even of one's own conscience. Then we find this miraculous feature that now there is enough or more time than we need to meditate, to do our cleaning, to practise constant remembrance, all this blah, blah, blah of spirituality, which we say now we have no time for, because Bachubhai goes to a shop at seven, comes back at eleven at night. Somabhai goes at six-thirty and comes back at eleven-thirty. Amritbhai is never at home. He is travelling all over the world to get business. How can we meditate? And then they start asking very funny questions. If I were to tell the truth about such questions, I don't know what I should do. They come and ask me, "Am I not responsible for my family?" A man who doesn't see his wife once in a year, who does not know in which class his children are studying, often doesn't even know their names — he claims to be in a position of responsibility to his family, and therefore he has no time to meditate. And he points his finger at me and says, "You are wandering around like an *anari*, neglecting your family! Your wife is sick. Your son is working for you. You are feeding off his earnings, and your grandchildren are desolate without you. Are you not neglecting your work, Chariji? Are you not neglecting your responsibilities?"

You know, they are very adroit, some of these intelligent fools — rich fools — at apparently turning the blade upon the one who is wielding the sword. Don't fool yourself by asking such stupid questions. He knows his work. Do you know your work? He knows his responsibilities because he is committed to them. Have you any sense of commitment except to yourself? Do you love your wife, except for her beauty and for the silks that she is wearing? When she dies, God forbid, are you worshipping and praying for her, or are you thinking of

yourself and saying, "Oh God, what will I do now? Who will look after me? Who will wash my clothes?" Which husband has mourned his wife? He is only thinking of sex — "*Ayo*! She is gone. What can I do now?" It's a very convenient way, you see, of fulfilling one's responsibilities because, poor fellow, he is so desolate, he doesn't have a wife to fulfil his responsibilities upon, so he takes a second wife — how simple, how easy, and how satisfying to the husband. This right we deny to our women in India. They cannot immediately get hold of a man and marry. "*Pativrata shiromani*." They are condemned to widowhood. They must not look at a marriage because they will cast evil eyes upon it. They should feed last. They should wash the *bartans*, no? When the husband in a family dies, that woman becomes the servant of the family, in India.

So, all women should think, you know, what their husbands are doing when they are supposed to be going around earning money left and right for **their** sake. It is a lie. They are cheating themselves. They are cheating their families. They are cheating God. They are working for themselves. No less a person than Yagnavalkya, the great *rishi,* said this in the Brihadaranyaka Upanishad to his wife. When his wife wanted spiritual instruction he started by telling her, "Not for the sake of the wife is the wife dear to the husband, my dear. She is dear to the husband for his sake. Not for the sake of the children are the children dear to the father, my dear. They are dear to the father for the sake of the father."

"My children — my son comes first, my daughter has married a millionaire, she has six Mercedes Benz cars in her garage, a house worth six million rand, and we are proud of our daughters." We are not loving our daughters, we are not loving our sons. We are either proud or unproud of them. And when they don't succeed so well in life — our pride is hurt, our ego is hurt and we say, "*Ullu ka pattha*. How can I show my face in society? Will they not say this is Bachubhai's son? You have brought *badnami* on the family." What *badnami*?

Poor fellow, he did his best. Today, a man who sells potatoes or bananas and becomes a millionaire is thought more highly of in society than a man who is a professor of philosophy in the university.

Excuse me, but I have to tell you some unsavoury truths. Babuji said all this. He also told me in Paris in 1982 at that tragic moment when he renounced his life, I am sure, he said, "I have been a failure in my life, because I never told the truth to people. I said yes to everything. *Har ek ke haan me haan hum milate gaye. Hum murabat mein aa gaye, logonke. To yeh stithi par pahunche ke aaj hame shak hai ke kaise Lalaji ko apne chehere dikhacon.*" I am exactly quoting what he told me in 1982 August, probably thirty-six hours before we went back home, and from which he never recovered. He was in misery, that man. And why? Because of so-called devotees flocking to him, here as everywhere else, priding themselves upon their devotion, priding themselves for their so-called love for the Master, priding themselves on the fact they gave him one meal, or stitched a coat for him or bought a pair of shoes for him, but not doing what he wanted them to do, not becoming what he wanted them to become. My Master was betrayed by his devotees, by his *bhaktas*, by his lovers more than by anybody else.

Let us not repeat this tragedy again, because now we are betraying ourselves. Having betrayed him, he is no more left for us to betray again and again. Fortunately for him, he has gone to his Master. He told me that he will surely live till 2006, maybe 2007. I mean, he had no business to die in 1983. Twenty-five years before his own time, as stated by him, and I don't think he was reflecting the opinion of astrologers. It was his own predetermined destiny that he would live till 2007. I think he gave up out of utter despair, utter misery, and said, "Now **you** try your best. What can you do? Let us see." Of course, I must agree that what my Master could not do I will probably not be able to do. At the same time, I cannot but say that what my Master hoped for me I have to fulfil — it is my

duty. And if in that fulfilment of my duty it becomes necessary to take the stick — as I said yesterday, you must give the right to one you call your Master to beat you if necessary, beat sense into your head, into your bodies, into your stomachs. Only if you give that permission to him, who is unfortunately bound in the situation, can he hope to redeem his vows to his own Master.

Now many people ask me one question. They ask, "Why, if your Master is all powerful, even beyond what God can do, can he not transform us without our co-operation?" I am asked this question repeatedly. "Why should I meditate? What is meditation, after all? Why can't you excuse us this meditation? You know, we want to be transformed — it is not as if we don't want to be transformed. But you know, responsibilities to family, business partners — what should we do? Why don't you just tell your Master to compulsorily do it for us?" I said, "If that was possible, this universe need not have lasted so long! It would have been created, perfected, and destroyed in that one instance of time. He would have created the universe, perfected it in a single instant, or less, and the work is finished. The universe need not exist, He need not exist — they shake hands and part.

The whole problem of spirituality is like the problem of a marriage — willing submission to the partner. Otherwise, we will have in spirituality what is called 'rape', where there is no permission in the relationship between the sexes. Spiritual rape, like physical rape, is not permitted, is immoral, is unjustified. It is not permitted. Therefore, the need to submit. Therefore, the need to open our hearts. Therefore, the need to say, "My Lord, my heart is open. Walk in." Then he smiles gently and says, "This was what I expected of you. *Aapse yahi ummeed thi.*" This was something he repeated again and again. "*Aapse yahi ummeed thi.*" For him it was nothing new because that was what he was wanting all along, there was no song and dance. There was no need to go around yelling at the success,

"Eureka, I have got it!" Just a gentle sigh of relief that at least one person has opened his heart to him!

So, spiritually speaking, I would suggest that as God has one limitation — that He cannot make one like Himself because He doesn't have the capacity or the power necessary — God does not have these — in spirituality the Master has a limitation, too: that until you permit, he can do nothing for you. But everybody says, "I have got something, my business has grown, my partner is behaving better with me, my wife is more even-tempered, my children are doing better in school." Yes.

As Babuji has himself written in *Voice Real*, "When people come to me, I consider it a matter of etiquette to give them the minimum benefit that I can afford them, which is material benefit." This they get, and they are happy. They say, "Oh, I have got so much. What more is left?" What about spirituality? "No, no! All this Babuji has given. This house Babuji built for me. This car, with Babuji's grace I bought. My son who was failing for seventeen years has now succeeded. My partners who were robbing me left and right are now back on the green side of the ledger. *Babuji yeh bhi kar dalenge*, you know. After all, for him spirituality is the easiest thing. Why should he not do that for us when he has given me my house, my car, my beautiful wife, my recalcitrant children transformed, my lying and cheating partner transformed. Why should he not do that, Chariji? After all, for him spirituality, as he himself says, 'With a blink of the eye, the Master can give you liberation!'"

So you see how we cheat ourselves? When we get something, how we cheat ourselves? When we don't get something...! So what can that poor fellow do? Does he stop giving? No, because it is his nature to give. As I said, the sun does not stop shining because the housewife has not put out the wet clothes to dry. He doesn't wait to rise, and says, "No, no, Maltiben has not put out the clothes yet. Let me delay

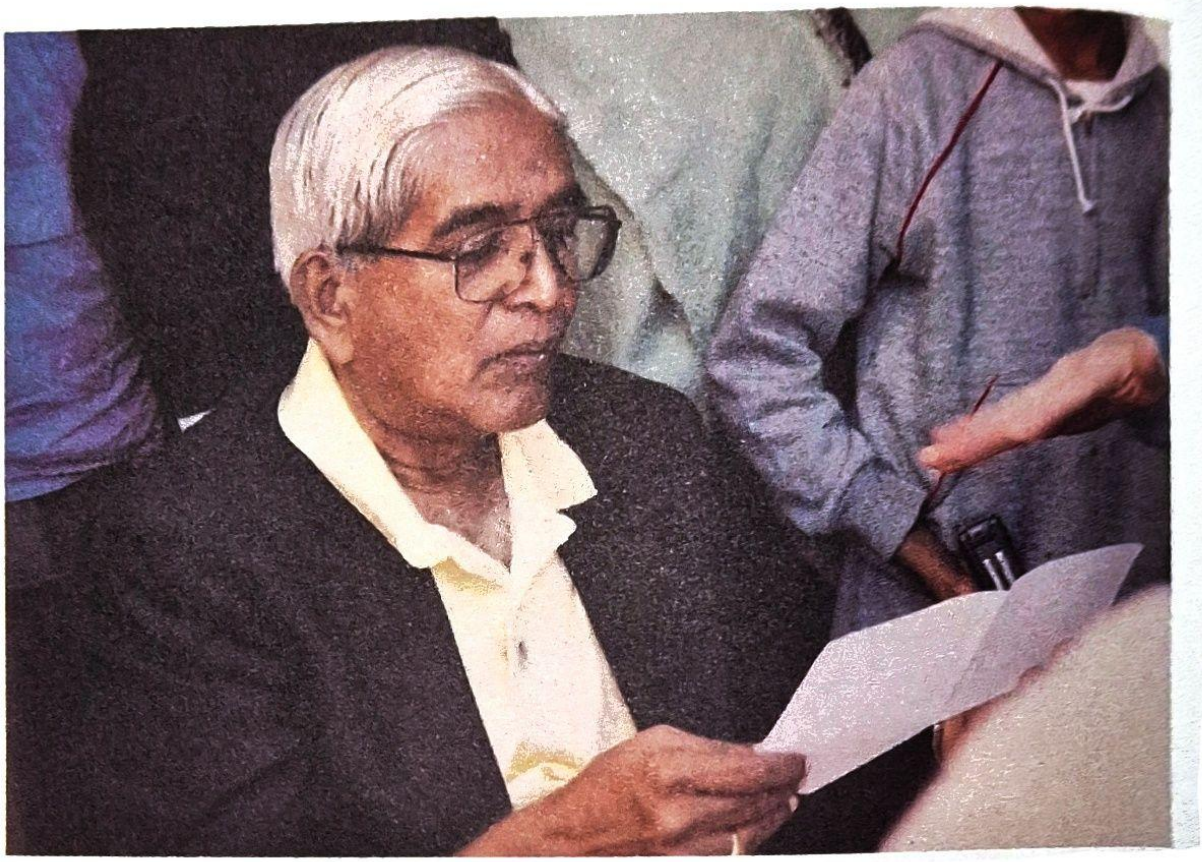
rising today by six minutes, or half an hour." He comes and goes, does his job. Are we benefiting by his presence in the fullest possible manner, in the spiritual manner for which alone he has come? For this, have we understood that we have to open our hearts by ourselves? Are we able to submit to him and say, "Here I am, do with me what you will. Make of me what you think is right. Kill me, bury me, re-create me — I don't care. Who am I to say when and where and how this miracle of transformation should happen? You are the Master. You know what to do, when to do it, how to do it, and why to do it. I am yours. Take me."

Until we have taken this step, I am afraid spirituality will be confined to such petty material benefits as we can get from him, because of his eternal and divine love for humanity which he gives to all. It is a fallacy to think that only abhyasis get. Everybody gets. For him, his dog was granted liberation, and it is a sorrow for me, you see, that his dog was liberated — a calf was liberated during one Basant when it was dying, and he who was eating his lunch suddenly got up, washed his hands with his meal unfinished, and said, "Parthasarathi, *chalo* [come]." We went to the hedge at the back, and there this calf was dying. Nobody thought of it. It saw him and said, "Moo," and expired.

It is a great tragedy, you see, that his cow was transformed, his dog was transformed, but we human beings are not transformed because we are resisting transformation. We are the people for whom he came. We are the chosen ones for whom he gave his life. Yet, his dog benefits, his cow benefits — we are still where we are, because we are conceited, we are happy, we are pleased with ourselves, with what we see in the mirror, with what we see in our passbooks for the bank, and with the gloating admiration and envy that we see in those who look at us. All indications of nothing more than a superficial material advancement in our life which is not going to last. When we die we leave everything behind. Babuji Maharaj said again and again, "Make sure that you have that

wealth alone which you can carry with you when you leave this life." And that wealth is not of this world.

Thank you.



4

PAIN

Lenasia, South Africa
13 April, 1993

Yesterday evening we had some talks. Luz Sigl spoke about pain, character formation, and other things — of mice and men. There is one article written by Babuji Maharaj. It has been published in the Patrika, it is part of *Voice Real*, and it is strange but many people don't read it. It is called My Pain. There, Babuji Maharaj writes about his own pain, you see, and in his inimitable concern for us, love for us, in his inimitable etiquette, he claims that pain to be only for himself. He says, "But it is for me alone," and he also told me once or twice that Lalaji Maharaj had assured him that others would not have to suffer that pain. When I first heard this I was shocked. I was annoyed, too, shall we say, because how could I imagine my Master having something in which I could not share? I would not be a true son if I wanted only the golden apples and a share in his house — I mean spiritual house, of course — and eventually, when he nominated me as his successor, it would have been a living lie to refuse to share, except in his totality.

So, pain became probably the most important inheritance that I have received from my beloved Master. I welcomed it and I was grateful to him, because on one occasion in Shahjahanpur at midnight we were discussing so many things, including whether there are ghosts; what is a *brahmarakshasa*; and how to deal with them if one should meet them, and he very affectionately and smilingly offered to call a *brahmarakshasa* for me to see. Now, ghosts are one thing of which I am very afraid, you see, so I told him, "No, Babuji, I don't want to see a ghost — not even a *brahmarakshasa*." He said, "Why are you afraid? If you should meet one, just say you are Ram Chandra's disciple and it will run away." I said, "Babuji, please spare me this one experience, because I am not happy with ghosts." He laughed and he said "All right, but remember that sometimes in the future, when you are given the work that I am now doing, you may have to deal with ghosts, *brahmarakshasas*, too." I said, "Lalaji has spared you so much. Why don't you spare me some of this?" Then he told me Lalaji never spared him. One of the first assurances Lalaji gave him, or a promise he made to him, was that he shall not have a single moment of rest. Babuji said, "*Hujoor*. I accept." The second was that for any breach in his work, though nobody else would ever be punished, he would be punished. Babuji Maharaj said, "*Hujoor*. I accept." And then of course the third thing was, "You have become me and I have become you, and now none can any more say that there is any difference between you and me." Babuji Maharaj said he wept, and said, "How can I ever be like you?", and Lalaji, in the spiritual sense, embraced him and said, "You already are, because you are my son."

Then Babuji smiled very lovingly at me and said, "You want to become like me, isn't it?" I said, "Yes." He said, "Then everything I have suffered, you have to suffer." So you see, it was at the same time a promise, a gift, and a sentence. Now I considered myself extraordinarily blessed that he gave me three gifts all in one — a blessing, a gift, and a sentence.

And he did add that he would always be with us, guiding my work from above — and you know, because I was tending to be a little upset with all this, what I thought, morbid talk about when he goes away, what I will become, and all that, I said, "Babuji, I don't want to hear of your passing." He said, "Don't worry, I'll be here for a long time — till 2006, 2007," and then he gave me a short talk on the value of pain. He said, "Fools run away from pain. Those who wish to become saints have always embraced pain and have asked for more and more." Sometimes to the extent that, according to Babuji Maharaj, even God is surprised. He said, "How can I give you **more** pain?"

Now, whenever I speak of pain and death in the West, in the Occidental countries, there is always a little fear in the abhyasis, a little resentment perhaps — quite a bit of anger. "Why is this blighter talking to us about these unsavoury matters? Did not Babuji Maharaj say, 'It is for me alone.' Why is he talking of this pain?" Even to speak about pain is not welcomed by people. They think that it is a threat. They would accept any other gift — gifts of love should not confer pain! Isn't it? But every woman knows that the first gift of love that she receives is an enormous dose of pain when she has her first baby. No child is born without pain to the mother. Physical pain? Yes, it is easy to bear with. What about the subsequent pain of bringing up that child? All the worries that we suffer from. Every time the child goes to school, the mother has a trauma, you see, especially in countries like the United States where every mother is afraid whether the child will come back, whether somebody will, you know, kidnap it, rape it. Who knows what can happen between going to school and coming back from school? Then we realise that pain is a part of life. Pain is very much a part of life. I would go a step further and say, "Life is pain."

Psychologists — there are some here — may give other definitions. But human beings we all are. Any one of you have just but to look into yourselves to find that inside you there is

nothing but pain, which is perhaps one reason why we are so anxious to have some pleasure in life, why we are frantically looking for pleasure, for fun: to try, and in some way remove this pain which is inside. But the wise man, if he is wise, the wise woman, if she is wise, soon understands that this pain is not of this world. It is a pain born with us. It is a pain created by the soul's longing to return to its source, to its original home, as Babuji Maharaj said, and until we do that, this pain cannot go. So any frantic search for pleasure in which to forget this pain, deaden this pain, dull this pain, is as good as taking narcotics — drugging ourselves insensate.

So you see, pleasure is our enemy. It makes us forget our pain, even if it is only a momentary forgetfulness, and in that moment of forgetfulness of this pain, we only remember the pleasure, and we want to heighten it, embroider it, make it bigger and bigger. Ultimately, if it is pursued in that single-minded pursuit, it can go to the extent of suicide. The only way of removing this pain is by taking a positive step and going towards the source to which this pain indicates, and try to find our way back home. Like a weary traveller going back home, when he can say, "Aha, I am back home. Now everything is forgotten. No more pain, no more frustration, no more dust of the journey, no more heat, no more uncertainties." So you see, the only way of easing our pain, of removing our pain, is not by psychological methods, not by clinical methods, not by medical means, not by going to, you know, casinos, getting drunk, not in women, not in drugs, not in possessions, not in gold, not in silver, but in wisely turning away from this life — outward life, physical life, sensual life — to a truly spiritual inner search for the origin of that pain.

Pain is the beacon of a lamp lit in the windows of our original home, shining out in the darkness, and we have only to follow it back. We are the ancient mariner to whom that lamp beckons. It is a lighthouse guiding us back. Pleasure diverts. Pleasure makes us deviate from our path. Pleasure pulls us down into ignominy, into insult, into bestiality, until

we lose all semblance of a human existence. Our wisdom is lost, our wealth is lost, our health is lost, our bearings are lost, and in that state of friendship and pleasure we have only friends similarly positioned in life — they can only drag us down into that mire, into that cesspool, into that whirlpool of misery and sickness and loss. Like unfortunate friends who do not know how to swim, trying to help a drowning man — all drown together. Pleasure is where people drown together. Pain is where one can find his way back home alone, being guided by pain in the right direction, provided we accept it. Provided we accept that pain is the fortunate, the divine remnant in me, created by my longing for my original home. Longing for not only going home, but to be united with my Beloved who is waiting for me there, and then it becomes an unerring guide and beacon to guide me back. So you see, we should know the real value of pain. Otherwise we will tend, like the Occidental people, to avoid pain.

Babuji always said that he was afraid of India developing materially. He said, "This land is not destined for material growth, for material welfare, because if it happens it would be a tragedy. Spirituality would be destroyed." Perhaps that is why India remains — materially, outwardly — a poverty-stricken country, and therefore people in millions turn towards this destiny of theirs, in however, you know, unsuccessful a way it may be, but the trial is there. The effort is there, and no effort, no trial, goes unrewarded. Therefore, India has always been, and will always be, the true spiritual guiding force in this world. A spiritual force which releases the pain in us, makes of individual pain a cosmic pain, a divine pain, and, shall I say, converts it into something which is for our evolution, for our guidance back to our source which can never fail, which is infallible.

One who follows pleasure, follows only dreams, chimeras. Pleasure doesn't really exist. That which exists eternally is the true existence. Therefore, pain which follows us from life to life, through life after life, until we have the wisdom to

go back to our original home, is an eternal facet of our existence. I would say it is the sub-stratum of human existence. That being so, can we remove this pain by taking our own life in an act of criminal suicide? Not at all. We are only adding to the pain. One more level of pain attached to the already existing pain, because of our disgust with ourselves, of our inability to look at ourselves even in a mirror, perhaps, and in a gesture of ultimate denial of the self, one gives up his self. But the Self inside cannot be given up. The purpose of our existence has not been fulfilled.

Please remember that rebirth is not a punishment given by God. In rebirth each one has an opportunity for a fresh life, to again start this journey, find one's way and reach one's goal. It is a fresh opportunity that nature gives us again and again and again and again. Rebirth is not a punishment. It is like a schoolboy who is retained in one class because he has not passed the examinations of that class. It is not a punishment by the school. It is his inability to cope with the needs of that class, which says, "Brother, if you cannot cope with the needs of this class, how are you going to cope with the needs of the next higher class? How can you cope with a higher responsibility when you are unfit for the lower responsibilities?"

So you see, nature gives us, I think without limit, eternally — chance after chance after chance, which we call rebirth and death, and not understanding, in our foolishness, in our fear of death, that this is like a new day, a new page in a book, to write upon, you see, and create for ourselves a new future. I am surprised that people are afraid of death when it is life they should be afraid of. What is there to be afraid of in death? Every fool dies. Every millionaire dies. Every king has died. *Avatars* have died. Who has not died? That which is the common and only heritage of all human beings — can it be fearful? Can it be something of which we should be afraid? Is it not only a door into the next life which beckons and says,

"Forget this room full of horrors. Come into this room, where it is all beatitude, plenitude, love."

So you see, it is **life** we should be afraid of. Babuji Maharaj told me — I think it was in 1972 or '73 when he said, "I have given you everything." I am not talking of powers, because powers are irrelevant in Sahaj Marg — but of condition, you see. It was in '76, perhaps, I'm not sure. We were sitting in the Copenhagen airport waiting for a flight, he and I opposite each other, when he said, "Is there time before the flight?" I said, "Yes, they should be announcing it shortly." He said, "Sit in meditation." And just as I closed my eyes and adjusted myself and started to meditate, he said, "That's all." It lasted forty seconds. It was a famous sitting which everybody in the Mission knows about, because when he went home he told Satya Pal — some of you may have heard of him — "I have given Parthasarathi a sitting such as I have not given to anybody, nor will I ever give it to anybody." So Satya Pal asked him, "Why to Parthasarathi alone?" He said, "Because of his love and devotion. You know, he has travelled with me for three months, and not once did he think of his home or his family! He was totally lost in me." Then Satya Pal said, "Okay, what did you give him?" He said, "To others I give something. To him I transmitted my **own** condition."

So you see, the rewards of pain are tremendous. The awards of remembrance — what do you get when you remember the beloved? You get the beloved. You don't ask for him to come in a Cadillac, dressed in a velvet suit, and toting a sidearm. Love's reward is the beloved. I mean, this is a lesson for every girl and for every boy. When they also start asking, "How much does she bring with her? Does she have a house? Will she have a big dowry? Does she have a car?", we are demeaning love. It is not just merely *sauda*, as we say in India, you see — marketplace trading. It is a demeaning of love, and love cannot be demeaned. All morality is not an infringement upon the individual's liberties and rights. It is a

protection of this sacredness, this divinity of love. "Thou shalt not sully love." Love cannot be sullied. Love cannot be tainted. Love cannot be bought and sold. But unfortunately we believe, you see, that our liberties are being restricted, we are being restrained, this order is stupid. As John Barlow said about seating separately — there was a huge uproar! He put it very mildly. It lasted a couple of years! But, tenacity, you see — the tenacity of love! Which is what a mother has for her child. She will not give up easily where her child is concerned. The father will say, "Throw this damned thing out!" Mother — no. She has produced it, she has borne the pain, she has suffered. She knows what she has undergone. Deformed baby? She will say, "Yes. My baby. You get the hell out of here!"

So you see, that is love. That is why in India, the love of the mother is so praised, praised beyond all love, beyond even the love of God himself. *Mamta*, it is called. Maternal love. And now, if a mother is going to be merely, you know, an instrument of pleasure — handed from hand to hand, sold perhaps — where is that love? Where is that sacredness of love? Where is that divinity behind that love? Therefore, you see, marriage is not just a piece of paper as some of our Western abhyasis used to tell me. "But Chari, it's only a piece of paper." I said, "Why are you afraid of that piece of paper, then? If it's just a piece of paper, just a formality — sign it!"

Love must bring commitment. A mother's commitment to her child must be total, not just for a beautiful baby, you see, which looks very angelic, as if it is painted by Rembrandt or somebody like that. Or a Rafael — blue-eyed, cherubic, angelic. To the zebra, a zebra child is an angel. To the lion, a lion cub is an angel. To a human, a human baby is an angel. It is a gift of God. It is a gift of love. And when we say love is God — well, it is a gift of God, too.

So you see, out of pain only is born this inordinate, or, shall I say, enormous capacity for love, because we are able to love that for which we have suffered most. In another talk, I

referred a few days back to the love that a mother has for a child who is less endowed than normally endowed. How much she suffers with it, suffers for it, suffers over it. For the happy, healthy child we don't need to suffer. But a special child — you know, I came across only one woman in all my life, who everybody thought was cursed by being given a child which was deformed. She said, "I am blessed." I said, "Yes? You really think so?" She said, "Yes. To me, God has done the signal honour of presenting this child, knowing that I will look after it, love it, cherish it no less than another child. He did not give this child to other women who would have probably cursed God, cursed themselves, prayed for its early death. It is a gift of His infinite love to me."

So you see, pain is a gift from God. "Accept miseries as blessings," Babuji says in one of his maxims. What on earth for? What is suffering? When Babuji went to Fatehgarh to see Lalaji and landed there at nine o'clock at night in dead winter, the household was dark. Everybody had gone to bed. He slept on a stone step outside Lalaji's house, like a dog curled up there. That is love for the Master. He didn't knock and say, "Hey Master, where's my room?" Here, if we don't have a mattress, people go into agonies. They get a mattress — they go into ecstasies. What is this agony and ecstasy business? Just a mattress between you and your love for Master? Babuji slept a whole night — perhaps the temperature was zero or just below zero — with nothing, not even a shawl around him. Next morning, when Lalaji opened the door and he saw Babuji, he said, "Ram Chandra, you have been sleeping here all night." He said, "No, no, I just came and the house was closed. How could I disturb your honour? *Hujoor ko hum kaise jagate*."

See, we talk too much of love, petty love. "Oh, I love this boy." "I love this girl." What is this love of which we are speaking? Is there pain behind it? You see, like the paper currency of former times used to be backed by gold, our love must be backed by pain. If there is no pain in our love, shun it.

It is the other four-letter word — lust. You know, I was told love is a four-letter word. Perhaps there is a song like that. Yes. L-O-V-E, or L-U-S-T. When it is L-U-S-T the pain is for the other. When it is L-O-V-E the pain is for you. Therefore, those who are unwilling to face pain, bear pain, welcome pain — of course they will get something. Babuji said, "To everybody who comes to me — etiquette demands I throw him a few crumbs of spirituality." We don't want to be treated like dogs — a crust of bread. We want to be treated as the beloved. When we knock He must open the door. His face must light up with pleasure, with joy, with love, and He must embrace us on the doorstep. That is the reward that pain brings.

The reward that pleasure brings, as I have already said, is derogation of the self, fall from values, sensual excess, failing health, failing wealth, failing wisdom. So, one should not consider it inappropriate if I said, "Pleasure leads to hell, and pain to heaven." All of us should realise that, if in this immense human heritage, the only heritage that a human has which is a universal endowment of God — everything else God gives, or seems to give, in bits and pieces to selected people. Some are rich, some are wise, some are healthy, but all are in pain. Therefore pain is the common factor in human existence. It is the only thing that God can have given to us. Air, sunlight, water — and pain! We don't have to pay for these things. They are ours to be used intelligently, to be used wisely as an infallible guide for us to return home. Only then will our pain go, and not pleasure but **bliss** be our portion for the next stage of existence, when we are hand in hand, arm in arm, hugging each other — me and my Beloved.

So, I just wanted to put these thoughts before you. Next, I have a very different, you know, a blissful announcement to make. This morning we had a preceptor's meeting, and immediately thereafter I was taken on a sort of a hush-hush mission. I didn't know where I was being taken, but I know the young man who took me there has considerable affection

for me and regard. So I said, "Lead on, Jeeves!", and he took me to see a plot of land — 1,200 square meters, approximately 12,000 square feet, located on a street called the Parrot Crescent in Lenasia South, I believe they call it Dakshina, too. And he said, "Do you like this plot?" I said, "Yes, it's a lovely piece of land. Who am I to like or dislike? It's all, you know, good for a meditation hall," and he said, "If you like this land, it is yours for the Mission." They wish to remain anonymous, the donors of this land, but this wish I am not able to respect, because, as I said to that young man, "Smoke and love can never be hidden." It's an old proverb, and this gift of land to the Mission from this family is a gift of their love for the Master. So, I have pleasure in saying that our respected brother, Govindbhai Rama and his sons, Chandubhai, Bakulbhai, and Dr. Mukund are the donors of this property. It is their love for the Mission, it is their love for Babuji Maharaj, which has made such a generous gesture possible, which has brought into being the first firm foundation for the Mission's existence in South Africa. It is also a sign of Babuji's immense love for them, that in this materialistic age, they can think of donating a property, which is certainly a valuable property, to the Mission, and may Babuji continue to shower his love upon them.

Thank you.

5

THE PURPOSE OF EXISTENCE

Lenasia, South Africa
15 April, 1993

(Talk follows long question by Dr. Mukund on what is the purpose of my existence?)

Very long question. I have forgotten most of it! I think basically there are two prongs to this answer. One is to know why I am here, and the other is to be what I am here for. Most intellectually inclined people assume that they have to know why they are here before they can be what they are here to be, or to become. My respectful submission is that it is not necessary. Once this is understood, then we have a straight line without a fork, because it is at every fork that this confusion comes. If there is no fork, it's like a straight road, there is no confusion, but if a road forks, you slow down a bit to see which one you have to take. There, the way goes to the destination. Here too, the way goes to the destination. One, in terms of answers, the other in terms of being. So, one is intellectual, one is existential. With the intellectual we need not bother. With the existential we are concerned because we

are already in existence, so we can't help it. So, that is as far as the intellect goes. Do we need an answer? No. Nobody ever needs an answer.

Number two — Dr. Mukund wanted to question every question, question every answer, question every theory. He had to cut things himself to know the truth of what his professors had taught him. Now, that is the way of the child — excuse me — because the child wants to do everything. Even when the father says, "Don't touch this. It is hot!", it must insist on knowing by touching and then weeping and being kissed by the mother. Father giving it a slap, applying a little ointment on its burnt fingers, and going to work cutting up something else to know for himself, precisely what he forbade the child to know. In a sense, it is this arrogance of thought — that only what I see, I know. But just imagine, you see, the whole of human knowledge, the sum of human knowledge is through transmittal of that knowledge. We are building each generation upon the knowledge of the previous generation. Otherwise we wouldn't have anything — each generation would have to learn what is the difference between the primitives and us. They are not able to transmit knowledge, for paucity of means of expression. They don't have adequate language to speak, to express so many things. They have no means of transmission. And, as you all know, it is a philosophical concept as well as a real thing, that until written language was created, until the printing press was invented by Gutenburg, transmission of knowledge was impossible in most of the world except in India. There we had the idea of memorizing whole bodies of texts generation after generation, so that it was transmitted through the memory of man. The Vedas! I mean, imagine that all the Vedas put together, if you recite without omission it would probably take you a whole month to recite it once. You can imagine what enormous feats of memory, what prodigious feats of memory, our forefathers have indulged in, only to transmit it.

So, transmission is the essence of existence. Now, they insist upon questioning every little bit of scientific or other knowledge, starting with the amoeba, let us say. It is crazy because we have no time, first of all, to test every piece of knowledge that has been handed down to us. We have, of course, to learn what we have to learn, to do what we have to do here in a professional way to earn our living. By the way, it is very petty. It is 'one hair off my head,' as we say. What we really learn, we learn from inherited memories, instincts, and acquired knowledge — three ways of acquiring knowledge. Only yesterday, Mukund himself showed me a film where a zebra stallion is shot down, and that man who made the film was bewailing the fact that with it so much of condensed memory stored in its cells — cellular memories — has gone. Now, a zebra doesn't learn how to hunt or how not to be hunted, how to migrate from this water hole to that water hole six hundred miles away, or six hundred kilometres away, yet it does it. Elephants have been known to traverse distances of thousands of miles, following almost precisely the same routes, generation after generation. It's fascinating to read these things. How? Now, if every elephant wanted to be taught the route — "Go seven miles southwest, hit the first water hole, fill up your belly, avoid the lions." You know, there are these *mahoba* trees or the, whatever it is, you know, they enjoy most. "Then you walk seventy-six miles to the next water hole, then turn east. You have to go through twenty-two miles of desert. Fill up and feel the difference," like the Caltex advertisement! Not at all.

The whole of our existence rests on such acquired knowledge transmitted to us through memory, through cellular structures, through the brain itself. What little we learn gives us this arrogance that, "I am a learned man. I am an educated man." It is but the tip of the needle. So, number one, this has to be understood: that what I learn in this life is like the small bit of stone on the top of an enormous mountain, and on this we rest our pride, our degrees, our education and our

sophistication. But if that whole mountain is knocked off from that small pebble resting on top of it, where would the pebble be? We know this. When a man loses his memory, you know, suffers from lapse of memories — what happens to him? Yet he is still able to live. He has forgotten himself. He doesn't know his name. He has forgotten his marriage. He doesn't know he has two children out in Lenasia. He doesn't know he is a doctor, delivering mothers of their babies. Yet he lives. He knows how to eat, how to defecate, how to walk, how to see, and what he is seeing. From where comes this knowledge? So you see, that is the knowledge on which we exist. The acquired knowledge is that on which we support ourselves: our profession, our work, whether we are teachers or, you know, doctors, or whatever. This is the first point I have to make.

The second point I wish to emphasise is this: all knowledge is gained by experience. It is only the modern intellectual idiot who thinks that he has learned something, and knowledge has to be acquired. When our primitive forefathers lived long ago in the pre-history of the human age, they transmitted knowledge that was knowledge they had experienced in this existence. "Don't touch fire. It burns!" "Water cools. It quenches thirst." This was all experiential knowledge, and I was suggesting to Mukund today, that all our laboratories would be unnecessary except where we are compelled to test hypothetical knowledge for verification. Nobody has built a laboratory to test whether fire really burns, because it's not necessary. Nobody has built a laboratory to test whether water wets, because it's not necessary. But some fellow sits down and, you know, speculates. He lets his mind roam about in the future and says, "If this were so and if this were so, given these two conditions, this could be so," and ergo — we have a laboratory, to test. If the laboratory or experiment proves successful, that hypothetical knowledge becomes fact. If it is not, it goes into the limbo of so many untested hypotheses, and tested and failed hypotheses.

Therefore it is axiomatic in science that most of scientific knowledge is hypothetical knowledge, to be tested out in the labs, again and again. That is why science is so firmly fixed on repetivity of experiments. Every one of us must be able to repeat an experiment and to prove it for himself. So, what are they really doing? It is experiment again. Experiment means — like the French use the word *expérimenter* to denote experience. In the original Latin, there was no such thing as an experiment being an experiment as we understand it today. An experiment meant — an experience.

So, the test of knowledge is personal experience. Knowledge acquired through experience, transmitted intellectually, emotionally, mentally, through subsequent generations. Repeatedly tested by us, not by testing it as an objective test, but subjectively through experience of life. A tiger will kill. It is painful. I don't have to go and submit myself to a tiger or a lion in the Serengeti, you know, to feel it! Laceration of the skin produces ulcers. Subsequent infection can kill me. I mean, nobody ever thinks of testing these hypotheses. "Let me be mauled by a lion, Chari! I wish to see for myself how it feels." Well, it's easy to imagine. What we cannot test objectively we can experience in the way of a guided imagination. Not fantasy, but by guided imagination. You know the modern technique of, for instance, a tennis player wanting to perfect his game — he sits in his easy chair, relaxes, and imagines he is playing a game with, say, McEnroe. And it helps his game, but you must have already played a little tennis before this will work!

So you see, we can improve upon anything by mentation, and the perfect mentation is meditation. Meditation means to think constantly about one thing. It is continuous perpetual mentation on one object. Now obviously, most of the things in this universe, or most of the items of knowledge, do not need continuous mentation, therefore need not be meditated upon. What is it, therefore, that we have to meditate upon? That which cannot be known through the sensory

apparatus that we have been furnished with — precisely. So should I meditate upon my girlfriend? No, because there are other ways of knowing her — the experiential mode. You want to know what a kiss is like? Kiss and see.

You know, there is the great story of a *rishi* — I am not joking, these are real stories of a *rishi* — who, till the age of sixteen was leading a protected existence in his father's ashram. There were no women, no girls, because the father was afraid the young fellow, very handsome, very tall, very inspiring, very wise, would be spoiled. At the age of sixteen he had to let him go. And he said, "At the border of my ashrams," because he had a vast ashram, "you will come to a river. You have to cross it, and then you are in other lands. May God protect you." He comes to a boat, it is all flower-decked, and damsels are rowing it. He gets into that boat and says, "Take me to this place." Now, the girls are curious. "Who is this handsome fellow?" Very wise, very fair, very handsome, unspoiled, and they want, each one of them, to give him a kiss. But he refuses. He says, "What's a kiss?" Then they say, "It's a fruit. You must taste it." And then he says, "How does it taste?" One girl comes and kisses him on the lips and says, "This is what we call kiss-fruit." Not ice-fruit, kiss-fruit. Like that they entice him into the worldly life. Now this is the story of Rishya Shringa, one of the most famous *rishis* in the Hindu tradition. He had to learn!

We have the story of Adi Shankara, also, who was the perfection of all knowledge. One day he meets a female intellectual rishi. She scoffs at his knowledge. She says, "Shankaracharya, you? But your knowledge is incomplete." He says, "Nobody has ever dared to tell me that. In what am I incomplete?" She says, "Do you know or have the knowledge of sex? You are a *brahmachari.* What do you know about it?" He puts down his head in shame because he has not had that experience. At that moment, with his *gyanadrishti* — divine vision — he sees that a king has just vacated his body in death. He hangs himself up in the jungle upside down, ties his

feet to a branch, and jumps into the body of the king and lives with that queen for six months, learning all about love. One day he feels his fingers being singed, you see, because a hunter has found the body hanging upside down, thought it is a dead body, and is setting fire to it. Immediately he jumps back into his body, because otherwise he would have no body to come back to.

So, whether you will or not, these things have to be learned. No use reading books on sex — even the great Kinsey, you see, or the Kama Sutra. These things have to be learned by experience. It is my submission, again, that nothing is learned but through experience. What you learn through books is only the experience of others who are putting them down in books. Where we need to test it, we test it. Where it is not necessary to test it, we only accept it.

So the inquisitive mind must be to **add** to knowledge, not to **prove** existing knowledge. Inquisitiveness does not mean, test the Einstein theory, test this, test that, test a caesarian. Not at all. To my way of thinking, inquisitive means, going forward into the future with my thought, probing into what else can be. Given the summit on which I am already placed as a mere pebble, how can I make this mountain grow another thousand feet during my existence, so that even though I remain a pebble, the mountain under me has risen by a few thousand feet during my lifetime. We misinterpret 'inquisitive' as applying to past knowledge. "Oh, let me see what this is about." But that has already been tested by generations of human beings. Existential facts such as pain, such as pleasure, such as miseries, such as happiness — these are the heritage, the common heritage, of all human beings. You don't have to speak the language of other human beings to transmit to them pain. What is pain? You pinch a little, and they know. Isn't it?

So inquisitiveness, the need to intellectually probe must be restricted to the future. And again I submit that the best

way is meditation. Why? Because only through meditation I can probe into a future which is not yet physical, which is not yet sensory-conditioned, but which can be, if I am able to locate it and bring it into my present. Otherwise we are only dealing with what is already here, about which everything is known, mostly.

I mean, I am amazed when people go into the Amazon or someplace, and discover fifty new varieties of butterfly. So what! You are not discovering anything, you are only naming that which has existed from primordial times. Does naming a thing become an act of discovery? Not at all. Suddenly they find this butterfly — "By jove, I've never seen this," and they catch it in a net and subject it to the torture of being pinned down on a bit of cardboard, and then study it, draw it, patent it — name it *butterflyicus mukundus* in Latin. And he is a discoverer, and he gets a prize, the prize for botany of this year, or for zoology of this year, or if it is sufficiently meritorious in the eyes of other fools who are going to judge his discovery, the Nobel Prize for this year. Naming a thing is not discovering the thing. When we discover it, it has no name because it is totally new to human existence. Such totally new things in human existence — there are very few of them today. At the same time it can be unimaginably vast.

Now, science says we do not know the ends of this universe. Mukund himself said that. Then how do we suppose there is a universe? We say it is expanding at unimaginable velocities. Have we experienced those velocities? I am on this globe, which is spinning at such a tremendous rate — I do not know the exact speed but it runs into several miles per second — do I experience that? Why do I not experience it? Precisely because I have no point of reference with which to time it. All knowledge is based on a point of reference. When you are moving in a plane which is flying very smoothly, when there are not even clouds, you do not feel your motion because you are part of that which is moving. A child in the womb of its mother does not know it is moving and walking around when

the mother is walking around. It is separateness that creates the need for knowledge.

When we fell, or as Babuji put it, when we descended — which has a different meaning altogether from the word 'fell' in Christian theology — this separateness made imperative the need for the knowledge of that which was separate. "Who am I?", first question. And the father is saying, "But you are only a part of me, my son." It did not cut any ice — he said, "Yes, but Dad, who are you?" "I am that I am." This is what you find in the Bible. Not satisfactory — "What the hell do you mean, 'I am that I am'? Tell me more precisely. Are you John?" "No." "Are you Kalalua?" "No." "Are you Mukund?" "No." And then gently smiling like Babuji, he says, "Yet, I am all these, too." "Yes, but Dad, how can you be nothing and everything?" "Find out, my son."

So when we separate ourselves from that existence which we call our original home, like a son who is leaving his father's house and going out in his car, we need maps, we need sandwiches, we need a flask of tea, flashlight for the night, money to spend, credit card for the unknown expenses that we might have to accept. All this becomes necessary because we have left home. For one who is at home, nothing is necessary.

So now what shall I answer further? Therefore, on the way back home — you know, many Europeans come to India for Basant, for Babuji's birthday, and I call myself the waste-paper basket of the Mission, because some leave their sleeping bags, some leave their, you know, unused biscuits — "Chari, give it to somebody." All the medicines that they brought, imagining India to be the land of pestilence and disease, they leave behind. All this I receive, I receive with gratitude, you see, because we should be grateful for what we receive. But it's a funny thing — nobody leaves his money behind! [laughter] And says, "No, no, keep the money! I am going home. I have enough there now." Similarly, when we are now

going on our way back home, we have to drop things. Why? Because we don't need them any more. My intelligence? What for? My road maps? What for? I don't need them where I am going. It's precisely for this reason that we say, "Drop these unwanted things. Why are you carrying them on your head? Throw them away, you don't need them any more."

So there is no such thing as renunciation in Sahaj Marg. This must be very clearly understood, not in the sense of Vishwamitra, you know, who had his fun with Menaka, and then says like this when she brings the child [gestures]. A classic gesture of renunciation! [laughter] No! Renunciation does not mean license. What we need in this life, legitimately — physical support, emotional support, support of love, what, as Portia puts it, "The law allows it. The court awards it. So let it be."

So we have, for what it is worth, moral sanction for marriage, social sanction for marriage, legal sanction for marriage. But if you go into the higher philosophical sense, is marriage really necessary? I would hesitate to answer no, because it might be misunderstood, but really marriage is a human institution. Why? To prevent the big, strong blighter from taking away the beautiful wife of a weak man who cannot otherwise protect her. So the law steps in to protect. Like property laws — to protect the weak from the grabbing hands of the strong. "This is my plot. Lay off!" "Who says so?" "The law permits it, the court awards it. It is mine."

So as long as we need, or as long as we say, "This is mine, this is mine, this is mine," we need external protection — of law, of society, of custom, of religion. When there is nothing which is mine, I don't need any protection. When I understand that even my life is not mine, but it is His, if at all it needs protection, it needs His protection. It is His property. He will look after it. The plot of land on Parrot Crescent which the family of Mukund has gifted to the Mission did not need protection for itself! It was protected by the owners for

themselves. They put up a fence around it. The land did not say, "Protect me." Protect me from what? How can I be protected? I am not a separate piece of land, I am part of this vast globe that you call your earth. **You** have partitioned me into small bits and squares and pieces, you see, and called this agriculture land, this fertile land, that infertile land, that desert. But to me, I am a whole, and whose protection do I need? **You** need protection from me.

I read a story once, you see, which amused me enormously. A man tilling the ground, you know, and telling his friend the farmer, "This is all my land that you see." Hundreds and hundreds of acres and Bhumi is laughing, she says, "This blighter, he is walking on my breast like my child, but the blighter doesn't know he's going to be buried in me soon!" How much land does a man require? Tolstoy — "All of the land we need, and that only for the Christians, too, is the plot of land in which they will be buried — two metres by half a metre, perhaps, or three quarters of a metre by three quarters of a metre — this is all the land that we need." And we are protecting this land? From whom, against whom? Territorial limit — twelve miles — ocean. This is South African sea. Hah! Who gave it to you? There used to be a three mile limit before, and with each successive war, as the ranges of our missiles expand, our coastline is being expanded more and more, the territoriality of that sea is being increased from three miles to twelve miles. It may end up at three hundred miles, I don't know. Then you will have a new war because my neighbor's sea and my sea will be butting against each other, you know, and the three hundred miles here and in between is no-man's sea again.

So, when I have nothing, I don't need anybody's protection. If I consider myself as His, He has to protect me. My cows don't need protection. They need protection because they are **my** cows. **I** protect them. The cow is happy to be free. I don't think they like being shut up in a byre, you see, or put in a paddock. They would like to switch up their tails and run

around like crazy and roll in the mud. So, protection for one is imprisonment for another. You see this in this land. Today, what is going on here, you know — the white man saying, "I want to protect you and educate you until you are able to rule yourself." But then these Matabeles and Zulus, they have no sense to ask, "Yes, but white man, before you came we were governing ourselves very well. We were very happy. There was a structure, there was a hierarchy which was rigid, which was respected — which **worked**!" They are not able to say it because the poor people are still in primitive conditions, they have no education, they have no political education, they don't know how to answer these questions, so they suffer, and they react in the only way they know — violence.

So you see, freedom must be given before freedom can be perfected. You cannot tie up a child and say, "I will let you free when you are perfect." How will it become perfect? It must be allowed its liberties. And what should we do? We keep a protective eye upon it. Not restrain it, but watch it! This is what a sensible parent should do. "No, no, you should not go out. Come back before dark!" What is so wonderful about the sun, that it's a protective thing? Don't accidents happen in the daytime? Are not women raped in the daytime? Don't people die in the daytime? Are babies not born in the daytime? What does not happen in the day which happens only at night? Nothing. So, why these restrictive things? "Before sunset you must be in." "You shall not go into deep water." Well, for a man who doesn't know how to swim, three feet of water is enough to drown in! He doesn't need deep water. I can drown in sixteen inches! Isn't it? People have been known to drown in their bathtubs!

So it's all crazy. These are limits of ignorance we set to our knowledge. "I climbed a tree. I fell down. Therefore you should not climb a tree." Who said so? You are a fool — you didn't know how to climb the tree properly! "Let me show you," says the arrogant son. And he climbs, he is happy, he throws down a few apples for his old father. He has no teeth,

and says, "My son, what will I do with these apples?" He says, "Okay, Dad, leave it to me! I know what to do now." Now that is knowledge, you see. My experience again — that which you could not do, old man, in your youth, I am doing in my youth. So, don't restrict my, shall we say, impulses towards learning more about myself through myself. Real knowledge is by using myself, through myself, to find my Self. Not myself — my **Self**.

So, I repeat — all knowledge was born out of experience. Subsequently it was transmitted through books, through words and what have you. We should not make the mistake of assuming that only what is in books, and what is recited, is knowledge, and therefore I have to write more books. Or think I cannot believe that — therefore I must experiment myself. Not at all. Experiments are conducted only to prove or disprove. Hypothetical foundations of knowledge, which, if they are found untrue, are thrown away. If they are found true, they are further experimented upon to try to repeat them so many times that there can be no doubt about that piece of knowledge.

It is an axiom in science that almost every thirty years, old theories are not only refuted but turned upside down. Only this morning I read in the newspaper that the dinosaurs were perhaps descended from birds! What happens to the pterodactyl, for heaven's sake! And that huge dinosaur, you know, the brontosaurus. It came from a bird? Logic says, "Stupid." Like homoeopathy — you know, allopaths laugh at homoeopathy — "These few globules of medicine, Chari, are going to cure you?" But they believe in big sixteen-ounce bottles, you see, and syringes.

Big things have always come from small things. The biggest giant was conceived in his mother's uterus as nothing more than a unicellular organism. Then it proliferated. It grew. It assumed the shape of that which it is going to be, already in the womb. It's a well known fact that around three months,

three and a half months only, the foetus becomes something perceptibly human. It is well known that this foetus passes through everything that it has evolved through in the past — a shape of a fish, a shape of a lobster — everything is replicated there, but in just three months. Then it becomes perceptibly human. Its limbs start sprouting, and stupid mothers go and want to determine the sex by ultrasound technology.

My daughter-in-law went for such a test and she came back very excited, and very un-girl like, and she said, "Papa, I saw it!" It was a boy, you see. I said, "Shameless one, you are talking of this?" She said, "No, no, but I saw it there!" I said, "Surely you have seen it before!" Now, you see, look at this, you know, funny thing — a married girl who has seen it, felt it, experienced it, yet wants to see it on an ultrasound monitor and satisfy herself, "Yes, it does exist!" This is the modern curiosity — to know what I already know, in a different way. But the real curiosity, I repeat, must be oriented towards the future, towards discovery.

For the French, and in the Latin it is *decouvrir*, to uncover. It's a beautiful word. There is no such thing as discovery. We uncover which is there, which we have never known till now. It is like a wife, you know, removing the lid of a dish and we look inside and say, "Mama mia!" and sit down to eat. I don't discover food, I uncover food. The Veda says, "All knowledge is in you." "What are you going to learn, my son?", the Veda asks. It is in you. "Yes, but I don't know." Remove the ignorance which exists, and knowledge is there.

So, this Occidental idea that I have to learn and take in knowledge as if I am ingesting water or food, you know, is crazy! Everything is in me. The universe is in me. What is the outside, is but a reflection of what is inside me. If I am happy, I see the world as a happy existence. A death in the family, and it seems the very willows are weeping, you see, the very clouds become dark, the world seems to weep with me. Is it not a fact? I project my inner feelings on my outer environ-

ment. One who is afraid sees the universe as a fearful place — all tooth and claw. One who is confident sees the world as a world of opportunity. One who is wise sees, like Shakespeare says, "Books in brooks, sermons in stones, knowledge in everything." For him everything speaks. For one who is the absolute knower, as Babuji Maharaj said, the question has the answer in it, not away from it, not outside it, not somewhere else. It is **in** the question. Probe deeper into the question and you find the answer within.

So, you see our system of knowledge! There used to be a science called axionoetics. I don't know if many of you have heard that name. It is the knowledge of knowledge. Now, I consider it very crazy, you see, that I have to know about knowing before I can know. Then I must know about knowing about knowing about something before I can know — axionoetics of axionoetics, you know, like parlour mirrors — infinite regression.

So, let us stick to experience. Sahaj Marg says, "You don't need to know anything. You have to become something." When you become something, you will know what it is, by **being** that.

An unmarried boy, bachelor of sixteen, does not know what it is to be a father. He does not understand his father. He does not understand his mother — why they behave in certain ways, at certain times, towards him, and between themselves, too. He marries, he has a child — now he knows! Why his father behaved with him in certain ways; why his father loved him; why his father was also able to discipline him. Everything he understands — not by knowledge, but by the experience of being a father. One moment of time, and he knows everything about being a father.

So, to really know, become that which you wish to know. This has been the pursuit of saints, before they became saintly. Ramakrishna Paramahamsa lived as a woman for, I think, six months or one year — grew his hair, wore a *sari,*

worked in the kitchen, washed clothes, washed vessels, slept with them, wept with them — everything with the women. To such an extent his emulation of the female life was perfect, that it is recorded that he even started menstruating. I don't believe that it is possible, but it is recorded as a fact in his biography. Which only means, that if you can be something totally, with all your heart — you don't have to go through these operations to change your sex — you can be what you want to be, at any precise moment.

This is how God comes to us — as a pig, as a fish, as the garuda. Because, He just sits and thinks, "I am a bird," and He is a bird. And there He is, flapping his wings around, and then we think it's a helicopter, then we go and look — what is this strange bird? Even *rishis* have not been able to penetrate this. When Krishna comes as an uninvited boar, they don't know him. Only when they beat the boar, and they feel the beats, each one on his back, they say, "Oh, my God! We have beaten God Himself!" Our invited guest, our most respected guest, our Divine guest, for whom we have been waiting till midnight — he walks in, and I don't recognise him. Why? Because of my intellectual smallness, which says, "He must come as Krishna."

So, the intellectual intellect limits! It makes my perceptions small. I look at the world through a keyhole. What do I really know? People look through microscopes at the minute, and through telescopes at the enormously big, but they only see this, nothing more. *Amoeba proteus* — wonderful! And they talk about its breeding habit — it doesn't breed, it just bifurcates. It's a happy life, no wife to bother about. When it wants to eat it just embraces what it wants to eat and engulfs it. Simple life, primordial life. Now, that is one way of living. Cellular division — how does it happen? The scientists tell us very knowledgeably, "Oh, it just divides into two, you see." Yes, but why? Science does not tell us **why**, only **how**, and the **how** is not enough! If a man is satisfied **how** something happened, he is limiting his search for knowledge. **Why** does

it happen? Why is one man able to sleep on a bed of nails, perfectly comfortable, as if he is on a Dunlop pillow mattress in an air conditioned room, with his beloved next to him stroking his head? And the other fellow, on a Dunlop pillow mattress in an air conditioned room with perhaps a bevy of beauties, is miserable.

Have we thought of this **why**? Science answers the **how**, spirituality answers the **why**. One answer. Not a multitude of answers to confuse us and confound us. One answer — samskara. Being in a palace, your samskara will not let you rest in peace, in comfort. Being in a hovel, his samskara permits him to sleep in the open, under the sky, enjoying Sirius, enjoying Arcturus, enjoying everything which we never even see often in our lives. "Oh, that looks like Venus." "No, no, but it's not a planet. It's a star." "What is the difference, Chari?" Then you start off, you see.

How — science. **Why** — spirituality. **What** — meditation. It is foolish to ask why I am here. I **am** here. Now let me find out where I have to go, and what I have to become. It is enough for me.

A millionaire does not want to become a billionaire just because he is a millionaire. Even a man who has nothing wants to be a billionaire, even the one who is in the red wants to be a billionaire. So, the aspiration to be a millionaire or a billionaire is not restricted to the have-nots, it is there with the haves, and it is there with the have-much, too. Aspiration guides us.

In aspiration, we don't need to know what I am at this moment and why I am what I am at this moment. I have only to follow the call of my aspiration and keep going towards it, and I shall inevitably become that.

Thank you.

6

ASHRAM SITE DEDICATION, S. LENASIA

Lenasia, South Africa
18 April, 1993

Dear brothers and sisters, today is a very auspicious occasion for the Mission in South Africa, and therefore for all of you, too. By the grace of my beloved Master, Babuji Maharaj, the Mission has its own ashram site, very kindly donated by Govindbhai and his family, as I announced some days back, and today at this first meditation, on behalf of all of you, I dedicate this property to Babuji Maharaj.

I think it is a sign of his immense grace and love for us that, in a sense, we start off with a bang with two marriages on the site! I pray that the couples may be blessed by Babuji Maharaj with felicity, with health, longevity, and a life full of happiness together, in the true tradition of all marriages — "**until death do us part.**" I pray that all of you will bless them on this happy and auspicious occasion. May there be many more such auspicious and joyful occasions in the ashram that will be built here with the co-operation of all of you.

Everything needs a good beginning. I remember once, Babuji Maharaj asked me where I was going to do something. I gave him a plan, and he said, "How are you going to begin?" Because, as the English proverb says, "Well begun is half done." We have begun well, and I hope everything will reach a successful conclusion very shortly, because this will be your ashram — an ashram in South Africa for the people of South Africa, living in South Africa. A symbol of unity of all the people living here, people of all races, all colours, all religions, united under the spiritual umbrella of Sahaj Marg, and growing together harmoniously, marching towards the goal harmoniously, hand in hand, and making this land, which has been, in a sense, tortured by various problems over the past few centuries, shine in the glory of a united land, a united people, a united culture, united in spirituality. May it be so.

Thank you.

7

PITFALLS OF SPIRITUALITY

Lenasia, South Africa
19 April, 1993

Some more information about Sahaj Marg which people have asked for, especially, problems in sadhana, pitfalls, etc. I think, like everything in Sahaj Marg, there is a situation of no problem, or a situation of too many problems. We always seem to swing between these extremes. Personally, I don't think the way itself has any problems. After all, it's a simple way — Sahaj Marg. It's a natural way, and we are supposed to have the help of the great Masters, who are really Masters of the path, Masters of the goal. People who can be Masters of our destiny. I mean Masters in every sense — Master.

I think the first pitfall we have to avoid is a misunderstanding of what this 'Master' means, because there are many people who come expecting miracles. Expecting, you know, all sorts of wonderful things — magic, instant transformation — thinking that the Master is going to do everything for us. I think that is the first big danger — not understanding what a Master is, and what is his relationship going to be with the

abhyasis, with each *sadhak*. The word 'Master' really means, one who has mastered **himself**. It has nothing to do with mastery over powers of nature, mastery over this, that, and the other.

The other day I was seeing this movie, *King of Kings*, and there was a strange, what should I say, opposition of ideas when somebody asks Jesus to show a miracle. He refuses. At the same time he says, "If you have faith, you can move that mountain." Very strange way of putting things. Rather misleading, I thought. Those of you who have read Shakespeare, will remember the three witches and their predictions — that, "When Birnam Wood to Dunsinane Hill shall come." It is fulfilled in a very strange way, when people cut down the trees and they march under them. It looks as if the whole forest is marching!

So, I don't think you can really move a mountain, or make a forest come towards you, or anything like that. At the same time, we cannot say it is impossible, because when we say things are possible or impossible, we speak based on our experience, each one of us. And our experience is limited to our sensory experience — *pancha indriyas*, as we call them in Sanskrit. Smell, taste, touch, vision, feel. "*Shabda, sparsha, rasa, roopa, gandha,*" as they say in Sanskrit. We have no other experience. I think you can say that, excluding a very, very, very minute, minuscule minority, over the ages, human experience is limited to sensory experience.

So, to say that it is not possible, we are basing our statement on a ridiculously small level of experience, because it is well known that our senses are limited. We touch, and what we feel with our touch is extraordinarily ridiculous. We see, but the limit of our vision is a few thousand angstroms of what we call visible light. We cannot go beyond the violet at one end; we cannot go beyond the red at the other. In between, we see something, and we call this vision. We cannot hear much

— even owls, bats, dogs — they are supposed to hear what we cannot hear.

So, if you see the human being really, he is a ridiculously puny, stupid, incapable of experience sort of life form. Left to ourselves we have no experience at all. You see an ant. You put a bit of butter there, in half an hour the ants are there. They smell it. We cannot smell butter unless it is rancid. You try to put away — you know, in our villages we have what is called an *uri* in Tamil, which Krishna robs every time. Something which is made of ropes and suspended from the ceiling, on which the pots are kept — butter, sweets, fruit — and the ants can go from here, right up the wall, across the ceiling and come down the rope to that *uri*.

On the other side, much of our technological brilliance is perhaps due to our sensory limitations. We see with a telescope things which no animal or bird on earth can see. We are able to manipulate artificial fingers in atomic chambers by just putting a hand in a glove and doing this, and you manipulate enormous tongs somewhere, which is able to lift up radium, push back radium, all sorts of funny things. We are able to hear through hearing aids. So, man's intelligence has been, his brilliance has been, in overcoming his sensory limitations. But we have restricted this, very stupidly, very foolishly to the material world. So, notwithstanding our brilliant technological inventions, discoveries, creations, yet when we are translated to the spiritual world, the scientist is as stupid as the non-scientist. He is for all practical purposes no more than a village idiot in spirituality, because he thinks his brilliance can only be expressed in the material life. The spiritual life he ignores, which means that his brilliance is only expressed in the material world, in the sensory world, and in none else.

So, when it comes to understanding what a Master is, the brilliant scientist, brilliant technologist, they are as stupid as any village fool. At least the village fool says, "What can we say? It may be possible. For God, all things are possible."

The intellectually brilliant fellow says, "Not at all. Where is God? Show me? I have probed the immensities of the universe with my telescopes on Mount Palomar, etc., and I am going to probe farther with my extraterrestrial telescopes. Hitherto, my range has been a few hundred thousand light years, a million light years perhaps, but now I am going to be able to go to the very edges of the universe." At the same time, he says, "The universe has no edge," because notwithstanding what Einstein said, the universe seems to be expanding at such a fast velocity, at least at the peripheral limits, that it goes beyond the velocity of light itself. Again the scientist is stumped. He says, "I can," and he says, "I can't." It is very much like the female mind — yes and no. Possible and not possible. The mind of the scientist is, par excellence, the mind of a woman! They don't know what they are talking about.

With all the immense body of accumulated knowledge over the ages, they still know nothing. You know, even such a stupid thing like Mars, and the so-called straight lines on it which they said at one stage, these are canals — even today nobody knows what they are. It's all speculation. So far, man has only been able to touch the surface of the moon. Two or three people have landed there. They have brought back some moon rocks and, unfortunately for our scientists, they are so ridiculously unimpressive. There is no difference between those rocks and our rocks. They are identical. Perhaps they contain more of some mineral than we are able to find, and less of something else than what we have but, by and large, it has been a scientific disappointment. Which makes us think, that if you were to go to another system, similar to the solar system, and to another moon there, perhaps it would be the same. But the scientist will not give up so easily. He has to go to Pluto, he has to go to Neptune and discover whether there is solid substance there, and whether it is the same as we have here.

It is like a man who is going to woman after woman and finding the same things, and yet looking to see if there is not

one woman who will satisfy him more than all the previous line-up of women. Womanisers, we call them. There is no difference, and there is a difference. What is the difference that is possible among a long line-up of women in a man's life? You know, some of them, I read yesterday in one of the newspapers or magazines, that before he is forty, the average American male has had at least twenty women in his life. And they don't seem to be any the wiser for it — they don't know any better after that. They have not found happiness with any of them, because if you have been happy you would not look for another one, you see, and yet a third, and yet a fourth, and the twentieth. Statistics have not revealed what happens at sixty. Whether the twenty has become sixty! It cannot shrink of course — I mean the number!

So, what is it that brings a tangible difference in our perception? If, with all our magnificent extension of our sensory possibilities, we are no better than animals and birds and beasts, what is it that brings to human perception a certain dignity, a certain possibility which is not enjoyed by others. I cannot but say, or hazard an opinion, that it is only **love**. A man who loves his subject — certainly he sees more in it than a man who just approaches it with curiosity. The great scientists have all loved their subjects. The great lover has loved only one woman, not many women, you see, because love is not growing by accretion, by incremental levels. A man who has loved six women does not love his seventh more than he has loved the previous six, because of accumulated experience or accumulated loves. He only hates himself more and more. Increasingly diversified love outside makes you hate yourself more and more.

So, you see this funny thing, that the more we love the more we hate ourselves, therefore the less we love, perhaps the more we love ourselves. Perhaps this is the fundamental principle behind, let us say, spiritual love, which says, "One life, one Master, one Mission, one method." "Love Him who loves all." For Him to love all — no danger, because the 'all'

is not broken up into the individual units comprising that 'all'. White light is not made up of violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange, red, for the person who likes white. He does not say, "By Jove, white is compounded of these seven colours of the spectrum. Let me love each colour individually!" No. He loves white, he wears white, white is purity. When it is split up it is impure.

So, one who loves all does not mean one who loves each person individually. Here comes the problem of spirituality, you see — "The Master loves me." I have always said, "No. The Master does not love anybody individually, cannot love anybody individually." It is like saying, "The Master loves white, therefore he loves red too, green too, violet too, indigo too." Not at all. For him, when the unitary principle is broken up it is no longer lovable. Otherwise he could have, you know, like the whirling dervishes, as they are called — Moulana Rumi's particular school of Sufis — the Mevlevis — he could have had them dress up in a big Arab dress, a *jellabah* with seven colours, so that when you whirl round you see them as white! Crazy, isn't it?

So, this fundamental problem of the Master: He is not **your** Master. He is himself a Master. This will remove all possibilities of misunderstanding, and also this need to be loved individually. "Oh, Master is love but he does not love me." Yes, and the sun shines, but it doesn't shine upon me when I am in the room. I have to expose myself there. The sun shines for everybody, black or white, Kwa-Zulu, Natal — everybody! It doesn't make any difference to it. The sun shines because it is its nature to shine.

The Master is a Master because his nature is one of mastery, mastery of himself first. In obedience to the ancient principle that he who is a Master of himself is a Master of the universe. Now, 'Master of the universe' does not mean that he is also Master of Pluto, Master of Neptune, Master of other galactic systems. It does not mean anything of that sort.

Master of the universe — Christ said, "My kingdom is not of this world." People called him Master, too, in his lifetime. What was he Master of? "If thou art the Master can thou change this water into wine?" He said, "Tempt not thy Lord, thy God in vain."

Mastery is not in transmutation of metals, lead into gold. We leave that to the alchemists. It is not in changing a woman into a man, or vice versa, physically. We leave that to the surgeons. It is not in curing disease. We leave that to the doctors. It is not in spinning cotton into cloth. We leave that to the spinners and the weavers. Then, somebody says, "But what on earth am I here for? I want a Master!" Yes, of course you have one! "But then you say he's not my Master." Yes. Of course not. He is not automatically your Master. His Mastery can be used in enabling you to master yourself. How? By doing what he did. By obeying him in everything that he says. Therefore, first of all, you must want to be like him. Not a five foot, three inch man with a beard, with false teeth, looking very, you know, docile and cherubic! Not like that. Then you are insisting that your water must be in a triangular glass or a conical glass or in a pyramidal glass. I want water when I am thirsty. It doesn't matter what the glass is — it may be of gold, it may be of pewter.

So you see, this first misunderstanding, the greatest misunderstanding, the most tragic misunderstanding, that I can go to a Master and find myself immediately, is the first and the greatest pitfall. "Oh, I have a Master. He will do everything for me." He will help you to do everything for yourself. He cannot do an iota for you by himself.

I am talking from experience. I have been very close to my Master, very intimate, and my statements are based on the authority of personal experience. I don't depend on dogma and on literature in spirituality. I depend on my experience. In my experience, Babuji Maharaj always said, "If you cannot co-operate, I cannot help." It was a very clear statement.

Hundreds of times he has told sick people, "Go to the doctor!" Many more hundreds of times he has told people who had no jobs, "Find a job. Apply in the newspaper, you will find it." He did not raise his hand and say, "*Om, Krim-aim-swaha...* ," and everybody became well, all daughters got married, sons got jobs, everything was hoity-toity. He never did it. Perhaps he could not do it. Perhaps he could do it but it was not permitted. Because, you know, there are cases where he tried to raise people up several points, and Lalaji from above rapped him on the head and said, "Stop this nonsense! You will destroy him."

So you see, the secret of his inability to do things for us was not **his** inability, but **our** inability to help him to do things on us which we are unable to stand. Even a stupid jeweller knows, you see, that gold is of such and such nature, lead is of such and such nature. You must know the metals with which you are working. You cannot use a blowtorch on diamonds — it will become carbon. The same for a chemist, but tragically very different for the person who has given the diamonds to be set.

So you see, the Master is not limited by himself, or his capacities or his powers. He is limited by us. Each one of us is a different sort of limitation, or a concatenation of limitations, to him. One has affection, but will not practise. Another practises cleaning, but not meditation. Another meditates but says, "I don't need cleaning." The man who is very ardent in his practice has no affection for the guru. Those who practise according to the letter of the law do not obey his changed statements, on different occasions, under different circumstances. They say, "But Babuji, you have written in your own book." He says, "Aha. I have written." He could not say that, "I am the author of this, and I have a right to change what I have written!" He never said it, so this man went away thinking he has won a victory over Babuji, you see, a philosophical victory, maybe a victory of authorship — "You see, I have limited him to what he has written."

Here comes the misunderstanding that this written law is superior to the spoken law. Not at all. One speaks the law first, and then it is written down. Nothing was ever written before it was spoken. I am using the word 'spoken' in its broadest meaning, that even when I speak, I am speaking with myself. I employ myself with a dissertation with myself, in an argument with myself, in a discussion with myself. When we evaluate what we call the pros and cons in our mind, that's what we are doing. I argue with myself, assuming the positions of this side and that side of the bar, so to speak. And then when I am clear in myself I write down things.

So, a man who can use himself to be his own opposition and argue very strictly, very honestly with himself, will find the truth. So, when the Master says, "Notwithstanding what I have written, you are to do this now," we have to obey. So, reading the books, following the books, few of us do. If we have not that foundation of obedience at least to the written law, how are we going to obey the spoken law? He said, "No, no, Babuji, you see." Babuji says, "Intelligence is not necessary." People who don't want to pay fifteen dollars for a book find this argument very useful. Babuji said, "Not necessary. I have not passed beyond the fifth class." Yes, but Babuji did not own one million rand houses. He did not own Mercedes Benzes. He did not own immense stalls in the Johannesburg market from where people became millionaires on potatoes, bananas, chips, what have you.

So, if you want to be like Babuji, you must be like Babuji in everything, not use that poor man only as an excuse to avoid paying fifty rands for a book! We are all hypocrites, we are cheats. But remember, you are a hypocrite towards yourself, and you are cheating yourself. You are lying to yourself. "No, no, Babuji did that." Yes, he ate half a *chapatti* and a weak *dahl* — you have all eaten, I hope, some of you in Shahjahanpur — and a *subji*, so-called, which was a little stronger, thicker gruel with half a potato in it, or sometimes only a quarter of a potato. But your tables are laden with stuff

— three different types of honey, four different types of jam, several types of butter, a variety of cheeses, white bread, yellow bread, blue bread, black bread, rye bread.

So, which of you here is like Babuji, that you can afford the luxury of saying, "Babuji did not ask for intelligence."? You cannot. Are you willing to give up your money? Are you willing to give up your Mercedes Benzes and your million dollar houses? Then, talk of Master. Otherwise you are all awful liars. This is the second great pitfall. First — not knowing what a Master is — whether he can do anything for us. If so, how? Second — misusing that poor man, that enormously divine person as an excuse for all our stupidity, our fraud, our corruption, our greed, our acquisitiveness. How can he help? You tell him, "Babuji, you said intelligence is not necessary. I want simple people." Yes, but are you simple? Which one of you here can say, "Yes, I am simple." He lived on a pension of twenty-eight rupees a month, and he fed all of us, until I came into the picture and I insisted that abhyasis should pay a certain amount, at least for Basant. It took me four years to convince him to charge a small donation of thirty rupees per head! He said, "People cannot afford." I said, "If you can afford, they can surely afford." He said, "No, no, people from Sitapur will complain. See, poor fellows, they are paying six *annas* bus fare to come and go." I said, "People from south India are paying sixty rupees to come and go. If anybody is entitled to claim, they are entitled to, you know... Not these fellows from Sitapur who are living spitting distance away from you." It is like our abhyasis here — "Low Point not going to High Point; Laudium not going to Johannesburg; Venda not going anywhere!" All people in Mercedes Benzes, money in immense quantities in banks, but unwilling to spend, adding more and more and more, one day to die like a squirrel in winter, three inches above an enormous hoard of nuts that it has accumulated during summer, which it could not find in winter, which it did not know it had hidden.

Few of you rich people know where your money is today. Some people have so much money that they don't know where it is any more. Squirrels are better. Poor things, they have not the knowledge of what they have acquired. But even in our acquisition there is no knowledge! You see what a travesty our life has become. Second great pitfall — do not misuse your Master. We don't know how to use him because we don't know what he is. But all the time we are misusing him, misquoting him, claiming to be his devotees, his *bhaktas* — second great pitfall.

Third great pitfall? "After all, he is a human being like us, sir. He is weak. You know, poor fellow, he cannot even bend and lift up his walking stick if it falls. At night somebody has to accompany him to the bathroom. He has false teeth. How can he help us?" I, too, made that mistake — but only once, when I saw him for the first time. But when I saw his eyes, everything faded. He removed my ignorance. Otherwise, being a big strong fellow myself, pretending to be intelligent, pretending to be modern, Westernised, I would have gone the way of all the Western intellects — drugs and women, at least. At least drugs and women would have been my lot — in plenty. Fortunately, my first sight of him brought out all my foolishness. I said, "What is this person, lying like a bundle of clothes to be washed on the bed?" You know, he looked like a *dhobi's* bundle, as we say in India. And I was, metaphorically speaking, beating my forehead in self-disgust and saying, "What have I come here for, all this way from Madras to Shahjahanpur to see this person lying on this dirty bed?"

Many of you are still thinking like that, which is the tragedy. Nodding heads is no use — one must touch one's heart to find out what is the truth of this third pitfall — that, "I am better than him. I can walk farther than him. I can eat more than him. I can read better than him. I can understand everything which he cannot understand. I can digest cheese and butter but that person can't. I can sleep more than him. I have more money than he ever had. He has to come humbling

himself and ask for donations. I never put out my hand for anything." How many of you don't feel that you are **obliging** your Master when you give your ten rands, and fifty rands, and hundred rands to the Mission ? Enormously big pitfall.

We have a saying in Tamil, that you make, you know, a *putli* of Ganesh — a figure of the Lord — and then when the time comes to offer *prasad*, you break off his hand or his leg and offer it as *prasad* to himself. This is what we are doing. Everything that we have comes from Him. The sunlight comes from Him. Our pleasure comes from Him; our pain comes from Him; our riches come from Him. But every time I have to put my hand into my pocket and bring out a donation, I think this is **my** money. And this is my common observation, that even when we give to a beggar, you know, immediately we look at a beggar, our sympathies overcome us, and we put our hand in, thinking, "I will give him everything I have in my purse!" We open it, touch a five rupee note, but pull out a quarter-rupee coin and give it to him. Similarly, when people come to give their, what it was called yesterday — commitment. No. Pledge! Pledge what? What have you that you can pledge? Is it yours? Today here, tomorrow gone forever. Who can pledge? Either you give now, or don't give now. No pledges. Who knows whether you will be here tomorrow to fulfil your pledge? Do you want the weight of a broken promise around your neck to bring you back into the next life? Beware of making pledges which you will not fulfil, which you don't intend fulfil, which you cannot possibly fulfil.

You see, there is a wealth of wisdom hidden in this saying of Master — "Now." Because **now** is the only moment I am sure of. Tomorrow I may not be here. I have already told you about the preceptor who told an abhyasi that he was very tired, and said, "Come back tomorrow." Babuji said, "Only God can say, 'Come back tomorrow'," because He, being eternal, knows he will be here tomorrow. He being God, and eternal, knows that the abhyasi will also be here tomorrow. **He** can say, "Come back tomorrow." This preceptor, even if the

abhyasi is here tomorrow, does he know whether **he** will be here tomorrow to say, "Come to me tomorrow, I will give you a sitting." It is a commitment for the future, and if he does not fulfil it and dies before it is fulfilled, God help him!

So, don't make commitments. Don't make pledges. Don't ask abhyasis to come tomorrow. Tell them, "I am not able to give you anything now. Sorry." But don't say, "Come tomorrow." It is a most dangerous promise to make. Don't tell the Master, "Tomorrow I will start meditation, when I go back to, I don't know, Lionsville, I will start cleaning." "When is that going to be?" "Well, I am here for three weeks in the heart clinic. Then, by your grace, if I am all right, I will go back to Lionsville, or Leopardsville or Pantherville. There I have been asked to rest for two weeks, for bed rest, by the Doctor. So, Babuji — five weeks, give me time. Then I will start cleaning and meditation." There is no heart attack which prevents a man from meditating today. In fact, he should meditate today if possible, if he is to overcome this heart attack and step into one of two paths. You know the famous experiment involving the particles of matter — they always follow a particular path. You open two paths and, for no reason, some go through this, some go through that. Nobody is able to say why. Perhaps they are also having hidden samskaras which guide them to this way or to that way!

If it is my destiny to die, I should die meditating. I remember a preceptor in our country in India who had a heart attack, and stopped meditation. Babuji was very upset. He said, "This man is so stupid. He is going to die. The best way of dying is to sit in meditation thinking of the Master when the door into eternity is opened automatically. Instead of that, he is not meditating, he is taking medicines and he is relying upon some fools, astrologers. What is this I am telling you?" These were Babuji's words.

Fourth pitfall — putting your faith in everything and everybody **except** the one you call Master. You see, we are all

thinking of pitfalls such as immorality, vice, drunkenness, women for men, men for women, all these funny things. They are **nothing** compared to these big pitfalls. Do you mean to say a Master will not forgive your womanising? Only, he says, "Don't call another man a sinner." Like Christ, when the adulteress was to be stoned, Jesus took up a stone and said, "Take. I give you the stone myself. Let him in whom there is no sin cast the first stone," and they all turned around in shame and went away. The only sin we do which cannot be forgiven is to call other people sinners. Our sins don't exist — Babuji Maharaj has said, "The greatest sin is to **think** of sin." Sin is not in the action. Sin is in the thought, subsequently, which makes us feel guilty, brood over what we have done again and again, and because of that it becomes grosser and grosser and inevitably drives us in the same way to the same sin, again and again — each time it becomes stronger and stronger.

Like a man who takes his boss's money, maybe ten rand, you see, to play the horses the first time. He loses it. Next Saturday he takes twenty rand, hoping to double it, put back the ten plus twenty, thirty rand, and keep ten for himself. In no time at all he owes his company several hundred thousand rand. The more he loses, the more he thinks he can win the next time. This is a fact of the psychology of gamblers, you see, and some of them are so stupid, they start speaking in terms of statistical law! "There has been a run of bad luck, so now the next throw of the dice must give me good luck." The run can go on infinitely because statistics says that, given a sufficiently large number, half and half is the result. But for me, my whole life may be spent in getting the no-show sign all the time, and the next one who comes there when I am dead and carried away will be the first man to draw my profit!

So, we are basing our claims, or our hopes of success, on chance, on friends, on assumptions, but not on love, faith, and hope. It's all pitfalls. "No, no. Babuji says you may live only three years." Babuji never said — I mean, let us assume, you see, he said so, because he could not say. He says, "Don't

go to the doctor. I can remove this in three sittings." "But sir, what to do? You know, my wife says, 'Don't be stupid.' My father says, 'What? Guru for medicine? Keep your guru for spirituality.'" See, we have got compartmentalised minds. For good cooking, well-washed clothes — the wife. For pleasures — another woman. For companionship — a third who has an intellectual mind and can talk and dissert on so many subjects and keep us company intellectually speaking. A fourth to accompany me to the restaurant because she is good to show off — nice hair-do, good dresses, good clothes sense, and hangs well on my arm like my jacket hangs well on me! So you see, we have compartmentalised minds. Love, instead of including everything, has become now, that which is not in anything else. Not even in the Master.

So, I would like to tell you that these material pitfalls into which everybody can slip anytime, but for the help of God — because they are in your samskaras, they are pushing you inevitably, inexorably towards that particular pit — only the Master can save you by removing that samskara. But we don't go to him. We try to build fences, and a man comes and jumps over the fence. We build a wall, another climbs over the wall and jumps, just to see what is on the other side of the wall. Something which is so carefully protected must have something wonderful inside. Isn't it?

So, forget these sensory pitfalls, worldly pitfalls. These are everybody's cup of poison, cup of misfortune. There is relief, but only from and through the Master. He can help us by cleaning off all our tendencies, our samskaras, so that these pitfalls are as if they have been filled up with sand, and no more in my path. But the big pitfalls — the pitfall of misunderstanding, the pitfall of wrong expectations — these are the **real** pitfalls which block our path, which make progress impossible. Not because **he** is helpless, but because **we** are helpless.

So, please try to understand spirituality properly. What is a Master? Why is he **my** Master? It is not because I am his slave. The Western people rebel at this idea, you see, that because he is my Master, I must be his slave. "I don't want to be anybody's slave. I am a great man myself. I am the chairman of, I don't know, the Federal Bank of Johannesburg. Or I own De Beers, so why do I need a Master?" You need a Master precisely because there are things in you — you may be the best diamond miner yourself, but he can mine something from inside you — the dirtiest things which are lying hidden, which are not accessible to anybody, not even to yourself, after removing which you are richer than if you have all the diamonds of this world with you. Here, it is by un-becoming, un-doing.

In Sahaj Marg the world is not to become something. We un-become until we are what we were. It is like a person undressing to expose his naked self which is as he was born with. To do this, it is like cleaning the sewers. You have a special class of people who come to clean your sewers, who are willing to go down into that muck, into that stink, and clean it for you. That is why Babuji said, "I am really in the sewers and gutters of humanity." Imagine what a person must be capable of — what suffering, what fortitude, what courage, what bravery, that he goes into this hellhole of existence and comes out clean — not only clean himself, but cleaning you also in the process. Are we or are we not going to accept such a person's service? If we are, do we know what service he is really doing for us? If we appreciate that, is there a price that we can pay which can ever be too much for the service he is rendering? Can it be evaluated in terms of rands?

Therefore, when the Devil tempted Christ, when it tempted Buddha — everybody is tempted at the final levels, you see — and said, "I give you dominion over all this world," they laughed. They said, "Keep it. You are the Devil, you need it. I don't." Automatically this should make us think, that with all my possessions, with my gilded securities, with my gold,

with my diamonds, with my amber, am I going towards the Devil? Or am I going towards the other end? And if in going towards this end, these are going to be a bar to my advancement and my progress, is it not better to give it away?

A donation is not a donation to the Master or the Mission. You are ridding yourself of some of this enormous weight that you have tied around your necks. You should be grateful to a man who asks you for your money, and say, "Take. What I would not give myself, I am giving you when you ask, because so many kilos of gold I have lost today, and therefore so much lighter I am." In all my sixty-five years of life I have known only one man who ever did this, and strangely he was a Purohit. You know, people used to give him four *annas*, eight *annas*. My father once gave him a hundred rupees, because we knew he was suffering. He returned the money, weeping. He said, "Don't give me this money. It is a burden I will have to bear. I will be tempted. I will be sullied. My practice will be destroyed. I will start expecting. Please don't do me this dis-service." And I am happy to say my father felt a sense of shame and took back the money.

Giving is not easy. Taking is even more difficult. Which of you will take from me ten rands if I give it to you? "*Nahi, nahi*, Chari Saheb! I don't need it. You know, I have got so much. *Aap rakhiye*. Thy need is greater than mine." To give is easy. To receive — much more difficult. Which of you will accept help unless you pay for it. Why are you so proud that you are not going to a cheap doctor but to a very expensive doctor? Because you think your life is worth more. "No, no, I paid a hundred thousand rand for my medical treatment. He only paid twenty-six thousand." Why are men so happy when they go to expensive prostitutes? I know a man who retired from the army, who had been quite a close friend of my family. He himself told me that when he was discharged in Jammu, in the northern province of Jammu, he called his henchmen that they have — two *sepoy*s. He said, "Find out who is the most expensive prostitute in town." And he went

there. I said, "What did you get?" He said, "Nothing! But you know, it was just a fling." I said, "Did you find pleasure in the woman, or pleasure in throwing away your money?" He said, "Pleasure in throwing away my money, as I realised later. The woman is always the same." So, the rich man finds pleasure, not in using money, but in throwing money, thinking that the more he throws the greater he is. But unfortunately, always for the wrong things, for his sicknesses, for his pleasures, for his fun, for his holidays, but not for anything which can help him one step up the ladder of spiritual evolution.

"Give thy all, and come with me," Christ said. So has every great saint except my Master. He said, "Here, you don't have to give me anything except the rottenness in you, the filth in you, the slime in you. Throw all this out, I will take it." When has a Master in the history of humanity ever asked you for your rubbish, saying, "You keep your happiness, your gold to yourself, my friend." Implying that such gold and such health as you have are given by Him! So, can we offer to God what is God's? "Render unto Caesar what is Caesar's," because you have taken from him. From me, you cannot take what I cannot give. That's what the Master implies, you see, and having given, as one proverb says, "Only a dog eats its own vomit." The giver does not ever take back.

Therefore you must consider it a privilege to be able to support his work with your body, with your mind, with your wealth, with your capacities — not think of it as another act of petty robbery, and smile to yourself when you have got away with two hundred rand and think, "No, no. I have fooled him this time. Next time, better luck. You know, he doesn't really know the value of the rand. Two hundred rand for him is a big thing. After all, he is a poor man living in Shahjahanpur, filth."

Biggest, most potent, most destructive pitfall on the way is the lack of right understanding of the Master, and adding to it, the wrong understanding of the Master which you think is

right, which makes you think you can bribe him, you can fool him, you can cheat him into giving you what you want, very much like we do in our businesses. This is not a business place. Here, the boss cannot be cheated. He cannot be fooled. He may tolerate, you see, what you are doing. That is His greatness, His love, His mercy.

Let us also remember that we have given too much attention, perhaps, to the material pitfalls — old age, sickness, vicious temperament, attachment to lusts — these are petty things. Two thousand years ago Christ said, "Let him in whom there is no sin cast the first stone." It was quite, you know, clear that everybody was sinning. At least fifteen hundred years before him, Buddha said the same thing.

Here in Sahaj Marg, there is no sin, there is no virtue. What we think of as sin becomes our sin, and the only way to avoid it is to make a resolution, which he calls a repentance, saying, "I shall sin no more." There is no need for forgiveness because I forgive myself. There is no need for retribution because I am always punishing myself. Who is the God who is punishing me? Who is the God who is saving me? I save myself. I punish myself. I destroy myself. I alone can recreate myself, but I need His help to show me how to do it — therefore the Master.

Thank you.

8

LOVE THY NEIGHBOUR AS THYSELF

Lenasia, South Africa
23 April, 1993

Many questions keep coming up. The same questions from different people, different questions from the same people, and I think one of the benefits of staying in a place for a long time, two weeks, is to get out, or bring out all the problems — personal problems, world problems, cosmic problems, problems of abhyasis, problems of preceptors. We seem to be having so many problems. Babuji Maharaj said, "One who has one goal has only one problem — how to get there." But people have many goals, so they have many problems. I mean, this is a matter for common sense, that if I want to go at the same time to Durban and to Capetown, I can't. If also I want to go to Harare I have three problems, now — Where to go. How to get there? So, the one way, one infallible way, of reducing our problems is to reduce our aspirations to just the one single aspiration of evolution to the highest. When you are not able to do that you have to struggle, because you give equal importance to all goals, or sometimes

foolishly, you give more importance to lesser goals and less importance to the higher goals.

Now, several thoughts I have been having, you know, because I have been talking to Dr. Mukund and our abhyasis at breakfast. One thought came to me during meditation this morning. The Christian advice, or directive, "Love thy neighbour as thyself." We all say it's impossible. But the crucial word there is 'as thyself.' Why did not Christ just say, "Love thy neighbour," and stop? It was good enough to say, "Love thy neighbour. Love the blacks like thy neighbour. Love the whites." Why did he add the words 'as thyself'? Because we cannot love anybody more than we love ourselves. And if we hate ourselves we can only hate. No human being can do to others anything more than what he can do to himself. So, when we hate, we project hate on everybody, and then we misunderstand his quotation and say, "Love thy neighbour as thyself? But Chari, it's not possible! How can I love my neighbour? I can't even love my wife. I can't even love my children. I can't even love myself!" Now here, this loving thyself is not in the narcissistic sense, but in the way of loving my Self. You know, if I am to love myself I must know I have a Self. One who does not know he has a Self, or she has a Self, how can he or she love the Self?

So, the first need is to recognise that we have a Self inside us which we have to learn to love. Now we love the ego — the lower self. We are attracted by the lower self because it pulls us in various directions which we call pleasure, satisfaction, success — the three goals today of humanity. Pleasure, satisfaction, success.

Spirituality does not recognise pleasure as a goal. Because, you see, in the whole of the animal kingdom there is no such thing as pleasure. "Aha, but what about animals mating?" Not for pleasure. A bull doesn't go around looking for a female. Instinct drives it. Honey badger going for honey — yes, but that is its food, it does not know that it is sweet.

Lion killing a lamb — it does not know the difference between a lamb and a buffalo. It picks out what it can kill, kills it and eats it. So, in the animal kingdom there is no pleasure even in sex, you see, even in mating. It is an instinctual drive. The idea of pleasure and pain comes only in the human existence, and today if you see society, all of our efforts are towards maximizing pleasure and minimizing pain.

So, you have so many things for maximization of pleasure, including chemicals which can increase your sexual potency, for instance. And so many things for minimizing your pain, such as tranquillisers. So, what are we doing with our life? There should be a balance between pain and pleasure. Ideally it should be so balanced that there is no pleasure, no pain, like a no-profit, no-loss situation, which is very good. Because if you have profit, there is the possibility of loss. The more the profit the greater the loss and, of course, all businessmen tell lies. They say, "Oh, last year I suffered a loss of three million rand." What he has really lost is profit! Instead of seventeen million rand in the previous year he makes fourteen million rand this year, and he says, "I have lost three million rand!", and a gullible fellow like one of us here, you know, believes he has lost three million rand, when all that he has had is a reduction in his profit. Because when a businessman really loses money, most of them commit suicide! So, until a businessman commits suicide, you know he is telling lies. For him, the suicide, the act of suicide is a truth, that today I have **really** lost.

Lies, lies, lies. And Christ asks again — you see, I am fascinated with his teachings — "What shall a man profit if he gains the whole world but loses his own soul." Now, why do we not know the value of our soul? Because as I said, we do not know we have a Self. If I have a Self, I would learn to at least have some sort of connection with it, life with it, respect it, love it, and then if I can love the Self, then it is possible to come to the stage of, "Love thy neighbour as thy Self."

So you see, we don't know we have a soul. In fact, from the Middle Ages the so-called occultists, the so-called people of Paracelsus and his tribe, the people who have been delving into things like, you know, transmutation of metals into gold — the alchemists — they have gone to every extent to find out if there is such a thing as a soul or life, even to the extent of weighing a corpse just after a man dies, to see if there is any difference in weight. Even there, though there has been some modicum of search, it has been a materialistic search, thinking that the soul is a material stuff, which must have a weight, which must have a form, which must have attributes. So you see, even the wise people, the philosophers, the alchemists, the occultists, they have thought of the soul as something material which is inhabiting me which leaves at the time of my death, and therefore will contribute to a reduction in the weight of what is left behind, and when they don't find it, they say, "No soul! If there is no loss in weight, how can there be something which has gone out?"

So you see, this material idea is so pervasive that even the soul is thought of as something material, something which can be killed, something which can die. But the Gita says, "It is never born. It never dies." The Vedas speak of it as something which water cannot wet, which fire cannot burn, which the wind cannot blow away, because there is nothing there which can be affected by these elements. If that is so, then what is this suffering that we are talking about? Can the soul suffer? Because you cannot suffer unless you are to be affected by the elements — earth, water, fire, air, ether — whatever we want to call them. "*Shabda, sparsha, rasa, roopa, gandha,*" as I said the other day. If they cannot affect the soul, then what is all this suffering about?

Therefore, we have to come to this derived logic that only that which can be affected by these elements, by these senses, suffers or enjoys. If that is so, for a dead one there is no suffering, there is no enjoyment. Q.E.D. — There can be no heaven, there can be no hell. Because heaven and hell are

described as places of utter suffering or of absolute enjoyment. So, where is enjoyment, where is pleasure for the dead? Neither exists. For the saint, it doesn't affect him at all, because death for the average human being is the ultimate pain, the ultimate loss, the ultimate tragedy. But the saint dies every moment — when he sits in meditation he is lost! He is dead to this world, therefore — 'living dead'. His body may suffer. His body may speak. His body may shout out to God, "Why hast thou forsaken me?", but he doesn't shout. He is in the calm of his absolute meditation, what we call the *maha-samadhi*. The body speaks, it works, it runs, it mates, it defecates, it does all these things because it is the body. The soul, in its utter state of weightlessness, state of nothingness — suffers nothing, enjoys nothing, feels nothing, knows nothing, sees nothing.

Therefore, you see, we have to really understand what is spirituality. We have to really understand or try to find what is this soul in me, which I call my **Self**. If I know that it exists, I have to learn to love it more than I love myself — not my Self, but myself! I love myself, you know, narcissistic love — gazing into the pool and looking at my eyes and my nose, you know, and thinking, "I am beautiful. I am desirable. I am attractive. I am rich. I am wise." When the soul says, "You are nothing, because I am nothing. I am in you, and I am the motor which is driving you. If I fail, you drop dead. If I leave you, you can be possessed by the Devil!" How can the Devil possess us? If it is not something which is coming into me and running me from inside, pushing my Self to the other side because I have never recognised that Self, the existence of that Self. I have never had confidence in it because I don't know it is there. I am like a child, terror-stricken to be alone, shouting, "Mama! Mama!" And the mother comes in from the kitchen and says, "Darling, I'm here!" "Yes, but Mommy, why did you leave me? I am so frightened." "Yes, but darling, don't you know I am in the kitchen? Didn't you hear the noise of the pots and pans?"

So, we are like children, you see — lost, bewildered, frightened, miserable. Why? Because what is inside, we are seeking outside. We look for friendship outside. All friends are betrayers. Every man is betrayed by his **friend**. Enemies do not betray us. Enemies are after us all our lives. How can they betray? So, the betrayal always comes from the innermost circle. It's not surprising that one of the twelve put Jesus Christ on the cross. Nobody else could have done it. The Romans would have slaughtered him, the Jews would have murdered him, but the betrayal comes only from the innermost circle, always. So, beware of the innermost circle. We are afraid of the outermost circle. We are afraid of Soweto when we should be afraid of Lenasia. We are afraid of Lenasia 5 when we should be afraid of Lenasia 3. We are afraid of Lenasia 3 when I should be afraid of 190 Rose Avenue, because that is my ultimate *kabristan* [cemetery], my home is my *kabristan*.

We are afraid of graves and graveyards, forgetting that my bed is going to be my grave. In it I am going to die. You know that story of the man who was ferried across a river by a girl. He was a wise man, supposed to be a wise man among wise men, and he asked the girl, "Are you not frightened of this ferry business?" She said, "My lord, I have to earn my living. This is how I do it." "Yes, but my dear, it is so dangerous. What happens when the wind blows and the river gets rough?" She says, "It can be dangerous, yes." "How did your father die?" "He died in a storm." "And your grandfather?" "He died in a storm, too. We have all died in storms in this river." So, the wise man says, "Are you not afraid then, of ferrying this boat across the river?" She says, "Father, forgive me. How did your father die?" "Oh, he died at home peacefully in bed." "And your grandfather?" "He, too, died peacefully at home in bed." And she said, "Are you not afraid of sleeping in your bed at home?" [laughter]

So you see, we should be afraid of our beds, because that is where most of us are going to die. We should be afraid

of our homes, but on the contrary, a good man in a good hospital under good attendants says, "Please take me home. I want to die at home." What on earth for? It is not **where** you die which matters, it is **how** you die which matters. How you die does not mean by sickness or in health, or heart attack or accident. The way in which my Self leaves this lower self, gets out of its cage which is a prison for it, and says, "Today I am free." Is that freedom real, or ephemeral, imaginary. If it is real, it is liberation. If it is not, it is a momentary freedom, like Babuji has described — a prisoner being let out, even from the dungeon for one hour a day, up into the sunlight for exercise, and after the one hour is over he goes back. For the bulk of humanity, death is such an escape — a moment of exercise in the sunlight of His benign presence, where we are told, "Think over what you did, which has brought about your incarceration here." If he is wise he will think over it, he will repent, he will be free. If he is arrogant and says, "*Thik hai!* Twenty years here or there, what does it matter?", he goes back in and he stays in.

So, it is **how** we die that matters, not **where** we die. Kings die in their palaces, beggars die in their, I don't know, hovels. The sick die in hospitals, the miserable die in their misery. They all go to the same destination. Now, many people imagine that there are more — there's a bigger population in hell than in Heaven, but Babuji told me it is wrong. There are fewer souls in Hell, thank heavens.

He told me a story of a long queue at the doors of Heaven, at the gates of Heaven, waiting there for days, millions of people lined up. Each one has to come and report to the receptionist, have his identity checked, and sent in to heaven. Suddenly, a vehicle draws up and there is a big flurry, you see, telephones operating everywhere, bells clanging, the gates opening. They are led in through a wicket gate one by one, normally. But the gates of heaven are opened, and a car comes from inside. Bugles, fanfare, and this fellow is driven up, he is put into the car and driven there, when all these

people are waiting for weeks, months. One fellow there, you know, must have been a Communist while on earth. Eventually when he reaches the, what we call the *sannidhanam* of Heaven, the grand audience chamber of God, he says, "My Lord, I have to make a complaint." The Lord says, "Yes? Even here? Even in my Divine presence there is a complaint? Yes, speak, my son." He says, "Lord, I waited eighteen days at your door. We were let in one by one. Eighteen days outside Heaven — you know it is like Hell. When you are not in Heaven you are in Hell." "Yes, what is your complaint?" He says, "Suddenly a car came up, your authorities from the gatehouse telephoned, there was a big flurry of activity, the gates were opened for this fellow, your Divine car came and took him in with much fanfare and bugles. I object to this nepotism, this favouritism." God smiled. He said, "In a way, you are right. But remember, my son, people like you come in the millions every day to Heaven. A soul like that comes once in many millions of years. Don't you think he deserves a little special attention?" That was a rich man, who was a great man on earth. Such people come very rarely. "Even a camel may walk through the eye of a needle, but a rich man shall not enter the gates of Heaven. But this man made it, you see. Therefore, a little extra attention, a little recognition of the fact that even such a soul can come into my Divine presence."

So, you see at the same time the rarity of such a soul going to Heaven, and also the multitudes of simple, innocent people who reach Heaven without any effort. Therefore, Heaven is the more populous, not Hell. Unfortunately, we are taught otherwise. We are told that Hell is full of people — even some wise people are said to have remarked, "Oh, I will have better company there!" — I mean in Hell. "My old drinking partners, my card playing partners, my gambling partners, my drug addict partners, etc. They will all be there. What will I do in a Heaven of fools, of simple-minded folk

who don't know the difference between a rand and a rum, for instance?"

So you see, until we come to this idea that I have a Self, which is not myself, until I learn to love the Self, and not myself, until I learn to love my Self, not myself — how can I love my neighbour as my **Self**? It is impossible. What I am trying to say is, until we become spiritual and recognise the Self inside and learn to love it, to support it, to encourage it, finally to surrender to it, no one of us can love another person at all. It is all a lie, a cheat, a sham. Every time a man says, "I love my wife," I pity him. More, I pity her. And every time she says, "I love my husband," I pity her, too. Nobody loves a husband or a wife. This is based on the truth of the Upanishads.

There is a famous Upanishad, where Yagnavalkya is talking to his spiritual wife. She wants to be taught. "What is this you are speaking of so much — the Self, the Self. What is this Self?" He says, "My dear, the husband does not love the wife for the sake of the wife, but for the sake of himself — it is selfish." So, you love yourself, and for your self's sake you think you love your wife. All that you want from her is the conveniences she affords you, in bed and out of it. What does she want? Money for her cosmetics, for her dresses, to go in a Mercedes car, to be a social butterfly. Without him it is not possible, so she needs him. It is a symbiotic relationship, each leeching on the other in their own way. Yagnavalkya said, "The wife does not love the husband for the sake of the husband, my dear, but for the sake of herself." So, he wanted to, you know, balance the male and the female, because if he had just stopped with saying, "The husband does not love the wife for the sake of the wife," she would have thought all men are cruel, selfish, inhuman tyrants. He made it clear to her that it is the same story with the wife. It is the same story *vis-a-vis* the father and the son, the mother and the daughter, of everything.

Then a boy disciple comes and says, "What is this Self you are speaking about? What is this life?" He says, "Go to that tree, that big enormous ficus tree you see there." "Yes, Lord, I see it." "Bring one fruit." He brings. He says, "Cut it open." "Yes my Lord, cut open." "What do you see?" "A lot of pulp and some seeds." "Take out a seed. Cut it. What do you see?" "Nothing." He says, "From that nothing, this immense tree has come!" Similarly, from the nothing in you, this immense thing that you think of as yourself has come. If that nothing is not there, you are not there.

So, you see how many aspects, facets of wisdom, about this nothingness. And yet we say, "Oh, my Self is nothing." It is possible to say 'nothing' in two ways. It is nothing, but everything. Money which is nothing, really speaking, because the rupee I cannot use here, the rand you cannot use in India. You have to convert it. That is why there is so much talk about convertibility of currencies in your newspapers. What was six roubles to the dollar barely a year ago, I am told is something like one thousand roubles a dollar today, and I don't know where it will end up. I asked my friend Dmitri, who is in Madras, "What is the current rate of exchange?" He said, "I don't know, because even if I telephone and find out, by this evening it can be different!"

What is **our** currency worth? If I am dealing with that which is perishable, which will rot, which will burn under the fire or be buried for the worms to eat, I am dealing with a currency which is not convertible at all. Nobody in creation will buy my body for anything more than its value in flesh. Portia — pound of flesh. Who can take a pound of flesh? That miserly Jew fails. "Not more, not less by a hair's weight shall you take it out." So, what is the value of this body, which will perish in fire, which will rot if it is not buried, which the birds eat up, or the worms eat up. You know, the graveyard scene in *Hamlet*.

So, what is it in me that is eternally of value, convertible wherever I go, acceptable wherever I go — like a wise man has a silver or a gold chain around his neck, because money falls in value — gold never falls in value — today's market-place, you get today's market price. It is my soul. It is **that** which goes to heaven, not my body. What we call in Tamil, "*Koondodu Kailasam*" — going to Kailasam with my *koondu*, which is the cage, you see, it's not possible. No bird can fly free **with** its cage. Can you throw the cage into the air with the parrot in it and say, "You are free. Fly away." It will think, "What a foolish Master I had all this life. All he has to do is to open a tiny door in it and let me fly away, and he is throwing me up with my cage, me in it." Is it possible? No, but we want it! Tradition speaks of saints who have disappeared with their bodies, the body is no more there. Stupid! For the vulgar, for the, you know, ignorant, they go to their shrines and say, "You know, he went up with his body." Where? Where can the body go? Up? It can only go down, and that is where most of our bodies take us — down and down and down.

So, how much respect should I have for my body? How much should I love it? How much should I look after it? The Isha Upanishad speaks of the body being like a chariot. Five horses, five pairs of reins, a charioteer, and the Master sitting in it. He says, "These five senses are the five pairs of horses. The charioteer is the mind. The reins are the subtle senses. The wheels, what takes me on the way. The Master sitting inside the soul." Now, the charioteer must have instructions from the Master — "Drive slowly, drive fast, drive to the left, drive to the right, rein in your horses," and when he gets to the destination the chariot is finished. Its purpose is over.

So, for the purpose of my journey from here to there, I need a well-maintained vehicle, performance-wise. But we hear of emperors who have, you know, gold wheels on their chariots, diamond-studded harness round their horses, perhaps reins of human skin, well tanned, I don't know. Maybe Caligula had such a chariot — silver spikes, golden spikes.

What happened to him? What happened to Genghis Khan? What happened to Hitler? What happened to Napoleon? What happened to Mussolini? The great Stalin, the great Lenin, the great Brezhnev — where are they? The great pharaohs, where are they? People are hunting for their gold even today.

Two days back, I read in the paper that there's a secret chamber in the pyramid of Cheops which they have discovered, and they expect that there are treasures in it far beyond the treasures of Tutankhamen. What are we hunting for when we dig into the graves of the history of the past? Their treasures. Not for their wisdom, not for their lives. When we see the mummies of those pharaohs in their glass cases in the Egyptian museum at Cairo we are nauseated — at least I was. What is their destiny, what is their fate? To lie in their, you know, cases of empty skin, putrefaction being prevented by daily doses of injection of chemicals, to be gazed on by the vulgar, when in his lifetime you could not even look at him. One does not look at God. So, that is the destiny of pharaohs, that is the destiny of all of us. As I always say, whether you are a rich man or a king or a prostitute or a poor man, the body will burn on the same funeral pyre. Some may have some sandalwood, some may have just ordinary wood, but burn the body must. So, how much attention should we give to it? Minimum. Keep it healthy so that it does not betray me on the way. It should not drop dead before I finish my journey. A car must not stop on the way. It can be dangerous. In any case, I cannot reach my destination.

So you see, minimum attention to the body, maximum attention to the Self, which we call the soul. Enough money during the times of work when I can earn, apportioning the time and saying, "In this time, whatever I earn is mine." It may be billions, it may be millions, it may be few tens of hundreds, it does not matter. After all, if a potter is sitting at his wheel, he can only turn out so many pots per hour. No woman can have more than a child a year. If it is twins, two. If it is triplets, three. Not sixteen, not twenty-seven. So, wisdom

decrees that I shall give equal attention to my material as to my spiritual life, because in this human embodied existence I **need** my body. Needing it, I must know how to use it wisely. What is wisdom in the usage of the body? For pleasure? No. Pleasure is incidental, as pain is incidental. A clock, to work properly the pendulum must tick between the two opposites — tick-tock, tick-tock. It cannot be very silent and in the middle, motionless. If it is to run the clock, it cannot.

So, human life swings between the opposites. It may be a violent swing between two extreme opposites, or it may be a gentle swing, just enough to keep the clock moving. If that much motion is there, if that much activity is there, the swing between the opposites is minimised until I don't know even the difference between pleasure and pain. It is only at the extremes that the differences are perceptible. If it is only going to swing one centimetre this way, and one centimetre that way, it becomes a notional difference. Now what is pain, and what is pleasure?

So, to the saint, there is no pleasure, there is no pain, or sometimes you can even say pleasure is a pain, and pain is pleasure. When can we achieve this state where something is neither a pleasure nor a pain? Only when I don't swing more than is necessary to keep my internal clock ticking. I don't have to swing one mile this way and one mile that way, you see — then I really feel the extremes — extreme pleasure, extreme pain. But if it is just like this, you know [makes small gesture back and forth], you cannot even say what is pleasure, what is pain any more. There is only feeling, and the feeling is not of pleasure or pain, because it is not any more interpreted by my brain. Pleasure and pain are, after all, interpretations of my brain. I feel something — my mind tells me that this is pleasurable, or that it is painful. If I did not have a mind, I would not know the difference between pleasure and pain. When you poke a needle into a man who is in deep coma, he doesn't feel it. You can cut away a chunk of his flesh, he won't feel it. So, what happens to pleasure and pain? It is the

nervous system, and when these swings are so minimal, like any anatomist or neurologist can tell you, there needs to be a minimum potential in any input, sensory input, before it can be felt. There must be enough in it to jump across the synapses, as they call them, for it to be transmitted upwards to the brain. If not, it will stop. The first gate will stop it.

So, it is not necessary to go into a coma to stop pain or pleasure. If your swings are so minimal, your nervous system will take care of it. No jumps across the synapses, the neurons are fulfilling their duty. It is like a gate through which only one man can pass at a time — no mob, the mob is outside! I am serene in my inner self, one man coming in at a time. No danger, no problems of admission — this is discipline, you see. So, when I discipline my swings between pleasure and pain, and minimise it so that only bare existential phenomenon are there, I have disciplined my nervous system, I have disciplined my mind. There is no more pain or pleasure for me, there is only existence — *sat*. What makes that possible is that minimal level of consciousness which I must retain to be in this world — *chit*. What I experience is utter bliss, because now I am free of pain and pleasure and I know that I am in a transcendental state, where neither pain nor pleasure intrude into my existence, but only the state of being, which is called *anand*. *Sat-chit-anand*.

The fool who wants to enjoy **will** suffer because the pendulum **must** swing to the opposite. Otherwise life cannot be there. Perhaps that is why some people, at the point of extreme pleasure have heart attacks and die. A man dying when he gets a million rand lottery, or at the point of orgasm, falling dead. The bees are supposed to die like that, you know. In their mating dance the worker bees fly higher and higher, until finally the chosen one is up there. In the act of mating, he is cut off — he falls dead. His purpose is fulfilled. The next generation, the seeds of the next generation have been sown. What else is he there for now? Not to sow again and again and

again and again and again, you see, ad nauseam — like human beings are doing.

You know, Bernard Shaw is supposed to have said that only two things in creation have no mating season — the donkey and the human being. And it is true — for them there is no mating season! Anytime is mating time. Day, night, it does not matter. Black, white, it does not matter. Male, female even, today it does not matter. We enjoy the distinction of being linked with the donkey as the only other thing in creation which has no mating season. Everything else obeys the law. We have no law. We have become lawless, obscene, miserable, filthy, dirty — excrements of nature. Why? Because of the swing, you know! The more we experience pain, the more we want to go towards pleasure, so we swing up. It's like the swing, you know, which children activate — vroom, vroom, they are going up and down, you know, and it becomes dangerous. Suddenly they don't know how to stop. They try to jump off and the swing hits them in the back, and they are cases for the hospital. You can see this in every house in Gujarat where they have swings, and in Tamil Nadu where we have swings. The children go crazy on a swing. Therefore an adult must be there. The more they swing this way, the more they swing that way. It is inevitable. It's a law of nature. More pleasure, more going towards health, more going towards wealth, the more I shall inevitably swing towards pain and ill health and poverty. It is as inevitable as night and day.

How to stop? Well, sit and gently relax, because the swing is there to be swung. Just a gentle movement, enough to keep the breeze. After all, the swing is there for the purpose that instead of using a fan to fan me, I swing to make the relative motion of the air possible around me. It is only for that purpose. It's not for pleasure. It is for the days when there was no electricity — you just swung gently on the swing and made the air move around you. A fallacy, like we think the sun is moving around us, whereas we are moving around the sun. Matters not, there is relative motion.

So, those of you who would not subject to extreme pain must understand that you cannot enjoy extreme pleasure, too — in no field of human existence. Then we are at the midpoint — as I repeat, gentle swings. No pleasure, no pain, no danger, no frustration, but a benign, calm, fulfilled existence. Then I begin to think of my Self. My problems in existence are over. I know now I have a Self inside. I seek someone who can tell me what it is. He says, "Sit and meditate. I cannot tell you what it is. You have to perceive it, experience it in yourself." Through this meditation I become aware that there is something in me which is not the **me** I thought I was. I begin to go more and more towards it. As I go more and more towards the east, I am inevitably going more and more away from the west. No need to renounce. By the fact of turning inwards, I am turning away from the external. Automatically, the renunciation that people have tried for centuries to achieve and failed, is in my hands, is in my grasp. I renounce without renouncing, because I am walking towards the right thing, the right goal — my inner Self. Why do I have to be ascetic? Why do I have to renounce? Why do I have to give away — "Take up thy bed and walk" — why the bed? "Sell all thou hast and follow me." Why sell all thou hast? Why not come with all thou hast, too? Did not Jesus even, require two loaves and five fishes to feed the multitude? He could not feed from nothing. Why two loaves and five fishes? Why not one loaf and one fish? Why not zero loaves and zero fish? It is a proof that no miracle can be created or performed without some material base to it. It is not possible. I can make a tree from a seed, but I cannot create a tree from nothing. One seed — yes, it is possible. But every seed? Will it give a tree? We don't know, because we are dealing with living beings, living things which are not subject to the law of transmutation, like metals.

In the material world, you knock off one electron from an atom — you have changed it. Knock off a second electron — you have changed it again. Add a third electron — it has come back to what it was in between. Add many electrons and

many orbits — it has become something else. It is easy. But if tomorrow the moon is knocked off, will the earth change? If the children in a family are knocked off one by one, does the man change? He may, he may not. He may change in the right direction, he may change in the wrong direction. He may think of it as a merciful act in which God took away his children and said, "They have been blessed. I am left here to suffer." Or he may curse God and say, "You bloody so and so, you know, S.O.B. You are cruel beyond measure. You have taken away my child." And God laughs and says, "Your child? Damn fool! A moment of pleasure in bed and you think it is your child? What did you do for it? Did you want it? Did you create it? Were you not miserable when it was born? One more mouth to feed! And now you say, 'It is my child you have taken away.' When was it yours?"

So, if my child is not mine, if my wife is not mine — after all, she came to me as an alliance, as we say in India. Alliances are always being broken, today more than ever before. Political alliances, matrimonial alliances, everything, you see. There is even the case of a boy of twelve or so divorcing his parents in America — it made history. So, today we are living in times where alliances are being broken. I believe there is a purpose behind this. Alliances are being broken to enable us to forge a new alliance which will be eternal. And to be eternal, that alliance must only be forged with one who is eternal. I cannot have a friend for eternity, because tomorrow he may die, tomorrow I may be dead. What is this eternity of friendship? Foolish Greeks, foolish Plato with his Lysis! What is friendship? It is a meeting of two passengers in a train, friends from the time they come together to the time one gets off the train. It may last for one station, it may last for a few days. No more. Husband and wife? Same. Father and children, mother and children? Same. All temporal, impermanent bonds. Therefore the Gita says, "*anityam asukham lokam*." This world is impermanent, and can give only unhappiness.

"*Anityam asukham lokam,*" and the *Gitacharya* asks, "How do you expect to find anything but pain in this world, intemperance in this world, impermanence in this world?" Look for it elsewhere. My kingdom is not of this world. That kingdom of transcendent love, transcendent benignity, transcendent eternality is somewhere else — it is in my Self. The tragedy is, we cannot separate myself into its two components — me and my Self. I am not my Self. So, the *Upanishad* says, "That by which the eye sees, that by which the ear hears," because the ear by itself doesn't hear anything. When it is dead, all the turmoil and clamour of this world does not penetrate. All the *agarbatthis* you put around a corpse to prevent its stink from coming out has no effect on the corpse. All the beautiful women weeping around it have no effect. If they had wept for him in his life, he might have achieved something, but they only tempted him, led him into misery, led him into the mire of despond, sloughs of despond, and now they are weeping. What is the use of a beautiful woman weeping by the corpse, when she should have wept during his lifetime and said, "Damn fool, get away! Escape while it is still possible. Let not your senses drag you hither and thither, where we are." So you see, death is of no use to such a person. The people around him are of no use. The *sugandh* around him is of no use. The prayers around him are of no use. Nothing is of any use, unless he had the wisdom to convert **this** into the absolutely eternally convertible thing which we must do in our lifetime. It is not possible after death.

Many people asked Babuji, "Can we progress after we are dead?" If you are liberated, yes. Therefore, liberation is the **minimum** that we have to achieve in this life — the absolute minimum. It is no progress, it is just escape. Then some sort of progress through eternity becomes possible, unimpeded by grossness, because the soul has no grossness. So, if you are not willing to do anything else, at least make sure of your liberation, because without liberation you are back again, into another body, into another *harem*, into another sensory world,

into another arena of temptation, danger, fear, despond. So, an awareness of the self, the existence of something inside me which is making me, myself, exist, is an absolute requirement — the bottom line for a spiritual search to begin. It is no use coming here as businessmen, as beautiful women, you know, as wise people to find out.

Therefore, something which is very commonly misunderstood in Sahaj Marg — that we begin at the sixth step of yoga. Why? One, two, three, four, five — they don't bother us. Six, seven, and eight — they apply to us, because through *dhyana*, *dharana* becomes possible, *samadhi* becomes possible. The other five steps we are supposed to have already created for ourselves by right living **before** we come to the Guru. *Asana* is only sitting in a right pose for the duration of the meditation. We are supposed to have created that ability, not lounge around like these pampered Americans, you know, and Europeans. They are not comfortable anywhere. Give them six cushions, they want a seventh. Give them seven, they want a ninth. Put them in an air-conditioned room, they must have the temperature exact, and you know, they are fiddling around with the thermostat. Put them in a soundproof room, yet the dog barking next door seems to penetrate to their ears, and they want the dog in the next house chained up and put away. How will they ever meditate?

The senses — they have indulged so much — those damned senses have become a damnation for them. Their ears are too sensitive — a neighbour's radio at night somewhere, three furlongs away is a nuisance for them, and this absolutely stupid fairy tale of the princess sleeping on seven mattresses over a pea, and she could not sleep all night, which is held up as the acme of sensitivity, is a curse on the Western race. We sleep on stones! It's a common sight in India to see a man sleeping on a lorry or a truck laden with rubble, you know, going for construction. And he is there sleeping, *insha allah,* happily. The jolting truck, because we don't have fine roads, yet the man feels nothing though every piece of rock has so

many points, and the glaring sun striking down at him — and he is happy he is asleep!

The Westerners, with all their intellectual arrogance, their material wealth, their affluence, their comforts — the first day in India, and I have to pray for them! "Lord, let them go back home alive!" This is my prayer, you see, because which one of them will collapse under the stress and strain of the Indian condition, nobody knows. For us, it is our everyday life. I warn you Gujaratis here — don't become so affluent or so addicted to comfort that when you come to India you suffer, and you cannot meditate. You have to run to the toilet, every fly and mosquito becomes a menace to your meditation. In India, above all lands on this Earth, the conditions are absolutely perfect to make you a meditator *par excellence*. People in Europe don't know how to meditate, and if they are able to meditate in Europe, they cannot meditate in India. And one who cannot meditate in India is not meditating.

So, make sure that you have European minds, but Indian hearts. One requirement above all, that Babuji said was the most essential — to have an Indian heart and a European mind. The perfect combination for a yogi. Not a recluse who ran away from society out of selfish self-interest for his own self-evolution, but a thinking being. You know, *homo sapiens sapiens*, not *homo sapiens*, as many people foolishly say. *Homo sapiens sapiens*. We are *homo sapiens sapiens*. We are thinking beings capable of thinking about thinking, and we have to think of others.

Every rich man knows that if he is in the middle of Soweto in his palace, he may not wake up tomorrow morning. Why? Because he is surrounded by misery, by pain, by poverty, by need. How can he, alone, be prosperous in that community? So to be safe, to be secure, you must convert the society in which you are living. Like a stone which is dropped in the centre of a pond — I think in a sense it retains its place there by sending out ripples of its presence, to the ends of

eternity if it is possible. Such waves don't die down. And we? We are sitting here thinking we are rich, we are wise, and nothing is coming out of us to change even the innermost circles of our society. Our friends are still foolish businessmen. Our wives are still pretty dolls. Our children are still drug addicts. How is it possible that a mere stone dropped in a pond can create ripples through the entire expanse of that pond or lake? And we being what we are, create no ripples even within our own family circle. Are we not even as heavy as a stone? Unfortunately, I have to say yes. Even the stone has more effect than you.

What are you, you useless beings, who cannot create a ripple in society in which you are existing? On the contrary, you allow the lake to smother out the waves! How is it possible? Instead of a tiny pebble creating waves in the lake, the lake is killing the waves, and we say, "My society, my *biradari*, my brotherhood, my Gujarati community, my *patidar* — what will I do? They will ostracise me. I will not be accepted in society. My daughter will not be married. My son will not get a place in school." Try it! After all, it was a Gujarati, a simple, foolish Gujarati who changed the politics of India, who gave it its freedom — a mere Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi. Not a saint by any means, but he achieved. Why? Because he was not afraid of his community, he was not afraid of his society, he was not afraid of his caste.

He was a *baniya* [merchant], and you know, in India when you say he is a *baniya*, there is a stink behind that word. It is not used as a word of praise. It is used as a word of opprobrium, criticism. "*Baniya sala*!" That's what we say. The *sala* is inevitable. But he was a *baniya*, too, Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi. What set him apart from all the other *baniyas*? You see, there is another *baniya* — I don't know whether he is really a *baniya* — who has started teaching about urine therapy, who was ridiculed, poor fellow. There was another *baniya* who drank goat's milk and five or six peanuts, and he became very much something like a saint,

though he was never a saint. He was a great man, but not all great men are saints, and very few saints have ever become great men. So, greatness and saintliness don't go together. It's only the politically saintly people who have become great — Aurobindo, Gandhi. Some spirituality with a great deal of public acclaim, political activity, political, shall we say successes, that made them great. Aurobindo would not have become great but for his revolutionary activities.

What happened to Ramakrishna? You don't find Ramakrishna Streets, you only find Vivekananda Road, Vivekananda Avenues. What happened to the man who made Vivekananda? He is forgotten. Which is a secret, you see, that the father must subdue and subordinate himself to his son's greatness. That is the way of progress — each generation greater than the previous one, not in the sense of the previous one having been less, but the present one being great. Not that I love Caesar less, but that I love Rome more. It's not I love myself less, but that I love my Self more. Not that I love materiality less, but that I love spirituality more.

Sahaj Marg does not preach an ascetic way of life. It preaches a family way of life, a sensible family way of life. A loving family, a harmonious family, all contributing to the joint progress of all. Not a poor husband and a rich wife fulminating against him and saying, "You damn fool from Nadiad! How did I marry you? *Gawar, dehati.*" Or a rich man marrying a poor girl, and saying she doesn't even know how to make tea — forget *dokla*. "*Chai nahin bana sakti to dokla kahan se banayegi!*"

But a balanced family, where two things come together, mutually elevating each other, loving each other, in harmony with each other, knowing that if the family is not complete in every respect, that individual has created no ripples, the family cannot create any ripples. If the family cannot create ripples, that society cannot create ripples. Therefore we are living in a ripple-less society, everybody afraid of rocking the boat lest

we create ripples. "*Nahi nahi, rahne do, tikh hein, chaal se!*" *Chaal se*? What *chaal se*?

The only thing which goes on eternally without any help from us is the Devil. God needs our help to help us. And what is this help that we have to give Him? Babuji called it co-operation. Co-operation: to work together with. God can lift a mountain. God can revolve a planet. He can twist the universe around into nothing. But he cannot change a human being, because what changes a human being is not God — it is himself. And God says, "But my son — here too, I help you. Everything else in nature I do from outside, but to help you I have come inside you. I am residing in your heart as your Self, but you have ignored me through eternity. I am something which cannot be shifted and moved around. I am there, as I am everywhere. I cannot help being there. Don't think I love you because I am inside you. It is inevitable, because He who is everywhere cannot avoid being in you, too. Don't take it as a sign of special recognition, and say, 'Aha! My Self is in me, therefore I am blessed.' Not at all. You are as cursed as the cursed criminal in jail. He, too, has me inside himself. What is the difference between you and him? You a multimillionaire, he a poor murderer in jail — both of you have me inside you. What is the difference? So, don't crow about the Self in you until you see me inside you, hand yourself over to me so that now, instead of you, I am there. Then you become different from the criminal in the jail. Then, having me inside you, and knowing that I am you, and nothing else, you become capable of helping others."

Who can help others? All this trash, you know, social service — we cannot really touch even the surface of this. Why? Because we are working from outside. It's like painting a decaying wall — cosmetic. The wall is going, and frantically every year I am painting it so that the decay may not show.

Even corpses are dressed up. They are shaved, they are rouged, they are dressed up in suits and put in coffins to be

presentable before burial. Presentable to whom, for heaven's sake? What we would not do for a man in life, we are willing to do for him in death. Why? Because for once and for all we are rid of that fellow. "Goodbye. If during life, if I had to spend on you like this, I would have had to give you thirty suits and a shave every day. Now, one set of suits, and one shave, and one application of rouge on your cheeks — my duty to you is done." Therefore we honour the dead. *Uthavana* [obituary], we see in the Hindi press every day, and we see photographs of the parent, supposed to be put in by holy, loving children. "Seth Manikchand Hukumchand — gone but not forgotten. Forever in our hearts." Blah, blah. Lies!

So you see, the knowledge of the Self, the recognition that it is in me, the growth towards loving the Self that is in me, loving it so much that I say, "Now you are my being." Every fool of a man is telling every fool of a girl, "You are my heart. You are my sweetheart!", when my real sweetheart is here. This heart must become sweet, because in it resides my Self — me as I am to become, me as I was when this creation began. The me which has adopted this set of attributes and a body so that it may come to this consciousness, this recognition of its ultimacy, of its eternality, so that it will burst out of its cocoon.

This transformation that we see in nature — a moth coming out of what we thought was a worm. Resplendent in its beauty, flying around where this ugly worm was lying, unable to move even. This transformation is not really a transformation. It is only the Self shedding all its outward prisons — the prison of the body, the prison of the senses, the prison of the mind — freeing itself in the ultimate freedom which we call liberation. And if it has gone about its purpose seriously, with conviction, with faith, with determination above all, at that moment of liberation it enters the eternity which was its source. This is spirituality.

Not what we are toying around with, not what we are playing with — pretending to meditate, coming for a sitting when we are miserable with some tears. When we are happy, looking at the wristwatch — "When is this fellow going to stop the sitting? It's already twenty-two minutes! For heaven's sake, what is this nonsense? Babuji has said three minutes is enough." So, let us not play hide-and-seek with ourselves. We have hidden from the Self so long. We cannot afford to hide from the Self any more. We don't have to seek, because it is there, where it has always been — in me. So, why hide and seek? From whom can I hide? Whom shall I seek? When He whom I seek and he who seeks are but, in a sense, the same.

So, I hope this wisdom will dawn upon all of you, and you will treat Sahaj Marg not merely as sitting in the morning, cleaning in the evening, prayer and meditation at night — blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, you see — like so much of whisky and so much of soda, so much of tomato juice and so much of Worcestershire sauce. This is not a breakfast or a lunch or a dinner. It is not even pleasure in bed, that we should read a Kinsey book this size, to know what every damn fool of a human being has known. Only stupid fools should read Kinsey reports and pornographic novels and titillate themselves, to do what should be natural to every human being, male or female. Why is it necessary? Because that ingredient alone which makes even sex pleasurable is lacking. And what is it? Love. And what is this love that is lacking? That I must love the other as I love my Self. If I do that, sex becomes holy, becomes divine, becomes creative. Otherwise it is only an act of lustful breeding.

"Love thy neighbour as thyself" — a most potent statement. Not possible until I love my Self, because Christ says, "Love thy neighbour as thyself." He did not just say, "Love thy neighbour." It should have been enough! Love your friend, love your girlfriend, love your father. But as thyself? Are you able to do it? "No, my Lord. I am not able to do it." "Why?" "Because I don't love my Self." He who loves himself can

love others. He who does not love himself cannot love anybody else, anything else. He hates everything. The small pebble which stubs his toe when he is out for a walk becomes a menace. He kicks it furiously and pains himself more. You know that classic example of a man who kicks something which is in his path and then runs around on one foot, waiting for his wife to come and sympathise with him.

Learn to love thy Self — this is the first law of spirituality. Forget the neighbour, because if you are able to do this — why only the neighbour? The man in the next city, the man in the next country, the man in the next planet, the man in the next galaxy, we will love. Then universal love becomes possible, because I am loving that in me which is universal. Through that universal love for the universal, universal love becomes possible outside myself, too. Not an individual, incremental love of one plus one plus one — but at one stroke, I love Him who loves all, He is in me, therefore I become capable of universal love.

Thank you.

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THE BEAUTY OF THE HEART

Lenasia, South Africa
23 April, 1993

Some preceptors have been asking me how to be successful in their work. In spirituality, the word 'success' doesn't feature at all. It's not in our dictionary. So, where there is no success, there is no failure also, because success and failure are opposites. In spirituality we deal neither with success nor with failure. The work of the preceptor, the work of the Master, never fails.

I am reminded of a story about a young boy who was going back from school to his house, and he saw an old man of sixty-five or seventy planting a mango seed. And he stopped and said, "Grandfather, grandfather, you are planting this mango, but do you think you will live to eat its fruit?" He said, "My grandson, I may not, but somebody will eat of the fruit of this tree." It is only the selfish who plant seeds hoping to eat the fruit of that plant himself, or herself. Nature does not plant for us. Nature plants, and whoever is there at the right time, in the right place, benefits. That is why Babuji Maharaj

said, "Such a time may not come again for the next so many thousands of years, when spirituality shall be available so easily." This is the time. This is the place.

There was a story I once read, you see, about a lady who was going shopping and sees a new shop. She walks in, she is amazed because she knows all the shops in the neighbourhood, but there's a new one. She walks in, and there she sees God standing behind the counter. And God asks her, "Yes, my daughter, what do you want?" She says, "God, I want beauty, I want health, I want happiness, not only for myself but for all mankind." God smiles compassionately and says, "My dear, I don't sell these things. I only give you seeds. You have to cultivate the rest."

So you see, even God does not give us these things ready-made. Therefore it is foolish to pray to God for these things. We have to sow the seed, nurture it, water it until it germinates, then protect it as much as we can, not expecting anything in return. This is very important. Because, you know, suppose you have a packet of one hundred seeds, and you look at them and select what you think are the ten best and you plant them. Nothing may come out of that, because we don't know which seed is the best seed. Because the true life of the seed is inside.

I told you the story of Yagnavalkya and his disciple this morning — when, under the Master's instructions the disciple cut open the seed, there was nothing there. Now, how are we to know what is the value of this 'nothing' in the seed which makes it into a giant *ficus*? We do not have the capacity to judge from a state of nothingness what the something is going to be, which will be manifested out of that state of nothingness.

Therefore we have all these stories in our Puranas in the ancient Hindu tradition, for instance, of different people creating different things out of nothingness. A magician brings something from under the handkerchief. Another magician

brings a chicken and seventeen eggs from out of an empty top hat. Lord Krishna, from the *akshayapatra* feeds multitudes. Christ, with two loaves and five fishes — not really nothing, but something, you know, like seeds.

So you see, human capacity is not in failure or success. Human capacity must be manifested in being active. The Gita says, "*Karmanye vaadikaaraste maa phaleshu kadhaachana.*" "You have a right to do your duty, not to expect the fruits thereof." The fruits are mine, the Lord says. Of course, those who are inclined to be Communist will say, "What is this? This is another form of capitalism! I work, and he takes the result. It's the black man's and the white man's situation all over again. Here the devotee is the black man, God is the white man, you see, waiting to cut off the fruits and harvest it for himself." Not so. We are not now talking about factories where we deal with inanimate matter which we can melt, which we can mould, which we can turn, which we can cut up into pieces, re-mould. How automobiles are made, planes are made, implements are made, tools are made. We are not creating tools here.

In spirituality, as in agriculture, we are dealing with living things, and nobody can predict what will happen to a living thing, because the living thing has a will of its own, has a samskara of its own. As they say, combining two proverbs, "You can train a dog, but you cannot straighten its tail!" You may put the tail into a straight tube and tie it up for twenty years, but open it and it will spring back into its original curved shape. But the dog can be trained. So here, who are we supposed to train? The dog is obedient. We tempt it, we terrify it — two instruments of religion, as Babuji Maharaj always said — fear and temptation. Keep a rolled-up newspaper to hit it on its snout when it misbehaves, and a biscuit to feed it when it behaves well. But human beings don't react even to fear and temptation. That is why there is so much of AIDS today. No fear of AIDS, therefore AIDS. It almost seems as if that which you are not afraid of will surely assail you, like a

man going to the jungle in bravado, saying, "I don't need a gun or a knife. I am not afraid of lions," and just behind him, hears, "Grrrrrr!" It doesn't come from in front, it comes from behind.

It is said in the Upanishad, for instance, that of the *Panchabhutas* it is said, "*Mrityurdhaavati panchama iti.*" Death is chasing all these five things, the five senses. It is always behind. Then there is another story of a woodcutter, who was cutting wood for his living every day and bringing a head-load home every evening, selling part of it, using part of it, going on for years like this. And one day in the jungle he is tying up his bundle of firewood to take home — he feels afraid. For no reason, he feels a strange presence, you see, and he starts walking fast. And pit-pat, pit-pat, pit-pat, the footsteps are following behind. He runs. The footsteps run behind him. Finally, you know, he makes a terrific effort, trying to run away from this thing which is following him, and falls exhausted, and then he sees — God. He says, "What is this? I have been looking for you all my life. Where have you been?" He says, "My son, it was always me who was trying to catch you, trying to follow you and catch you, but you have been eternally running away from me. Today you are caught!"

So you see, on one side we have this idea of death, who is pursuing us inexorably with his loop in his hand, like the lasso of, you know, the Western cowboy. In the Hindu tradition, it is the lasso which is thrown around — it is called the *yama-paasha*, and it works in such a way that the soul is removed from the body. The body falls, and the soul goes away with the Yama-dhoota or Yama himself. Simultaneously, God is also following.

Now, whom should we think is following us? Who is it who is following me all my life? If I am afraid, I think it is death. If I am a devotee, I think it is my Master. Master always said, "Think the Master is behind you in everything that you are doing. On the stray occasions when you are afraid — for

instance, when you are going to a new place in the darkness — think the Master is going in front of you." So, fear puts the Master in front. Devotion puts Him just behind. In both cases he must be with us — in fear, during temptation, in confidence. Without the Master we are nothing. Either He must be in front of me, or He must be behind me. Preferably He should be all around me, surrounding me like the praetorian guard around the emperor.

So, what is the need for fear? What do we need to be tempted by? We should be tempted by Him, go towards Him, where temptation works as love for us, not as something, you know, teasing us towards His presence, like we tease children towards ourselves, or birds towards ourselves. We should be afraid that we do not displease Him. Fear has its function, too. As Babuji said, "*Kama* and *krodha* are divine attributes, given to us by Divinity itself." *Kama* — love for Him. This is what in the *puja paddati*, you see, in temples when you offer *prasad* and they put on this *dhoop*, for instance, or the lamp, and they wave it around the idol and then they bless you, "*Ishta kaamyartha phalasiddhyartham*." It does not mean "what you desire." It means, "He who you should desire. Let Him bless you with His presence." That is God. But we think, you know — the childless woman thinks it is her child that will be given. The loveless wife thinks her husband will suddenly start loving her. The moneyless beggar thinks he will get money. *Kama* has come to mean all these low things — desire, titillation, lust, food — you know, when we eat like pigs, gluttony — miserliness. The priest said, "*Ishta kaamyartha phalasiddhyartham*." "I will get what I want. I will get what I desire." *Kama* has come to mean **desire**. But *kama*, in its original purity, in its high meaning, meant **love**.

So you see, God can only give us love, because He is only love. Like a honey can only give us sweetness — you cannot expect salt taste out of honey. You cannot expect a cucumber to taste like a pizza. Isn't it? You should not expect a human being to behave like an animal. Why do we behave

like animals, like birds and beasts of the air — destructive, with talons and teeth? Because of our samskaras. Things are still left in us from our ancient fall into the lowest levels, when we started our original descent from there, and we are still trying to work them away. But we cannot work it away by a conscious act of renunciation — "I will no longer behave like a bullock," for instance. "I will not try to gore everybody I meet." It doesn't work, because the samskara inside is stronger than me.

So, I have to submit to somebody, you see, who can tame me. Babuji used to be very pleased when Dr. Varadachari used to say of himself, that he was the tamed animal of God. This is the old symbol of the *vaahana*, you see — the vehicle of the Lord. Somebody flying on a peacock, somebody on a garuda, somebody mounting the buffalo, Ganesh on his small *chuchundar*. The idea was that each of these gods, in the pantheon of the Hindu gods, he is responsible for elevating that particular life form by his own efforts, by taming it.

It is like we have dog trainers, lion trainers, pigeon trainers. Unfortunately we have no human trainers. I have always felt that the human being needs more training than a dog! A dog is easily trained. Human beings are not amenable to discipline. The more you try to train them, the more they run away or resist. Therefore the training has to be subtle. Even parents would be well advised to try subtlety on their children, not authority. "I say so! I am your father. Come on, do it!" One day, he is your height, and he says, "Come, Dad. Can it! What were you when you were my age? Grandma told me, you see, how you used to be a rambunctious blighter! Stealing the butter, hitting the dog, throwing stones at the neighbours, stealing apples from the opposite garden. You are no better than I am." And the father has nothing to say, you see, because he was all these things. The trouble is, when we are accused of something, all the goodness in us, the positive things in us, fall back. We cannot also say, "No, no, my son. I was also the man who gave the beggar ten paise" And the child says, "Big deal!

Ten paise out to the beggar. Big deal, Daddy, and how much have you in your bank?" He says, "You know all that?" He says, "Yes, Mummy showed me your passbook. It runs into seven figures. Ten paise out to the beggar — big deal!"

So you see, we are voiceless before our children. Really, today's children are not susceptible, are not amenable to what they call blackmail in any form. Modern children talk of blackmail all the time. When mummy is very loving, they say, "Oh, this blackmail of love, Chariji — I don't like it. Look at my mummy smirking from there." I said, "But why do you think like that?" She said, "Yes, but Chariji, they are always trying the blackmail on me. If it is not the blackmail of sweets or pocket money, it is this business of love — 'Don't you love me, darling? Don't you love me enough to do this for me?'" Children are not fools. Adults are fools, children are very wise.

That is why the Hindu pantheon of *rishis* is so full of rishis who became rishis before they were in their teens. They didn't wait to be forty-five, and fifty, and sixty — grey-haired, bearded, toothless idiots. That is why in the Brahmanic tradition the child must have its *upanayana*, what we call, you know, this *yagnopavitam*, before it is eight years, counting from its day of conception, which is the seventh year of terrestrial life. Catch 'em young! If at that time, when they are amenable to discipline, when they are idealistic, when they want to be everything that is good and nice and great and beautiful in this world, if at that time we could give them the proper guidance, we would produce a race of angels.

Unfortunately in today's life, the children are corrupted from the very beginning. "You must be like daddy." For heaven's sake, which daddy? Is there a daddy here among us who is worth emulating by the children? Forgive me for asking this question, but I ask it in a sincere spirit. How many of us can answer, "Yes," and say, "Yes, I really wish my child to be like me." How many women are there here who can say,

"Yes, I want my daughter to be like me." In what sense? Lipstick? Powder? Silk saris? That is easy to emulate. You give a beggar woman five hundred rupees, she will emulate you in no time at all. Which parent here, male or female, will have the guts to stand up and say, "Yes, I am such a one, whom I would love my child to be like." They don't exist. So what do you mean by saying, "You must be like Daddy," or "You must be like Mummy"? And the child says, "For heaven's sake, Mum. Not that crap again! I don't want to be like Daddy." "Yes, but he's a successful lawyer." "But Mummy, you know what people say about him." "Yes, but you know, today you cannot be an honest lawyer, son." "Yes, but then I don't want to be a lawyer." "But Daddy has such an immense practice. He wants somebody to help him. Do you want this money to go out of the family?" The age-old argument, you see, by which we capture our daughters-in-law, by which we capture our daughters, put them in this meshed golden parrot's cage, because money should not go out of the family — Patel marrying Patel, Patidar marrying Patidar, Islam marrying Islam, Christian marrying Christian — what is this rubbish?

What were Adam and Eve? Buddhists? Christians? Hindus? Can you answer that question, Charlie? What is God? Is He a Hindu or a Muslim? You know, in Madurai we have this famous temple of Meenakshi. She is a *vaishnavite*, because she is Lord Vishnu's sister, and she marries Shiva. It is supposed to be the first *shaivite-vaishnavite* marriage. It is like the marriages in politics, you see, where Akbar married many Hindu wives, trying to reconcile the Hindus and the Muslims. Doesn't work, because you are still conscious that you are marrying a Muslim wife, and the Muslim girl is still conscious that she is marrying a Hindu. So, she remains a Muslim in her heart, while he remains a Hindu, and now they fight in bed and out of it, all the time, remaining one the Muslim and one the Hindu. She goes to mosque, he goes to a *mandir*. There is no unification because that which divided you originally, your

religion, is still there. It has not been thrown aside and said, "No. I am a human being marrying another human being, full of love." We continue to be German wife, Swedish husband. Chinese husband, Japanese wife. Australian Aboriginal wife with a Timbuktu man. And we are ever-conscious, you see, and we also feel pride, as if we have humbled ourselves in marrying this wonderful beauty from, I don't know, Zululand, and we go around saying, "Oh, I married a black woman, you know. It's wonderful. You should try it!" If you are still conscious that she is black and you are white, damn you and your marriage. If you are still conscious that there is a God and there is a you, damn you and your spirituality.

That is the secret behind constant remembrance — no more difference between Him about whom I think all the time, and myself. Because in the ancient tradition of Sahaj Marg, I am what I think I am. If I think I am a fool, I am a fool. If I am afraid and I think I am afraid, I am afraid. "What is there to be afraid of?" "I don't know." "All right, go and see a psychiatrist." "What is it you are afraid of?" "Everything." "Oh. Bad case. I can treat somebody who is afraid of something, or some things. But everything?" "Yes, but Chariji, I am afraid of the day." "Are you happy at night?" "No, no, I am worse at night!" "Then when are you really unafraid?" "Sometimes when I sit in meditation, but then too, you know, I close my eyes and when I see the darkness inside I am not able to meditate any more." Now, what can you do with such people?

Christianity says, "Perfect love casteth out fear." Love and fear cannot exist simultaneously. One who says he loves his master cannot be afraid of that master. If he is afraid he does not love. "No, no, I did not mean afraid in that sense, Chariji, but you know, there is always some fear. What to say? I don't know of any other word." Wonderful — learn English better. "I am nervous of the Master." Why? Then you don't love. You have only affection for the Master.

So you see, we are too much hypocritical in our approach to spirituality, to the Master, to ourselves. "I am a good man, Chariji. Why do I need spirituality?" Sometimes I feel like, you know, Christ taking up a stone and saying, "Should I beat you if you have no sins?" Who is the good man today? Who is the good woman today? Just because you go to the temple and donate twenty thousand rupees or rands to the Patidar hall, and put your name on some subscription lists for the blind, for the poor, for the lame, for the blacks. Does it qualify you to be called a good man or a good woman?

Just because you invite a few rich guests and feed them opulently doesn't mean you are good. You are only showing off. You are only blatantly throwing your riches in other people's faces. "Look at me, I can afford five sweets for dinner." Wonderful. Will you also give your guests money to treat themselves with next day when they fall sick? Ideally, such guests, such hosts should give them all envelopes containing, you know, at least a hundred rand each, and say, "You know, all this opulence I have hypocritised you with today — you are going to fall sick tomorrow. This will be Dr. Mukund's consultation fee. Keep it. You will need it, because I have been showing off. There is no love behind these sweets. I just want to show off, you see. My house is a show off, my *puja* room is for showing off. My wife, even, is on display — well-rouged, well-lipsticked, well-coiffed."

Many of these wives go to what they call these, you know, beauty clinics. When they have a big dinner — let us say like somebody like Kasturbhai Lalbhai is coming to dinner. First thing she does is not cook — that, the cook does. She goes to the beauty clinic, pays three hundred fifty rupees or seven hundred rupees, and comes back looking awful! [laughter] And then she is so sanctimonious about her good looks, the husband wants to kiss her, you know, behind the refrigerator door, for instance, and she says, "No!" The first seed of dissension is when women pretend to be beautiful and dress themselves up. This man says, "Yes, but what the hell

are you looking good for? What are you looking beautiful for? For whom are you looking beautiful, if not for the husband? Is it for someone else?" They have no answer. That night they are both lying awake, both in anger, and if they are not quickly going to make up, that will go into days and weeks of anger, and probably a separation.

Beauty is not conducive to well-being. Women should like to be simple — naturally beautiful with such beauty as they have got. "*Bhaarya roopavati shatru*" says the Sanskrit proverb. "A beautiful wife is a man's enemy." "*Bhaarya roopavati shatru.*" Why? Because she is eternally tempting him to do things which he should not be doing. I mean, there is a limit to even what we call marital happiness. But when she goes around looking like, what do you call them, these models, this fellow, all his lusts are stirred up, you see, and he says, "Come," and she says, "No. Not today, not again, for heaven's sake!" Now what will that poor man do? Bad enough having beautiful faces to pass on the streets without stopping your car. It's worse at home because she's always there. "Damn it!", he says. "What can I do?" "*Bhaarya roopavati shatru.*" All women should learn this and put it up on their, you know, bathroom mirrors. "*Bhaarya roopavati shatru*" — look at it every morning.

We see this in the ancient tradition, how *rishi patnis* were tempted. Even the great rishi patnis were tempted. Goddesses have been tempted. Gods have been tempted. Indra has been tempted again and again. You go to the Greek tradition, the Roman tradition — Jove seems to be doing nothing but looking down at the Earth to see which beauty he can next pick up from there, you see, and take to Heaven. The Greek tradition is full of this — lust, lust, lust. No love — love is reserved for homosexuality — platonic love, they call it. You see what a corrupt tradition, philosophically, historically, esthetically, in literature we have inherited from the past, whether it is the Hindu tradition or the Greek tradition or the Roman tradition.

Now we have to undo all this nonsense. Put beauty where it belongs — in the heart. Beauty is not of the face. There is a Jagjit Singh *gazal*, you know. He says, "One expects a beautiful person to have a hard heart. But why do you, my dear?", he asks his ugly beloved. "Why do you have a hard heart?" Beauty and hard heart go together. For the men, wealth and hard heart go together. Therefore, in philosophy, in spirituality, these two things are always frowned upon. Don't think I am being partial to the men — what is a curse for women, namely their beauty, the curse for man is his wealth. Such people find it very difficult to even enter spirituality. Because the woman is too busy preening herself, you know. A really beautiful woman takes about two hours to make up her hair, another hour to make up her face. The lipstick takes very long, and of course the *sari*, you know, what a simple woman can wear in about thirty seconds, it takes them three hours. So, when are they going to meditate? And the rich man is perpetually jumping between his office and his bank, either taking loans or giving loans.

So, there is an ancient wisdom which says, "Do not be like a frog, jumping hither and thither." Look to the real beauty inside — the beauty of Him who is sitting there — the Self in you. Eternally resplendent, eternally illuminating everything it sees and it touches — it is **itself** resplendent. "*Koti surya samaprabha*," it is said in the Puranas. His brilliance is like the illumination of one crore suns. "*Koti surya samaprabha.*" Do you want that, or do you want the beauty of, I don't know, some Pond's cold cream and I don't know what else, you see — Revlon lipstick. We should not indulge in the beauty which can be wiped away by a sheet of paper.

I remember once, Babuji was kissed by a woman. You know, he was not aware of it — suddenly a woman darted and planted a kiss on his cheek, and he looked at my wife and said, "*Bahu, lipstick to nahin lag gaya yahan?*" Even he knew about lipstick, you see, living in Shahjahanpur. "*Lipstick nahin lag gaya?*" And then my wife said, "No, no, there is nothing.

Don't worry." And then he said in Hindi, "This has happened in Europe. Okay. This is a depraved land, a fallen land, but suppose one of these European women come and plant a kiss on my cheek in my house when my granddaughters are there. What will they think?"

So, whenever he found a woman even coming, you know, innocently to ask him a question, he would back off, like that — I'm not joking — literally he used to back off. And once he made a joke, you know, he said, "Next time, Parthasarathi, somebody comes to kiss me, I will send her to you!" I said, "Don't, because it will have to prolong your life on earth, because if I fall you will have to stay behind!" Then he became serious and said, "Nay, nay, I was only joking!"

So, we should not dress up and make up in such a way that the guru is afraid. You understand? Therefore we are advised to go to temples not in rags, like in some traditions, but in a meek, simple way, like a woman who has been freshly washed — nothing on her face — no grease, no paint, no lipstick. We must go to God naked, it is said. Now, you know the value of nakedness, those of you who know the *Mahabharat* story. When Duryodan's mother asked him to come naked. She says, "I cannot bless you, but I can strengthen you. Come before me as you were born." That wily fellow Krishna on the way stops it, you see, and he puts something around his waist, and she opens her eyes for the first time in her life, and the whole of his body becomes like *vajra*, you know *vajra sharira*, but not the part he has covered up with a thin *dhoti*. And she says, "Why have you done this? You have not even obeyed me on the one occasion when I have given you an instruction." And he is lost. She berates him. She says, "How can you be naked before me? I bore you, and you think now you are a man? What is this foolishness?"

So you see, no covering — nakedness does not mean immediately taking off everything and coming before the Master like that. It means, "In all humility, I have nothing to

hide. Not my outer self, not my inner self. I am pure. I don't need makeup. I am beautiful with an inner beauty which does not need embellishment. I am beautiful with an inner beauty which does not need the support of beauticians. My beauty is eternal. It does not fade with age. I am that which you want me to be. Now, my Lord, what do you want me to do?" He says, "Come." Babuji Maharaj used to say, "For such a one, the Master waits, perhaps eternally."

So, women should cultivate the beauty of the heart. The men, also, the beauty of the heart, because it is the heart which is doing us irreparable damage by being hard, by being cold, by being ungiving, but only demanding more and more. "Chariji, my heart says, you know, that my husband should love me better." People come to me in Europe with this sort of stupid statement. "Yes, but," I say, "Go and talk to your husband about it. Why do you come to me?" "No, no, if you pray, maybe he will love me more." Then I ask them the crucial question, "How much do **you** love your husband?" You see, even when there is an echo, I must sound something before the echo will come back to me. Everything originates in me. I must give before I can receive. Give and take.

I always make a joke with these Hindi-speaking people of North India, you see — "*Lena dena*" they say, whether it is Gujarat or North India. No "*Lena dena*" — "*Dena lena.*" One who gives, receives. One who is only receiving will have to, by God, give. Otherwise he will die and be born again a hundred times before that debt is fulfilled. Why do you think great men are only giving — giving everything, giving themselves, giving their love, giving their life? Because in one grand, ultimate sacrifice you die for what you are working, and all the debts of your, I don't know, millions of past lives are repaid in that one grand, final sacrifice. Therefore you have this tradition of saints always being persecuted, tormented, tortured, crucified, or burned at the stake or buried alive — things like that.

One who must be, and wants to be, at the pinnacle of human perfection has to pay the price for it, and the price is your life. It cannot be otherwise. It is not just the removal of some petty samskaras, you see, some petty lusts. I am always remembering that story, you know, when a man came and was weeping and said, "I am a sinner. Please save me." And he was asked, "What sin have you committed that you think you are so great a sinner?" He said, "No, no, I have sinned." He said, "What sin? A bottle of wine? A woman? Which fool has not done these things? Come back to me when you have done something original!" Can any of you think of any original sin here? It doesn't exist. From time immemorial, you see, we have been doing these things. There is nothing new about lust or drunkenness or avarice or greed. Don't think you are creating some new trails, blazing new trails in the sinful history of this world. You are not capable. Any fool can go astray. It doesn't take much more than foolishness to do it. Like any man driving a car can have an accident — a moment of inattention and he is dead. A moment of weakness and you are a sinner!

But to be a saint, eternally watchful, eternally alert, eternally devoted, eternally wanting that which you are wanting with a wanting which is beyond all wanting on Earth — craving — sleepless craving, restless craving. If that is not there, then you are at the mercy of the elements, of society, of habits, everything. If that is there, it is itself a protection, because in this utter restlessness for the one with whom you must be united, everything else is forgotten. I mean, you cannot remember anything else in that restlessness.

So, Babuji Maharaj always speaks of restlessness. He speaks of craving. He speaks of nakedness. Not of wanting and longing and all these foolish terms, which are enough for human lovers — there must be a torment in one's life. Without it we are just pretending. A lover who is happy to be at home at 5:00 PM in the evening is no lover. "Oh, but I thought you were in love with so-and-so. Are you not going out?" "No, no,

it's okay. Not every evening!" This is intellectual love. Now he is theorizing that if he goes to meet his beloved every evening, she will think it's a weakness. But you are weak, because this is not the weakness which is the opposite of strength. It is the weakness of foolishness, that there is no longing in your heart, and to whom will that girl eventually go? To one who loves her.

There is an old story, you see, about three boys who loved the same girl. They had all divine qualities. One could see to the end of this universe, for instance. Another could walk seven hundred miles in one step, and the third could do something similarly miraculous. And one day this girl died. She was buried in a *kabristan.* An old man, a saint comes and says, "You know, hidden beyond the seven seas and the seven mountains and the seven dungeons, past the seven dragons there is this golden vessel in which there is a medicine which, if brought and put on the lips of this dead girl, will make her alive again." So, the far-seer looks and says, "I have located it." The far walker says, "Come, climb on my shoulders. We will go." The third man says, "Leave me to my peace here. I am tortured by her death. I cannot leave." And he is literally lying on the *kabristan* weeping his heart out. Eventually these two boys go, locate the medicine, and quickly come back with it. They open the *kabristan* and put the medicine on the girl's lips. She wakes up. Now, whom is she going to marry? The far walker says, "Without me, that blighter could not have gone there and brought the medicine." The far-seer says, "If I did not locate it, where would you be walking? You would still be walking, looking for it." Then they decide to leave it to the girl. She says, "I will marry this boy who was weeping here." And they are astounded. They said, "Why? We made you alive." She said, "Yes. You gave me the medicine which brought me to life. You are like my father because you have given me life. This man, with all his love for me, went and brought the medicine for me. He behaved like my brother. He is my brother — I cannot marry him. This man is my lover,

because he spent all the time weeping on my graveyard here. He is my husband." And she marries him.

So, the fruit always goes to love — not to beauty, not wealth. Of course, nowadays people buy things. Women buy with their beauty. Men buy with their money. Therefore you find this funny situation of beautiful women always in cars. You don't see beautiful women walking the streets any more. They are in the Cadillacs and the Mercedes bought by the wealth of the man. Ashamed of themselves, secretly unhappy, miserable, longing for someone else, perhaps, in Nadiad. I don't know where else, in Gujarat, and then they grow into this hypocrisy of life — "I am happy. I am Nagarbhai Lalbhai's daughter, granddaughter, daughter-in-law, what-have-you, you see, and I am very happy. I have a palace to live in, a fleet of seven cars with fourteen drivers, seventeen cooks, untold lakhs of rupees spent on cosmetics. What more can a woman want?" She is a living mummy — not the living dead of spirituality, but the living mummy of absolute, cold death — heartless death, bought death, commercial death. A human being sold like a pig, like a dog, like cows.

Nor do you want real love. I am sure every woman, if she had the courage, would stand up and say, "Yes, I want real love." And so would the men. They are not happy with these beautiful girls in golden cages who respond to their every desire out of a submission, out of slavery.

Now, there is a difference between the submission of slavery and the submission of devotion. A devotee is not a slave, though he submits. As Babuji Maharaj said, "In spirituality there is service without servitude." We serve, but we are nobody's servants. This must be clearly understood. A preceptor is not the servant of the abhyasi. The Master is nobody's servant. He is his Master's servant. Therefore the Master goes around doing his work in obedience to **his** Master's wishes. The preceptor does his work in obedience to his Master's wishes. We are nobody's servants, nobody's slaves.

We are free, because it is love which makes us accept this work — love for the Master. Don't mistake it as love for humanity, because if we mistake it for humanity, our love for humanity, we will have to pay the price that Christ paid, according to my Master, by his crucifixion. He pleaded with God and said, "I love human beings. I want to serve them." "Then," God said, "Die for them." It is very easy to mistake. For a cowherd to mistake the cows for his own. It is very easy for a *mali* to think that the garden is his because he is tending them and watering them and cutting them and planting them. The garden belongs to the Master, not to the gardener. The cattle belong to the owner, not to the cowherd. The children belong to God, not to the parents.

When we are able to realise all this with our heart and accept this with our heart, the beginning of humility will come. "I own nothing. I possess nothing. It is all His. Being His, I must look after it as if I am an honest, sincere trustee." Not the modern-day trustee, who only pander to their own, you know, pride and arrogance and ego. "Being a trustee, I must administer this trust faithfully. I must cultivate this garden to perfection. I must look after His children to perfection. Not my perfection, but their perfection. With love." Then we will see a society, a world which is transformed, because right down the line, from God to the lowermost inhabitant of the nether world, there will be this love pervading through the *saptalokas*, the seven worlds of creation, and there will be an instant of transformation. In one instant, the whole thing will be transformed. Transformation doesn't need time. Transformation needs understanding that, "This I am. This I don't want to be any more." And if you remember the story of Babuji Maharaj when he was going to brush his teeth, walking up to the well, which is only probably six feet away from his chair, and this terrible longing came over him to be like Lalaji Maharaj, and he thought in his mind, "Oh, Master, I want to be like you!" Lalaji's voice answered, "You are already like me, my son."

So, transformation is not a process. It is an instant in time which brings about transformation. But when we play with this transformation it can take millions of years — nobody knows. Then we are subject to the processes of a natural evolution, from the lower animal, to the higher animal, to the lower human, to the higher human, and so on through the angels. Then we need an eternity of time. So, one who says, "I have no time," will need this eternity of time. Beware! For one who says, "That is all?", he is instantly that.

Remember the beautiful story of Narada who was going to Heaven to meet the Lord, and on the way he met a madman dancing under a tree. The madman said, "Lord, where are you going?" Narada said, "I am going to the Lord in Heaven." He said, "Please, find out how many lives more I have to lead before I get liberated." Narada said, "So shall it be, my son. I will come back and give you the answer." A few miles further on, he sees a rishi meditating under the tree, and the rishi says, "Narada, you are going to Heaven to meet the Lord. Please find out when I am going to be liberated." He says, "Okay." In course of time he returns. The rishi is first. He says, "When will I be liberated?" Narada says, "The Lord said, 'Two more lives'," and the rishi beats his breast and weeps and wails. "What a cruel God. What a cruel destiny. Two more lives! What is all my *tapasya* worth?" And he is grovelling in the dust in despair, in misery. Narada smiles and walks on. He comes to the madman still dancing under the tree. He says, "Hey, Narada! Did you find out the answer to my question?" Narada says, "Yes, my son. You have to live as many lives as there are leaves on this tree." He says, "That is all? That is all for me? What a wonderful destiny I have. What a wonderful God. What love!" And a voice comes from above, "You are liberated this instant."

Look at this — the tragedy. The rishi has to live two more lives. He thinks it's too much, and therefore condemns himself perhaps to twenty more lives, two hundred more lives, we don't know. And this madman, who cannot even count five

on his fingers says, "That is all?", and in that moment he is transformed. It is a question of acceptance.

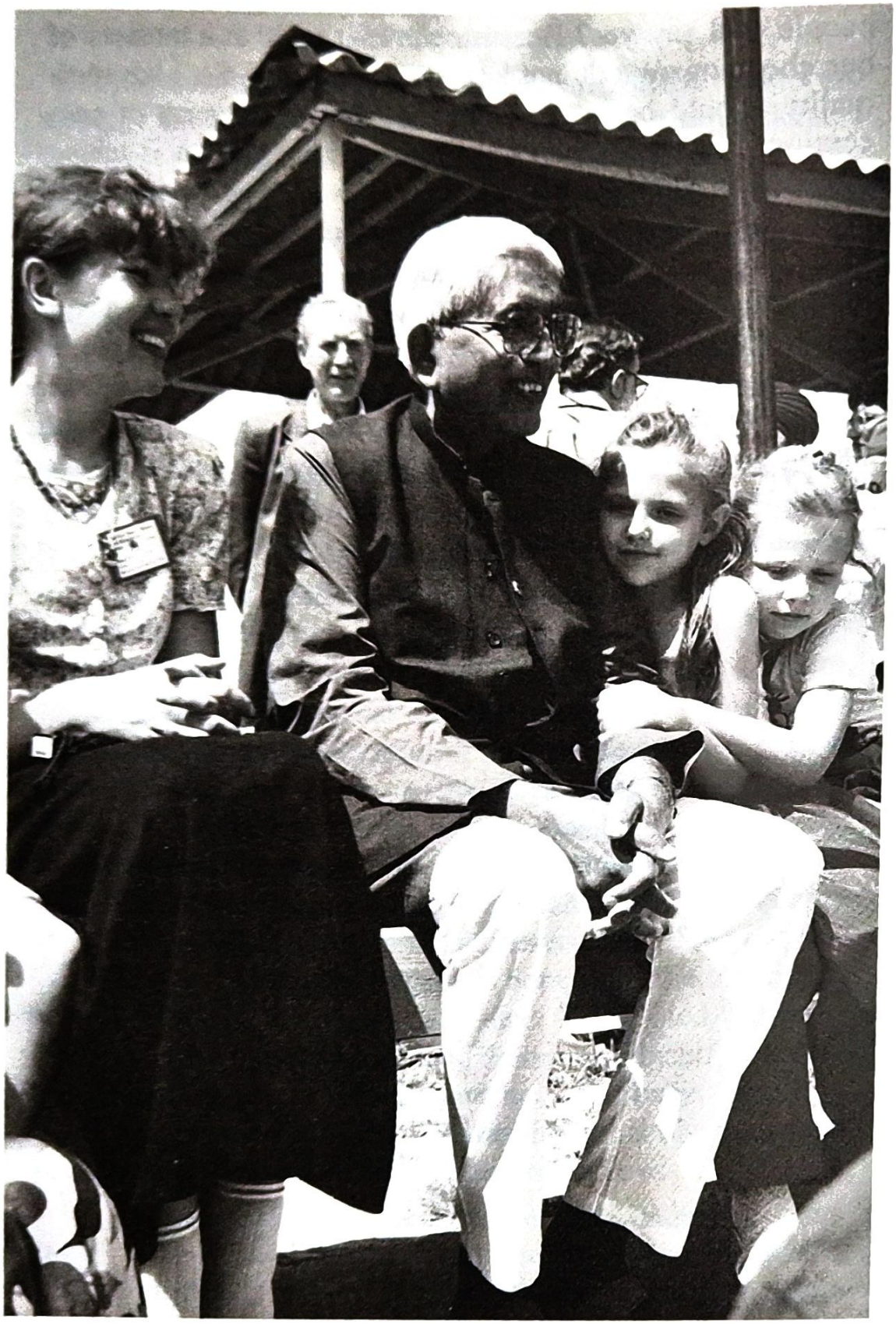
If I think I am not afraid, I am not afraid. If I think I am strong, I am strong. If I think I am weak, I am the weakest. I only have to **think** I am rich to be rich. I don't have to **be** rich. Who is rich? Nobody is rich. We only possess money. We only possess wealth. We only possess houses, horses, cars. Can you say there is any really rich person? There are only persons possessing what they think are riches — some diamonds in their safe, some kilos of gold in the bank vaults, half a dozen cars, million dollar houses. What happens to all this? He is not rich. He is possessed by his riches. Like a woman is possessed by her beauty — she is not beautiful, she is possessed — it becomes the devil which is possessing her. A man is possessed by his riches. It becomes an obsession.

Let us free ourselves of these obsessive tendencies. Let us note that there is only one wealth, one wisdom, one beauty which we can carry with us — that is the beauty, the wisdom, and the wealth of the eternal which is inside me — the Self in me, which is eternally beautiful. It does not know age. It does not know sickness. "*Janma mrityu jaraa vyadhi.*" They say, the four *upaadhis* of existence. Birth — *janma*. If you take it, all the other three follow. *Mrityu*, *jara*, *vyadhi* — death, old age, sickness. One who is born will inevitably die. That is why the Gita says, "It is never born, and never dead." "*Na jaayate va mriyate*" — because one which is born, must die, even if it is a god. Therefore Arhatas have died. Rama died. Krishna died. One went into the Sarayu and destroyed himself in an act of ultimate despair for having sent his wife away, you see, after two *agni parikshas*. Krishna was hit on his big toe, right foot, by an archer's arrow, by a huntsman's arrow.

So you see, that which is born must die. Naturally, it has to age, it has to face sickness. Therefore, this craze for *mukti*. Why are people so fascinated by *mukti* even when they don't want *mukti*, when they don't want to die? Suppose we ask,

"How many of you want to be liberated now?" How many people will say yes? Because we want *mukti* at a moment of our choosing. We do not know when we shall die. Like spirituality should be ideally commenced at the moment of conception, but since nobody knows when conception is taking place, it is not possible, therefore it is delayed to the eighteenth year, nobody knows when death is stalking him. To say, "No, no, wait, Yama! I am going to be liberated by my Master." And Yama laughs. He says, "Which Master? Have you a Master? Come. You are mine." *Mukti* not of our choice, but His choice. *Mukti* not at the time of our choosing, but of His choosing. All that we can do is to prepare ourselves for that moment, praying to Him, "Lord, at the moment of my death, may **you** come and lead me to the hereafter."

Thank you.



10

A Child's Wonder

Lenasia, South Africa
24 April, 1993

It is better to shine individually, isn't it? That is what we call genius. And such a person disregards society, disregards companions, and he goes straight ahead. Of course, there are moments of doubt, of frustration, but eventually everybody starts looking up to you. So, there is this time gap which is the frustration. It can be shortened, if you are willing to achieve quickly. But then we delay and delay. "No, no, let me do it tomorrow. Let me do it tomorrow." So, the gap is widening, until one day we are unable to make any more effort. We are too old. Then we say, "I was born like this. Let me die like this." That is the ultimate acceptance of the ultimate defeat. Isn't it?

So, we must have the courage of conviction, that being in a herd, I cannot rise. Because the herd instinct is holding me tight. If I get out of this herd alone, I can make it. But then we have the problems of loneliness, of non-acceptance — people saying, "Oh, he's a useless fellow, you know. He is a loner." It

is like that. So, it requires a certain amount of courage. To be different always requires courage.

Now you are a girl. Everybody dresses in the same way — conformity. One comes dressed differently. There are jealous looks, there are snide remarks, all sorts of funny things, but — it may become the fashion. Isn't it? So, the courage of conviction, that what I want to become, is **the** thing I want to become, is the only thing which is good to become. That's why I said the other day about 'being like papa.' Papa is a limited fellow. When we are children, it's good to be having a desire to be like the father and the mother, but we outgrow it when we come of age eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve. By the time our girl is thirteen, I wonder how many of them really have any respect for their mothers. Now the whole problem is — how to hold love and respect together. That is why I said the parent, the leader, must always be ahead, so that you love and you also respect, because that guy is one step ahead of you all the time. If he falls behind and you have to look behind and say, "Where is my dad?" — love may be there, but no respect. So, respect we earn. Love, we feel naturally. So, nobody needs to learn how to love. It is inherent in human nature. But to be respected, what has one to do? To earn the respect of others! To be admired, similarly, there must be something outstanding which others will admire. Beauty is not enough because it fades. Strength is not enough — it wanes. So, what is that which will always be with us? The eternal thing in us. So, we come to spiritual life.

That is the secret of the spiritual search. And when somebody very quickly passes through this material phase — why are these Westerners so eager in spirituality? — because they have seen to the limit the pleasures of money, the pleasures of the flesh, the pleasures of the palate. They are disgusted, and they say, "Come." There is no end to that. Also, today you can eat one ice cream, tomorrow again another ice cream. Today, if you eat two ice creams, you are going to be sick. Three? You will have nausea and vomit. Isn't it? So,

pleasure has a limit. Therefore we try to space out our pleasures. Then what happens? In between the two acts of pleasure there is an interregnum. What are we going to do with that? So, there comes boredom, there comes frustration ... Knowing that is bad, we still want it today. Like the Americans — they want tomorrow's car today, and next year's pizza already here — things like that.

So, the wise man says, "Even to enjoy, there must be the capacity to enjoy." And what is that capacity to enjoy? To take everything as a fresh experience — unique. The mango I am going to eat is unique. It should not be like the mango I ate last year, and say, "Oh, same mango." It's like that picture I saw about Nero the other day, you know, where Nero says, "It's all boredom," because everything is the same for him. The same beautiful girls dancing, the same wine, the same music, the same thing repeating ad nauseam, as they say. So, even the best becomes nauseating.

So, what is it that we can continue to enjoy without becoming nauseated? We understand that when we see that the pleasures of the senses nauseate. The mind is a little higher. The pleasures of the mind don't nauseate us. You can read and read and read and continue to read, without limit. Thinking, philosophising. So, the subtler a thing becomes, the more enjoyable it becomes.

We have to learn this secret, you see, that in the gross manifestation of this world, there are always limits, and the limits are very low, very small. How much of pain can a man bear? How much of pleasure can we bear? It is even less. A man gets a lottery, he falls dead! He cannot support his happiness. So many people have died like that. It's not only pain. Pain never kills. It is disease which kills. What Dr. Mac said about pain being essential — not really. Pain is a warning system. I look upon pain as an alarm system which tells you that something is wrong — attend to it. But if I don't attend to it, then I am ignoring the alarm, like the car is being stolen,

"Beep, beep, beep, beep..." the alarm is going, and we are still listening to the lecture.

This afternoon I asked, "You know, in these malls you have hundreds of cars. If an alarm goes off, who is going to attend to it? So, what is the fun of that alarm system?" Isn't it? Somebody will think, "Oh, somebody is opening his door. He will get in, close the door, and the alarm will switch itself off." So, an alarm system should **not** function, under ideal circumstances. You know, like the burglar alarms in all your houses — if it goes off at night, there will be a moment of fear. "What is happening? Who is entering?" So ideally, the alarm system should not function when there is nothing to be alarmed about. Isn't it?

So, in the perfect life, there can be no pain. Pain is for the frustrated individual, where he is doing things which he should not do, and pain comes to remind him, "Not this. Not this. Not this. Stay away." There is the famous instance of a runner called Primo Carnera, an Italian who died of bleeding because he was immune to pain. He was a marathon runner, and a nail went into his sole. He never knew it, because he had no pain. So, it is a warning system, it is an alarm system. Alarm systems are not necessary but, under ideal circumstances, they never function. Isn't it? "Oh, my alarm goes off every day. It's a beautiful alarm system." What is the use of such an alarm system?

Now, we talk of pain. Whether animals have pain is a moot question. They have babies, they don't seem to be in pain. We have read in novels like *The Good Earth*, you know, Pearl Buck's novel, how the Chinese women used to go into labour while they were tilling the field or harvesting. They went into a cottage, had their baby, and walked out again and started their work all over again. Today we need gynaecologists, nurses, midwives, antibiotics, anaesthetics. What happened to their pain? Because, in accepting childbirth as a

natural thing, with love for the child which is being born, there was no pain. It was a momentary pain.

Well, I have pain when I swallow something, too, but I don't reject. "No, no, I don't want to eat any more." I would be dead! Isn't it? There is the pain of digestion; there is the pain of circulation. What do I know about my inner pains — how my capillaries are responding, the veins are responding — 'gulug, gulug, gulug,' the heart is going on pumping. Have I ever asked my heart, "Are you happy?" Or my brain — so many electrical discharges going through it.

So you see, pain is not really necessary. Pain comes when we ignore the laws of life. Then pain is a warning system: "This is wrong. That is wrong. Correct it." Then it switches off. But now, in this modern age, we suppress pain by taking pain-killers. Now we don't know what is wrong. It's like you are switching off the burglar alarm when you are going to sleep at night, saying, "If the damn thing goes off, I will not be able to sleep properly." Many people are stupid enough to put off their telephones at night. Now, what is a telephone for? It is for communication, isn't it? Suppose somebody is very sick and they want to communicate. How will they communicate?

So, if a man takes something to suppress his pain and goes to bed, he could be very sick inside, but he would not know. So, the warning system has to be open. We cannot shut it off. Yet it must not function. You understand? So, pain is not so easy to understand, except by those who have undergone pain, and who know its necessity, who know its value, and who know, or have come to understand by proper living, that it is not necessary any more to suffer, because that stage is past.

Also, the second aspect is, all our pain and all our pleasure is because of our samskaras. Why does someone like vanilla ice cream, and another chocolate chips? What is the difference? Why does one man like this girl, and another likes

that girl. Isn't it? Given the same values. For instance, I don't like dirty currency notes. Something in me rebels. So, I collect clean notes, knowing that they will be spent tomorrow, but while they are in my pocket, they should be clean. Some fastidiousness, you see — ridiculous! So, given the same intelligence, why does some person want to be a doctor, someone else a philosopher, someone else an artist? Why? The intelligence is the same. It is like one computer saying, "No, no, I will only have spreadsheets." Another computer says, "No, no, I love word processing." Computers cannot say it. So, my brain does not dictate what I shall be. The brain is the same brain. It can be used by an intelligent man for anything on which he applies his intelligence. Then why does this fellow choose to apply it here, and that fellow, there? My samskaras — they choose for me.

A good doctor is not a good doctor because he wanted to be a good doctor, but his samskaras forced him into being a doctor. Somebody's samskara forced him to be an engineer. A third one became an atomic scientist. A fourth one became a businessman. And we cannot say we chose. We did not choose. We were pushed into this.

I never chose to be a spiritual man or a preceptor. Mukund was saying that he did not want to be a preceptor. Neither did I! One day, Babuji called me. He gave me a sitting and started muttering something in Hindi. I opened my eyes. He said, "Close," so I closed. At the end of ten minutes, he said, "That's all." I said, "What were you saying in Hindi?" He said, "I gave you permission to be a preceptor." I said, "You never asked me. Don't you think you should have asked me?" He said, "Was it necessary I should ask you? In any case, you know, it was Lalaji's orders. Now, how can I tell the Master that I have to ask Parthasarathi?" [laughter] He used to put it in a very nice way! So you see, I was pushed into being a preceptor. I didn't really know what was happening. I thought he was giving me a sitting. And the next thing, I was appointed Secretary of the Mission. And my father told me,

"You know, you are getting deeper and deeper into this mess. One day this old fellow (meaning Babuji) is going to put all his burden on your head and walk away." That's what happened! [laughter] My father knew long in advance. But I had no choice.

It is like a boy and a girl, very much in love. Is it any surprise that they get married? You cannot be in love and not get married. We are not of the Occidental culture, you see, where they pretend to be in love and don't get married. Because they want the way of escape. We don't want the way of escape. Who seeks the way of escape? Only one who is afraid. Isn't it? One who is afraid that this relationship may be a trap for me. But where there is no fear, what is the fear of commitment? Commitment is not really a commitment. I want to throw a new light on it — it is total lack of fear of what I am getting into. How can one walk into the den of a lion? One who is not afraid of lions, or of dens — one who is not afraid of death, who can go anywhere at any time — he is the fearless one. Isn't it?

[Child:] How do you overcome fear?

By loving the thing that you do so much. I have known young girls like you — suddenly in the family, at night, you know, the father is away travelling for his company or something. The mother falls sick and she has to go to the doctor. No telephone at home — you know, it is common in India. The doctor is three miles away. It is utterly dark. Dogs are barking in the streets. I mean, we don't have Sowetos in India, but there are enough dangers everywhere — imagined and unimagined. But the girl, because of her love for the mother, doesn't think. She opens the door, walks out, and comes back with the doctor. Later on she wonders how she managed it. "How did I go at night? You know, I have never been able to go from this room to that room in the darkness without holding my mummy's hands. How could I go three miles and bring this doctor here?" Love removes fears. What I said from

the Bible: "Perfect love casteth out fear." Love makes commitment possible. Commitment doesn't make love possible. "No, no. We shall love each other for eternity." That is a stupid commitment. In Hindi films you see it all the time. Not only in this life, but in the next. They are already creating problems for the next life!

So, where there is love, there is commitment. Without love, there is no commitment. Whether you are a good doctor, or a good lawyer, or a good nurse, or a good scientist, your commitment is to yourself. We are all committed to ourselves. At least we think so. It may be a mistaken commitment. It may be a low level of commitment. "I am committed to my tastes." You know, as Mukund said. Somebody said, "I like to dress well." Why not? I also say it. It is a lesser level of commitment, because if I am going to depend on my dress for my respect, then I should do what Mulla Nasruddin did.

You know, the story of Mulla Nasruddin. He was invited to dinner by the Shah of Persia. He went, like Babuji Maharaj, in his old *dhoti* and pajama, or whatever it is. He was stopped at the gate. He said, "I have been invited for dinner," and they laughed at him. "Look at this fellow. Invited for dinner with the Shah-en-Shah. Is it possible?" So, he went back, put on beautiful clothes, you know — all silk and lace and gold. Everybody bowed to him and ushered him in. He went to the table. The Shah had put him on his right, the position of importance, of dignity. He sat down, took off his coat, put it on the back of the chair, removed his resplendent turban, put it on the seat of the chair, and went away. The Shah said, "Where are you going? You are my most important invitee." He said, "Your highness, I was not invited. These clothes were invited. They will eat." [laughter]

Now, how does a man become simpler and simpler? Because he becomes more and more **in** himself, and does not need these props any more. So, he can wander the streets naked and people don't see his nakedness. They see his gran-

deur, they see his nobility, they see his divinity, and prostrate before him.

So, love is the only commitment, and it is a commitment not made consciously. A mother does not say to the child at birth, "I commit myself to your welfare," or write a document. It is a commitment of love. Where there is love, the commitment is inevitable — you don't have to make it. Where a man says, "I am going to make a commitment," it is like the politician saying, "I am committed to the welfare of South Africa. I re-dedicate myself to the welfare of the people of this land, this great land, this holy land of ancient tradition, of lions and giraffes and zebras!" He forgets the human beings, you see! [laughter] In his love for language, flowery language, he forgets the human beings, but perhaps his inner conscience did not permit him to say it, because he has no commitment to the human beings. Because he doesn't love the people. He loves the animals better.

I had a friend, a German works manager in my factory. One day we were driving, and he was driving very fast. A dog ran across. To avoid the dog, he swerved the car and almost ran over a human being. I said, "Mr. Scholl, you could have killed that man." He said, "I don't care. I love dog! To me, human being is pig, swine." He loves dogs more than human beings.

Today you see many people, you know, they are too much with their pets — their horses, their parrots, their rabbits. A child is dying across the street — they don't care. But they go and buy the most expensive dog food from the mall. Expensive television shows are shown about dog food and cat food. America is full of this trash. You see the American television — I believe about ten percent of the time it is going on advertising animal feeds! What has this society come to when we are not talking of human food, human values, human love, human creativity? "No, no, I am committed to the welfare of my pets. You see, poor things, they cannot speak. They

cannot tell us what they need. We have to look after them." Yes, but you are ignoring the people who are telling you what they want, and what they cannot have. Why don't you look after that? "No, no, my dog never betrays me. You know, my neighbour — he betrayed me. My wife — she left me. My son has run away." "*Bismillah*!" you have to say, because there is no love.

The only commitment possible is where there is love. Without love, no commitment — then it is only duty, and duty is not a perfect commitment. Somebody gets a salary, he does his work well, and it is not so much a commitment to the work, as your own idea of your personal honour being involved. "No, no, I cannot leave my work undone." It is still a commitment to yourself — selfishness. "My work must be perfect. Everything I do must be nice." Who said so? The Gita says, "You have a right to work, but not to the fruit thereof." What does it mean? Good work or bad work — who are you to judge?

You know, there is a famous story, 'Shiva Kavi' in Tamil, where this Kavi, you know, is one who can sing the God into his presence. He becomes very arrogant. A horse is lying dead. He sings there, and the horse becomes alive. He is a Kali *upasaka* — devotee of Kali. The Lord says, "I must teach this fellow a lesson." So He comes as a Brahmin, and they are going together, they are eating together. When the host is not watching, the Brahmin takes a cup of gold, of diamonds, and puts it in his pocket and quietly slips out. Next they come into a house where the child is very beloved of the family. When they are not looking, he throws this baby into the well. Things like this. Then this Shiva Kavi finally says, "How can you do these things?" The Brahmin tells him, "You don't know what is going to happen afterwards. That baby was destined to die in the well, because if it had lived it would be a murderer."

You know, God knows — I don't know. I was telling Mukund a story of a vision I had. A very saintly ant, the saint among saints of the ants, is crossing the road, and the road-roller is coming. The ant is caught. It knows it is going to die. It is shouting, "Lord, Lord, why this for me? I am your saint. I am your devotee. Why this destiny of being crushed?" God smiles. "Because," he says, "you are going to be reborn a human being, with a better chance of evolution, you stupid thing!" Now, what appears good to us may be bad. What appears bad to us may be the real thing that is needed for us. Like when your mother tells you, "Sit down and study, Mukta," "What, this dirty mummy, you know. Study, study, study!" You understand?

So, when we don't have the wisdom of seeing anything but what is before our nose, as the English people say, we must hand ourselves over to somebody who can see farther. They are called seers. So, surrender is not denigrating myself or dissolving my individuality. It is just saying, "You can see better. Look for me. You can walk better. Carry me. You are stronger. Take my strength, too." So, surrender is really entrusting ourselves to somebody, as we are, knowing that he will take us.

Like we get into a bus — I mean, it's not shameful for a man to go in a bus to Johannesburg. "No, no, I am a proud fellow. I have hunted lions in my time!" Yes, but that is in the forest, you know, when you walk four and a half miles and shoot a poor lion which has nothing to answer for. Can you walk thirty-six kilometres or sixty kilometres? You need a bus. Is it not surrendering to the bus?

So, surrender does not mean lack of self-respect or lack of the self, giving up the self. It doesn't mean anything like that. It means giving myself over to a higher entity, who can do for me what I cannot do for myself. Like when I go and lie flat on the surgeon's table — I cannot operate on myself, but he can.

And now, you see, this question of somebody getting, somebody not getting. We are always bothering — "Why this man became a millionaire and not me. Am I not as good? Am I not more pious? That fellow is a crook." But you see, something is taken away to make something, something is put into it to make something. You buy a cauliflower. You take away all the leaves and cut off the stem. Why? Why not cook the stem and the leaves? Then you put a little salt, and the leaves may be thinking, "For heaven's sake! Salt! He is ruining this! First he cuts me off. Now he puts salt, puts the whole thing in boiling water." Isn't it? But the maker knows what he has to take away and what to put in.

Like carving a sculpture — you cannot keep the rock intact. I always tell these fellows from Europe — nobody does anything. Nobody creates. You have a vision in your mind and you chip away all the extra rock, and the vision is there. You did not create that beauty. You removed the overburden. Isn't it? And now, another artist would have done something else with that same piece of rock, because that rock has infinite possibilities. It only demands a person who can dream of a figure in it, and cut away the extra appendages. What else do you do when you carve something? You are only removing the surplus material which is obscuring the form behind it. "Oh, I created this sculpture." Nonsense. You chipped away a little rock and exposed the form that is already hidden within. You could expose only one form, whereas before you touched it, this piece of rock or marble had infinite forms in it. Isn't it? Can you deny that it had infinite forms in it? It could have been anything.

So we too, have the infinite possibility in us. But when we select with our greed, with our materialistic life, with our arrogance and our ego — "This I shall be." — we are limited into one form, and certainly not the best. Why do we call spiritual progress trans-formation? It is changing the whole thing. Making a beast into a beauty. How to do it? By knowing first, that I am on the wrong track. We all know it. We

recognise it in our hearts. We know it when we are going to bed, that my day was not of the best — "I should not have done this and this and this. Lord, let me do better tomorrow. Let me change myself, transform myself." So you see, nobody can say, "I did not know." It is wrong. Everybody knows. Even a child knows when it commits a mistake. So, it hides from its parents, who say, "Come here. What have you done?" Even the dog knows, because it skulks behind the sofa, into the darkness. And you say, "Reagan, what have you done? Come here!", and it's going under the chair again. "No Reagan." But it will not come out.

So, it is wrong to say, "I did not know." We all know, but we do something else. Now, there comes our wilfulness. There comes our ignoring the inner call which says, "Don't." You say, "Oh, shut up. Shut up. Shut up." You keep knocking this fellow on the head, and he falls flat and says, "Okay. I am here eternally. You are not going to be here eternally. Call me when you need me." One day that becomes necessary, but I have forgotten how to get in touch with that fellow. The telephone line is cut; I don't know the number. So, I need somebody — to awaken him within. Therefore Babuji said, "Awakening of the soul." It is asleep, because you don't need him. He has tried to poke his nose into your affairs occasionally, and you have just snubbed him and tapped him on the head like a dog — "Lie." The dog lies down. He is also asleep. Now I need somebody else to awaken him because I don't know how to do it.

So, we need someone to awaken that which is asleep, and then to say, "I was wrong. You are right. Now you take over." So, I am only surrendering to myself, not to some misbegotten fellow called the guru. Who are you really surrendering to? To your higher nature. You are now ignoring the call of the **lower** and saying, "Shut up. He will speak now. He will walk. He will talk. He will do everything that is necessary. I don't exist." Then comes this beauty of transforma-

tion, that everything becomes as if it was never there. The person changes overnight.

Buddha was a prince. You know the story of Gautama? He was a prince, the son of an emperor, married to a princess, with a baby. He had been living a protected life — arrogant, proud, everything — as a prince. He was forbidden to go out, because his father did not want him to see the miseries of this world. But one day he left, and he saw a man sick, hobbling, unable to walk. He saw an old man, grey hair, doddering around. He saw a corpse being carried on four able-bodied shoulders, and he asked his charioteer, the man who drives his coach, "What is this?" He said, "This is sickness. This is old age. This is death." Gautama said, "I did not know these things existed." The charioteer said, "But prince, you have been leading a protected life. This is the common lot of all human beings." Gautama said, "This I will not accept. Not for me is this destiny." Then he leaves his wife at night. To the sleeping wife and the sleeping baby he bids good-bye and walks away, never to return. And he becomes Gautama the Buddha — enlightened, followed by hundreds of thousands of people. Whereas, as a prince, he would have become a king. He would have been hated by all his subjects. But there, he would have slept on satin and silk, with all the perfumes in the world for him, in golden palaces, eating from golden dishes. Here, he was walking in the jungle, nothing on his feet, only a single covering on his body, but — the Master of millions. What is the difference?

So, when we understand, that if the king walks on the streets without his crown, nobody recognises him. If the officer in the government comes out without his retinue behind him, nobody recognises him. We will understand, you see, that we are not recognised for what we are, but for what surrounds us — starting from our clothes, from our haircut, etc. So, they say, "Enough of this nonsense!" Then you start to become something which people will love, adore, and follow. That is the transformation. Now they don't love you and adore

you and follow you for what you can **give**, but for what you **are**. Therefore, the true personality which is adored is the Self. Let the Self shine. Why do insects come to the lamp when it is lit, as Babuji said. Why do the bees go for honey? Because honey is honey. If it was lime juice, they wouldn't go there. Isn't it?

So to attract, you must become that which is inexorably attractive — not just to the few, but to everyone. And this transformation comes. In the Upanishad they ask, "How to know this? How to find?" He says, "Just as the perfume of a distant flower is wafted on the breeze, and you just follow your nose, his qualities will shine before him. Follow those qualities and you will come to him."

You know, in the desert, animals can recognise the smell of water miles away. Bees go miles away to gather up their honey. Isn't it? So, how? Nature has given us the apparatus to sense that which we must sense, when we seek with our heart. Then the **heart** looks. The beacon of the heart shines. There is no darkness which can prevail over it. But we must follow that call! We ignore it. Mummy says, "No, no. First become a good doctor or a good engineer or a good politician. What is the hurry? First earn your two millions! Enough time to be a saint. You will start at fifty-five, when you have retired." But they forget that all the great saints were saints when they were in their teens — Dhruva, Markandeya, Nachiketas — name them, they were all young. The old only become foolish *rishis*, praying for power and long life.

In youth we are idealistic. We follow ideas, not things. In old age, we are only suffering from the consequences of a life not well-lived, and hoping against hope that the door which opens when I am dead is not going to hell, but to heaven. This is the search of despair, the old record of despair. Every day is bringing *maranam* [death] nearer, Mukta. And this happens when you are around forty. Before that, nobody thinks of death. For a girl of fifteen, a man of thirty-five is old

news. "Uncle, how old are you?" But when **you** near forty, and the wrinkles begin to appear, and all the deeds and misdeeds appear before you — "What shall I do? 'Pit-pit-pit-pit,' this damn thing is going!" You go to a cardiologist. He says, "There's nothing wrong with you! Checked your blood pressure, nothing wrong." "Then what is this 'pit-pit-pit-pit' going here?" Alarm system! This is the big pain — the pain of the conscience — which says, "Beware! Correct. Even now, it is not too late." Physical pain is silly. This is the real pain — the pain of the heart. Heart-ache, we call it. The pain of separation, the pain of love lost, the pain of death of beloved ones. Why do people weep when a child dies, or even an old man dies? Because it is a separation, which perhaps will never come again together.

So, spirituality says, "Bind that, in this life, now, before death intervenes, in such a way that even death cannot separate." You understand? Long answer to a small question! [laughter] But that is the way, you see. And in this process you will find the ego surfaces — who are you trying to impress? We all know barking dogs don't bite — it's a proverb. So, the egoistic man, you know, people mock him after he leaves. But it cuts no ice. Whereas simplicity, you know — "Who is this fellow followed by twenty-seven people wherever he goes? Toothless man, bald head, wearing a funny cap, walking stick, and looking bewildered everywhere." Because everything is new for him. It is like the wonder in the eyes of a child — anything it sees is wonderful. Is wonder in the things that we see, or in the **way** in which we look at things?

If we are able to maintain that innocence of the child, everything is wonderful. To the child, even the dirty things — which older people call dirty — are wonderful. It wants to put its hand in its own urine, and 'tap-tap-tap' play with it, see the thing erupting out of that splash! "Oh, dirty child!" But it is wondering in its own creation, and says, "What is this which gives me so much pleasure? I splash it and it goes up dancing in the air, reflecting the sunlight." And we spoil that innocence

by saying, "This is shit, this is urine." And if that child had wisdom, it would say, "But Mummy, what about that which is in my stomach? Is it dirty only after it comes out, or is it dirty even when it is there? What about the food I eat which becomes that shit in my intestines? Was it dirty before I ate it, too?"

You know, there is a beautiful story of a young man who wanted to be a disciple of a most famous guru — a very great, world-renowned guru. He went to him and said, "Lord, accept me as your disciple." He said, "*Guru dakshina.*" The boy asked, "What do you want?" The guru said, "Bring me the worst thing in the world that you can find, as *guru dakshina.* Then I will accept you." So, this fellow goes around looking for the worst thing, and you know, he cannot find it — "This is bad. That is bad. The black fellows are bad. No, no, there is this leper who is worse." Things like this, you know. Three years have passed. One day, he is sitting in the toilet. Suddenly, he thinks, "This is the worst damn thing. Nobody wants to touch it. Nobody wants to look at it. Nobody wants to smell it — forget eating it!", and he is going to grasp it, you know, to take it to his guru. A voice comes: "Halt! What are you doing with me?" He said, "My guru said, 'Find the worst thing in the world.' It has taken me three long years to know that this is the worst. So, now I am going to take you to my guru as *guru dakshina.* It says, "Look. Yesterday, I was the apple, the pie, the beautiful papaya, which is not papaya of South Africa — the red thing. All this I was. You touched me, damn fool, and I have become this. Now, think for yourself, what is the worst thing in the world?" Then true knowledge, awakening comes. He washes his hands, goes empty-handed to the guru. The guru says, "Where is my *guru dakshina*? You have come without it?" He says, "Lord, I am your *guru dakshina*," and falls at his feet. "I am the most miserable thing in existence." The guru says, "Good. Get up, you are my disciple."

So you see, the worst is not outside us. The worst is inside us. When the worst is removed, the best is there. Isn't it? As Babuji said, "If you remove the saltiness from salt, what is left? It is no longer salt. If you remove the sweetness from sugar, what is left?" So, when all the qualities are removed from us, what is left? It is that which has no qualities, no form, no name — God. So, divinisation comes by removing things. I am arrogant — remove it. I am wise — remove it. I am capable — remove it. It does not mean we become incapable. On the contrary, we become more capable. Ice cannot come in through the chink under the door, but the wind can blow through it. Isn't it?

Subtler and subtler, you have access to everything in creation. Grosser and grosser, you are limited by everything. All this is grossness — wisdom is grossness; strength is grossness; power is grossness; ego is grossness; arrogance is grossness. So Babuji said, "Even wisdom we have to surrender." As Vivekananda says, "The intellect we need, but so far and no further." We come to the boundary, and then we respectfully bid it good-bye, because now we don't need intellect. If I am going into a territory where there is no north, no east, no south, no west, why do I need a compass? Where there is no wind, where there is no rain, where there is no sunshine, why do I need clothes? Isn't it? There is never hunger, never pain, so why do I need a body?

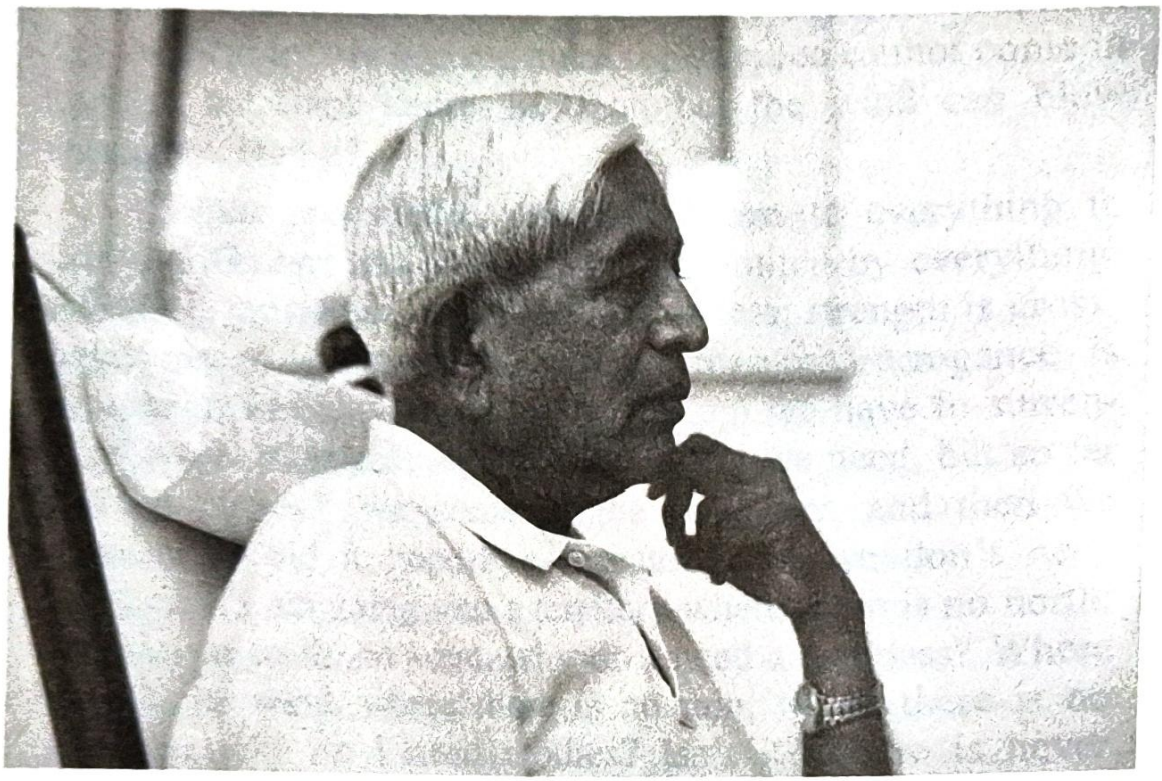
So, one by one these things are cast off. And then comes death — the divine moment when everything is God. And what remains? As Babuji said, "Remove all qualities one by one, and what remains is God." You understand?

So, long talk! Thank you. Thank you for everything, and look forward to our next meeting.

II

EUROPE

May-June, 1993



11

BEYOND PAIN

Paris, France
25 May, 1993

It is nice to be back here, and I am happy to hear from some of the preceptors that they find all of the abhyasis are developing quite rapidly. It is a happy thing that I am able to hear such things from the preceptors, and my visit is only to confirm their finding.

I was just having a talk with a young man about a very personal letter. You know, in Indian philosophy we have this idea that the main problem of existence is 'I' and 'Mine'. It is a very profound truth. So, as long as we have personal things, we are going on adding to our burden of problems, creating *samskaras* and generally making a mess of our spiritual life. So, the first idea we have to give up is 'my' problem.

There is no such thing as 'my' problem, because problems are the only things which are universal. So, when it is everybody's, how can it be 'yours'? Pain is common, suffering is common, feelings of loneliness, of separation, of

abandonment — these are common. Even Christ on the cross, his last cry was, "Why have you left me? Why have you abandoned me?" So you see, from the sinner to the saint, the common feature is pain, suffering, isolation. So, to say, "my pain" is ridiculous, "my suffering" is ridiculous.

When you want to merge with the Infinite, and when we understand that the Infinite is really infinite — not some sort of superstar hotel, with a superstar room in it — I think merger must mean merging into this common mass of identification. Not some sort of isolation on some pinnacle on the mounts, enjoying the fragrance of the sweet air there — but down here, *sur la terre*. So, please try to understand this.

The big evidence, or clue, or hint, for this is the circumstances under which saints are born. They are always born as very ordinary people. They are very ordinary in every way. There is nothing special about them — not in their parentage, not in their life circumstances, not in their education — nothing. So, they are born among us, live among us and die with us. So, how can we be special? And how can a problem be something special? Every letter that I receive says, "My problem is very special, Chari." There is nothing special about the average, human, saintly life. That is why Babuji called it a desert, a wasteland.

So, I think, since all our preceptors are saying that you are developing very fast, it is necessary to create in yourselves an awareness of what this merger means. I am not impressed by liberation and things like that. It is only a way of escape. Anybody who talks of liberation, and wanting liberation, is trying to escape from this life — and it is not possible. Similarly, we have a lot of misunderstanding about this idea of merging in the Master, merging in the Infinite, as if we are going to live in some wonderful land of beatitude, full of love and health and happiness. Not at all! Does it exist?

God created illusions for fools. For them we have these beautiful places, an apparent intelligence and a health which

will suddenly fail — like a pricked balloon. And then they are back with us. They waste a lot of time in the process. Many of the successful, rich, educated people of the modern world are only blowing their balloon bigger and bigger. And the bigger it is blown, the louder it will burst. That is all they achieve.

In one of his plays, Shakespeare says that when great men die, comets appear. And these great men are Caesars, Mussolinis, Hitlers. Now look at this funny thing. I think really what happens is that they have blown their balloon so big — and in the process putting themselves inside the balloon — that when it finally bursts, this person is blown into the air. And maybe because there is a lot of friction, he burns up, very much like a meteorite. And this became for Shakespeare a symbol of greatness. In reality, a great life — I mean a great, temporally-lived life — when it ends, one hardly notices it. It is like an iceberg sinking into the sea. A momentary ripple and nothing else.

So, the greatness is not in the signs accompanying death, but in the effect that that life leaves on this world of ours, and how long it lasts. That is why you have to read about Caesar and Napoleon in history books. But even people who have no education know about Buddha and Christ. And you will not find anything about Buddha and Christ in history books; though you may find some reference to the evils of Caesars and Hitlers in the holy books of all religions, as a sign to us, as a warning to us: "Beware. Do not become like this." Spirituality must first have us understand it properly.

I am not saying that we should not be bothered about pain. Of course, pain is there to be bothered about. But it is not something to be mourned, not to be agonised over and not something to be remembered. The value of pain is when we suffer it as quickly as possible and forget it. Then we can wait for the next dose of pain. But if you are sticking to the first dose of pain like a leech, you are not getting rid of it, and it goes on and on. And all the rest of the pain we have to suffer

is still there. Therefore, one life is not enough. So you see, we must embrace pain, give it a big kiss, crush it like that [hugging gesture with arms] and throw it away. "Next!?" Now, from such a man, pain will run away. So you see, pain is something to be quickly finished.

Now what happens in our life? We are welcoming pleasure in this way, not knowing that the more pleasure that we are accumulating, the more pain that is being added to the bank. The 'Cosmic Bank of Pain!' Because, do not forget — they always go together. And when you seek only pleasure and try to avoid pain, it is perhaps the most foolish human venture. So, when we accept pain and quickly finish off our bank balance of pain, then it is not that we are going to have pleasure, but we shall have a life in which there is no pain and no pleasure. Balanced existence.

The goal of spiritual life is not a pain-free existence. It is not a pleasure-free existence. It is not something morbid, in which we have to be always suffering. It is not morbid that we want to die, and liberation should not be a way of escaping from this life. But it is a love affair in which there is always pain. Because the greatest source of pain is love.

The West has never understood what love means. So much has been written about love here, all to the accompaniment of great music and dance. And that is a great secret to the lies that are written about love. Love does not need any garnishment. It does not need embellishment. It can exist by itself. These poets and all these mystics must have known the pain of love. They dressed it with floral garlands and beauty and diamonds and silk; trying to somehow entice us into the capacity to love. But we want to pack it carefully in paper and put it in boxes of cedarwood. And whenever we have the pain of love, we open the box and look at these things and we are bewildered. "To begin like this and to end like this ...," because the gown, the marriage gown and all the bridal finery will endure. But everything that it clothed will end up in

another box of cedarwood. In between there is the possibility to escape **this** box — the coffin — provided we escape **this** box — the artificiality of love.

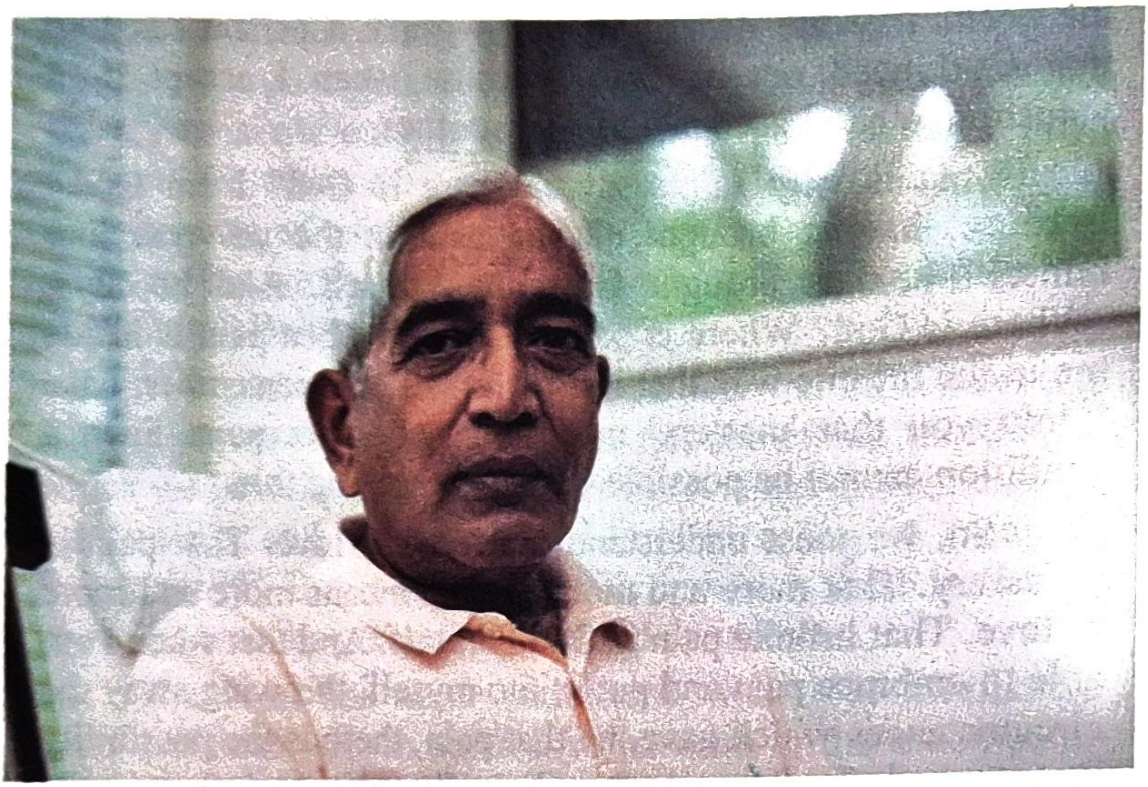
So, anybody who thinks that love is pleasure and companionship and all this blah-blah, will leave himself in one box and his dresses in another box. But anybody who understands that love cannot exist without pain, that pain is love — like God is love and therefore God is pain, 'a pain in the neck,' like the Americans say — **such** a person can find that God need not be pain. Because when I accept it, it vanishes. When I accept God, He vanishes.

That is why saints say, "Where is God? I am God." Because, having brought all the pain in the universe into himself, he has brought God into himself. And he says, "Where is God? Where is pain?" Because when pain is inside me in the infinite way that it must be... You'll remember, once I told you that 'mastery' means mastery over pain. Such a condition cannot be possible without accepting this.

So, we must understand that pain is love. That pain is necessary. That more and more of pain means more and more of love. That infinite pain is God Himself. And that when I am able to embrace pain and put it into myself, throwing away the circumstances which gave me that pain, there is the possibility that I shall finally embrace God Himself. And that is the consummation of this divine love affair.

So, I pray that all of you will have the strength not to run away from pain, but welcome it. Ask for more and more. Put it into yourselves. Because only when it is away from yourself, you say, "I feel pain!" I cannot feel something which is myself. So, the secret of not feeling pain, not suffering, is to make it mine. And then let us see what pain can do to us.

Thank you.



12

USING THE HEART

Lyon, France
28 May, 1993

François told you everything that I wished to say. I wish to add a few things. I love to come to see you all, to serve you, but it cannot be possible so frequently as I came for the last ten years. Reason one: my work is increasing. Reason two: I have less time than I need. Reason three: my health is declining. So, unless you are going to make me so enthusiastic to come here, I will not be motivated to come to Europe at all, because in India I have a lot of work. The response to spirituality is, as you know, very high there. So, I have the problem of balancing my time and my effort. In the language of salesmen, between a good market and a bad market, I have to do this juggling — where to spend more of my time and effort. Also, there are many parts of the world in which spirituality has opened — the whole of the former Soviet Union. So you see, so far, I have been coming to you. In the future, if you want me here, you will have to pull me here with your hearts, as François said.

Now, what is the main problem? Any answers? What is the main problem here in the West? You see, we all have two needs: what we call mental, intellectual needs; and the need of the heart. People don't understand that spirituality is the need of the heart. Not love affairs, not marriage. It's a mistake to think that you can substitute spirituality by having a good boyfriend or a good girlfriend. I think many of you have tried many times. Most of you have tried several times. And if you have to try it more than once, it means it's a failure. So, don't confuse the needs of the body and the needs of the emotions, with the needs of the heart. Food and sex are needs of the body.

I was talking to François, I think this morning or yesterday, that the European mind is a mind which compartmentalises itself. One compartment is my work, another my house, a third my family. So, please notice that my house and my family are not the same in Europe. Then my love life — I don't know what it means! Then love, then sex. I don't know how you can separate love and sex. I don't understand at all how you can separate marriage, love, and sex. Here they are three different things. Married to somebody, loving somebody, having sex with a third person. *Excusez-moi*! It is not my intention to hurt you or to hurt your feelings. I'm stating facts.

Now, a life is one wholeness. I cannot have a separate married life and a separate love life. One preceptor from Europe wrote to Babuji Maharaj, "My relationship with my wife is now better, and my sex life is going well!" And you know what Babuji said? "What filthy letters I get!" For him, it was a shock, that there is such a thing as a sex life. Please be assured that there is no such thing as a sex life. Sex is a part of love. Where there is no love, there cannot be sex, there must not be sex. And when we try to use sex to create love, it is prostitution. Whether it is male or female, is not really important.

So you see, in Europe, everything is confused. And we have a list of priorities. For some, it is work first — of course in Europe work is some sort of a god. The Greeks had their gods. The Romans had their gods. But the modern European, who is a *melange* of everything, you know, Greek, Roman, Hebrew, and who knows, Christian, Chinese, has only one god — work.

I have been in Europe since 1948, when many of you were not even conceived, when your fathers were not married, so please don't think I am an ignorant Indian. Most of your mothers could have been my friends, if I had wanted it. So you see, I am very familiar with Europe. I have seen the changes in Europe over the last fifty years. I speak from the experience of an outside observer, because if you are in it, you cannot know yourself. So, please accept what I say, and remember that if love is not the first priority in your life, then love will be work for you, and work never gives love. Work may give money. Work can help you to buy beautiful cars, beautiful clothes, one thousand franc hair-dos, nothing else! One must love work, but work cannot produce love, not even the work of spiritual life.

People think that if they meditate and do the cleaning, love will grow. It is like thinking, "If I go on pouring water on the ground, there will be a tree." Where is the seed? Who has to sow it? And which seed? So, this is your problem; you have to think over this. Where am I going to plant the seed? With what shall I water it? And what will happen to the tree when it comes up?

So you see, we have to love our work, we have to love spirituality, we have to love our husband or wife, we have to love our children, too. Not the opposite. We work for love. Useless! We have children who must love us. It will not work. Do we love our parents? Most of you don't! Why not? If not, how will your children love you? How are you entitled to

expect any love from your children? So you see, the whole thing is sick, a tragedy.

Do you understand? Do you agree? *Ça va*! There is some hope. *Oui*, because if there is no hope, there is no life. They say, "Where there is life, there is hope." But I say, "Where there is hope, there is life!" Because if you are living a life in which there is no hope, you are as good as dead. For me, my life is my hope and my hope is my life. So, in spite of not having very good health, not much time, too much work, yet I come to see all of you. Why? Because I still have hope for all of you.

Now to make that hope come alive — like a tree has fruit — unless you make spirituality the number one priority, you will always be talking of the heart, and liberation, and all these things like that. It is of no use! We don't have to **talk** about the heart, in so many languages. We have to **use** our heart. I suggest that the European has lost contact with the heart so much that, today, love is in the head, in the feet, everywhere else in between, but not in the heart. I am saying this very seriously. That is why there is so much malady in the West — broken marriages, multiple marriages, *affaires de coeur*, all this tragedy of broken hearts. Fortunately, the heart cannot be broken. So, what is being broken? Please think over that. I assure you, the heart cannot be broken.

Now I want all of you to think, to meditate: what is this that you have been breaking, and having broken, in yourself? When you find the answer, you will automatically give first priority to spirituality. Spirituality will become your life. Not another activity like shopping or going to the theatre. And this place will not be just for assembly. It will be a place of worship, where you worship with your heart. He who is inside it. That is true meditation — with love, adoring Him, opening your hearts, looking inside, finding Him, making your life resplendent, beautiful, glorious, full of love. Now, we have a cup here, empty, and wine there, no cup. How are you going

to drink it? So you see, this cup, which is my heart, must be emptied and then filled with the nectar of life, which is love.

Love is not something to be given and taken. It is a very wrong idea of love. Love is something to be created in your heart. And when your heart is full of love, you cannot stop people from coming to you, like bees going to flowers. Or like in India, ants going to the sugar. The sugar does not say, "Come to me, I am sweet. Come to me, I am sweet." It does not need haircuts or good clothes. Its sweetness attracts. Where is the sweetness in our heart? Only *douleur, pas douceur*. So, if you want to avoid *douleur* [pain], you must substitute *douceur* [sweetness], and then you will find beautiful things that spirituality can create in you. And when the heart is full of this *douceur*, *amour*, even God comes.

Now we are praying to God on our knees, and doing all this nonsense. No need! A true lover sits in the garden, unconcerned with anything, and the beloved comes. But a beloved who has to be called, and to be implored, and to be begged will not come. He will say, "You are a beggar! I don't go to beggars. I go only to lovers." So, this is the secret of spirituality, the secret of life. This is the secret of love, and this is all one.

I pray that all of you will have your priorities right and do that which must be done. Because if it is not done in this life, you will have to come again to do it in the next life. Or the next and the next and the next. So, rebirth is something to which we condemn ourselves, because in this life we are unable to love, unable to become love. So, until this cup is full, we come again and again, in an effort to fill that heart, that divine cup, with its divine essence. And when that thing is complete, "*Voilà!*"

Thank you.

13

INAUGURATION OF MEDITATION HALL, AUGERANS

Augerans, France
30 May, 1993

On your behalf, this meditation hall has been dedicated to the Master today, and I congratulate all of you for this visible sign of the progress here, of the Mission in Europe.

It is our tradition in the East this inauguration should be done before the structure is completed. People do not know that in the West. You wait for everything to be complete and then occupy the house. In the East we occupy the house and then complete it. It must be completed from inside. That is the ancient principle, the holy principle, the spiritual principle. Nothing is completed from outside. It is a pointer to the fact that our spiritual occupancy of our heart must also be from inside. I think it also indicates quite correctly that we must begin spirituality when we are not yet spiritual, and then create a spiritual heart in ourselves, purify it sufficiently, and allow the Master to occupy it, allow God to occupy it. And then let Him complete the job from inside.

So, we never do things from outside, the real work is always from inside. This is the esoteric, spiritual principle. I am happy that in that tradition today we have occupied this meditation hall. We shall complete it now from within and help it, or use it to help us, to complete our own purification, dedication of our heart, from within ourselves.

Speaking in Lyon the other day — two days back I think — I tried to emphasise the need for all of you to think of spirituality not as a part of your life, not as one activity of your life, not as one sphere of your life, not even as one interest in your life, but to think of a spiritual life in its totality. That is, we live in such a way that our life is spiritual.

One of my friends used to joke — he said, "How can you go and sit in the toilet and make it a spiritual activity?" Well, I said, "The good God made you in such a way that you have to eat, absorb what you need, and throw out the rest as a waste product. How is it any different from this timber which you cut down in the forest? You put it through your timber mills, sawmills, take out the shavings and the sawdust at one end and the finished product at the other end. And you do not call the sawdust dirty, you do not call it filthy, you do not call it stinking. It is sawdust! And today you use it to bond with glue again and to make it into wood again." Bonded wood they call it. So you see, when something is converted, and there are what we call by-products in chemistry, it is human ingenuity to try to use by-products too. So, that what nature gives us we use as completely as possible.

There is no such thing as evil-smelling, stinking waste products. 'Evil smell' is our idea of it. 'Stink' is our idea of it. In nature nothing stinks. Like we have spectrums of colours, we must have a spectrum of smell from one end to the other. Violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange, red. Remove any one colour, the spectrum is incomplete — you cannot have white light. To say that white light is made up of these seven colours also I do not agree.

So, to say that human situations are made up of happiness and sorrow — I do not agree. To say that human beings are made up of black races and white races and yellow races — I do not agree. That is another spectrum. And anybody who has racist tendencies and would like to do away with one of these races would damage that cosmic spectrum of human possibilities and all the rest will suffer for it. You cannot remove 'Re' from the piano, the keyboard, or the C#, or like some musicians say, "I only like music based on the C# or the F." You still cannot play music. So, to play music you need a complete keyboard. Maybe we shall introduce more and more keys in the keyboard, to give different shades, different aspects of different tones. But not do away with the keyboard. You cannot have music with just one note, you cannot have paintings with just one colour.

Gainsborough is famous because he wanted to paint one painting using only one colour, and that is that famous painting of a boy in blue. But it was some sort of a venture, and it is not one blue. It is many blues. So, you cannot just say, "This is blue, and this is blue and this is blue!" That is stupid. So, in nature, to be complete we need spectra. Spectra of colours, spectra of smells, spectra of races, a whole spectrum of life, with the amoeba at one end, and the absolutely evolved saint at the other end.

So, when we damage life forms, when we kill away deer in the forest, when we shoot our dogs when we go on holiday, when we kill the black man in Africa, or the yellow man in Europe, or the Jews in Germany, we are destroying ourselves. Please remember, we cannot damage these cosmic spectra except by damaging ourselves. It is like a man trying to clean out his stomach and intestines with soap, so that his excreta will not smell. If your pizza must smell when you take it in, your excreta must smell in a different way when you take it out. I hope you understand the truth, the verity, the necessity for this. That the white will not be white unless the black is

there to show off your whiteness. That the black is not black unless there is a white man for you to contrast yourself with.

You go to Africa, they think the white man is something like a sop, useless people who have no strength, who need gunpowder to kill others, who cannot use a spear, who cannot run. You should know the way in which the non-white people think of the white people. Milksops they call them. People who cannot walk twenty kilometres, people who do not know how to find their way through a jungle without a compass. People who do not know how to kill without firearms. Bigger and better — AK-47's today. People who pretend to be brave and hunters — killing a stag, a poor thing with twenty rounds of bullets. There was a time when bravery was face to face. You killed a lion with your hands. You know, the Masai rite of manhood. When a youth became a man he had to go out and kill his lion. The lion had a chance to kill you. You had a chance to kill the lion.

Today poor ... you know, even rabbits you are shooting. People should be ashamed of what they are doing. But we are big and brave. We are white, we are Occidental. We are educated. We have the highest standards of living in Europe. And what are we doing with that? Killing, destroying, raping. Now do not think I am being critical. People think I am critical of Europe. If I was critical of Europe, I would not come here. I come here because, in some way, I have been put in a position where my Master's hope of changing this world, preserving these respective spectra of forms, colours, life forms, everything in this universe, is the duty of each one of us. And our job is to awaken you to that sense of inner duty in you, inherent duty in you, inescapable duty in you. If any one of you tries to escape this duty, that will be your hell.

So, these meditation halls, these ashrams, we are trying to create here a special atmosphere where people can live in harmony, forgetting they are white and black; forgetting they are Indians or Negroes or Jews or Hebrews or whatever;

forgetting everything else except the fact that we are part of the human race, perhaps slowly forgetting that we are human, but that we are alive. And when we are alive the crows have a right to be alive, the deer have a right to be alive, the mosquitoes have a right to be alive! The flies have a right to be alive! And if you destroy the mosquitoes, you kill off the birds or the insects which feed on them. When they are destroyed the sparrows are killed.

You must remember four years back, when we came to Augerans, there was not a single bird here. It was a dead place. When I walked into the place that is now occupied by the Batailles there were a million dead flies on the floor. The place literally stank! A château! A sign of past nobility, grandeur. It stank! Look at it today. You see birds twittering all around you. Why? Because, perhaps within the small orbit of this ashram, they live in a fear-free environment. We are not shooting birds here, we are not killing birds here. Perhaps one day we shall see rabbits jumping around on these grass lawns of ours. I venture to hope that some day a timid deer will poke its nose into our fence. I do hope for that. And that will be a joyous day.

You know, if you see these old children's movies like "Bambi", you see the abundant life forms. What is it that makes your children excited? When Thumper thumps his way through and all the forest assembles, at Bambi's birth, are not the children entranced? What would you do with your children and your television sets when there are no more animal life forms to show on your television sets, no birds to sing? What would you do with your children? What would you do with yourselves when you cannot do anything with your children? So, remember that we need everything today because our children will need everything tomorrow. And their children will need more and more life forms to play with, to admire, to live with in harmony as God intended us.

Remember the story of Noah's ark, where to escape the flood he took two of everything. Why not just one white man and one white woman on that wonderful ark, and preserve life? Do you think Noah was a fool? Do you think the people who wrote your Bible were fools? Do you think the saints and the sinners of your Old Testament were fools? Why two of everything? And what brought the good tidings at the end of the flood? A bird, with a leaf in its beak. So vegetation, birds, all the life forms preserved in the ark to start life afresh, because in the old wisdom, in the old truth, in the old scheme of things — which is as new today, as it was ever old before — you need everything before life can be complete. Not just yourselves, not just the Occidentals, not just the white people with their guns; but every stupid, black, stinking thing on earth, too, is part of your life. If your face is white, is your hair black? If your eyes are gleaming, your mouth is stinking.

So, what is it that we are trying to create here? In the old tradition again, a human being is nothing but a symbol of this universe. We are each one of us a universe in ourselves. We have in us the wisdom of the owl, the strength of the lion, the viciousness of the tiger, the poison of the snake, the gentleness of the rabbit, the fleetness of the deer, the beautiful vision of the hawk. We have within us everything. Kill something outside and you kill that within yourself. Create something in you which is beautiful and you create that outside. The old tradition says that this universe is a mirror. Create a lion in yourself, you have created a lion outside yourself. Create fear in you, you have created fear outside. Create hatred in yourself, you have created hatred outside. Create a black man within yourself, you have created a black one outside. And they are going to fight you. It is our creation which fights us.

Cauchemar, you know this wonderful, beautiful French word? "I made a *cauchemar* this night." Bad grammar, bad English, but the truth. Why *cauchemar*? Why do you suffer from your own nightmares? I cannot suffer from somebody who has a *cauchemar* here. My nightmares haunt my nights. I

am afraid to sleep because of my nightmares. Who creates it? My mind! Why? I have committed so many sins, atrocities, that from inside me they are laughing at me, making fun of me, making fearful faces at me in my sleep, "Aaaah!", in my sleep and we wake up screaming, you see? It is inside.

Remember, all danger is within. No black man is going to attack you with his *assegai* [spear] from Kenya here. The black man is inside you. It is him you are hating. All racist people are self-haters. What they cannot remove from within themselves, they try to remove from outside themselves. "I am afraid of the viciousness of the hawk. Shoot down the hawk." Yes, but what about the hawk within? "I am afraid of the stinking hyena in the jungle, because I am a stinking hyena myself — feeding on what the lovely, big predators leave behind for me. What the lion leaves, the hyena eats. I don't like it? My ego says, 'Oh! You should be a lion. Shoot the hyenas, they remind me of myself!'"

Nero, burning down Rome, was trying to destroy himself. He didn't have the courage to destroy himself. He didn't have the ability to think that he was the thing that should be burnt. He was the poison in Rome. Very easy, set fire to Rome! So, whenever you hate something, look into yourself and try to find it and remove it from within. Then you will not hate anything any more. When you are afraid of something, look into yourself, remove it from inside. And you will not be afraid of anything in this universe after that. You are seeing enemies everywhere? Look inside, all of you is rebelling against you.

You have a weak heart because you have misused it! You have a weak liver because you have misused it — and they're clamouring for release. They are saying, "Get this fellow out of here. He's stifling us to death. I am pumping away like hell from the moment he was born. And what is he doing for me?" the heart says. So, it fails. It says, "To hell with this fellow! Let him manage without me."

You misuse your brains, to create more and more destruction — forces of destruction, agencies of destruction — one day you'll end up in the loony bin. The brain says, "No more! I don't want to be used like this, my dear friend! My creator did not give you this brain for misuse. He gave me to you for you to use properly." Use your intellect properly, use your heart properly. You are misusing everything that God gave you. Not just sex, everything!

So, everything slowly withdraws its co-operation from us, one by one. And then you have a decrepit twenty-three year old fellow, lying in a hospital, full of tubes, pouring fluids into him, withdrawing fluids from him, with all of us going there to visit him, and saying, "Ooh and aah, what a lovely person!" There is no such thing as a lovely, sick person. I don't want you to indulge in this false sympathy of the Occidental culture. That a man with AIDS who is dying in a hospital is a beautiful person! That all of society must go out of its way to keep him alive. When you cannot tolerate the excreta in your toilet, how can you tolerate this disease of society? Harsh words? No! Truth? Yes! Truth is always harsh. Nobody likes the truth.

We have a duty, you see, to perform. First, to clean up our own lives — which means no compromise. I may be compassionate towards others, but I must never be compassionate towards myself. I may be willing to excuse anything in anybody else, but I must not excuse anything in myself which is inexcusable. I may be willing to tolerate lower standards in others but not in myself. I may be willing to listen to lies from others, but not to my own lies. Unless we are able to set for ourselves these absolute standards of perfection, we shall fail as abhyasis. Because, if there is no expectation ... if you run a race, you run it with the idea of winning it. Not for million-dollar prizes like you have today, which is a travesty of the old Olympic spirit, you see. In those days, they just gave you a fig leaf or a myrtle leaf or something and sent you home — happy.

Today they give you six million dollars for knocking around half a dozen tennis balls — with sixty thousand idle fellows watching the game and six hundred million watching it on the television. What is so wonderful about it? Six million dollars, and that blighter goes and gets AIDS? One sportsman says he had four hundred women in his life. But when he has AIDS, you know, the whole sporting community wants to create a fund for that 'poor' man. Why 'poor' man? Twenty-seven million dollars in earnings, four hundred women behind him, and 'poor'? How does he deserve human sympathy? Well, put him in a hospital — society owes that much to him — but do not run over yourselves, do not fall all over yourself in trying to pretend that we are a wonderful society, where a man can spoil four hundred women with his filth and yet be entitled to our respect, our love.

We must be careful about what we respect and what we love. We can have sympathy but not love for such people. We can, under no circumstance, have respect for such people, because now you are putting a base thing in the position of a noble thing. He played football or table tennis, or whatever it is — I don't know — but that doesn't entitle him to become a hero. You cannot give him the place that you give to a Plato or an Archimedes or an Einstein. He is, after all, a ball player. We have lost all sense of proportion, all sense of perspective. Some of us are even perhaps secretly admiring him — "Four hundred women, damn it! How did he do it? And why don't I have a chance?"

Many of us must be thinking like that here. I hope not! I fervently hope not! But this sort of thing comes because we have a depraved scale of values, a perverted sense of achievement. When a man who can throw a ball a hundred yards becomes a hero and is entitled to six million dollars in earnings, when a man with AIDS can play tennis and walk away with everything in his life, and society owes, or thinks it owes, a debt to him. What is all this nonsense? What is this perversion in values that we have allowed to creep into our

society? Precisely because we have lost sight of the right values, of the true values, of the real noble values that you should cherish, which we should try to cultivate.

Today, more money is spent on stadiums than on hospitals. More money is spent on hospitals than in feeding the sick and the poor of this world. "Let the devil take the Abyssinians and the Ethiopians and the Indians and everybody else, so long as we can have our great sportsmen with their six million dollars earnings and AIDS!"

Do you see to what depths Occidental society has sunk us, Occidental values have sunk us and are making us sink further and further into it; into the so-called Olympian cultures — sport culture. Magnificence, excellence, devoid of moral backing, devoid of social understanding, devoid of social benefit, devoid of any value which can raise society. Be suspicious, I pray to you, of anything which does not contribute to ennobling you in your personal lives, and through you, ennobling society itself. Anything which has no value in ennobling you has no absolute value. It is a farce, it is a play, it is a toy! Look for ennobling things in everything. Look for that which will elevate you. Look for that which will give you *cauchemar*-less sleep. No more nightmares.

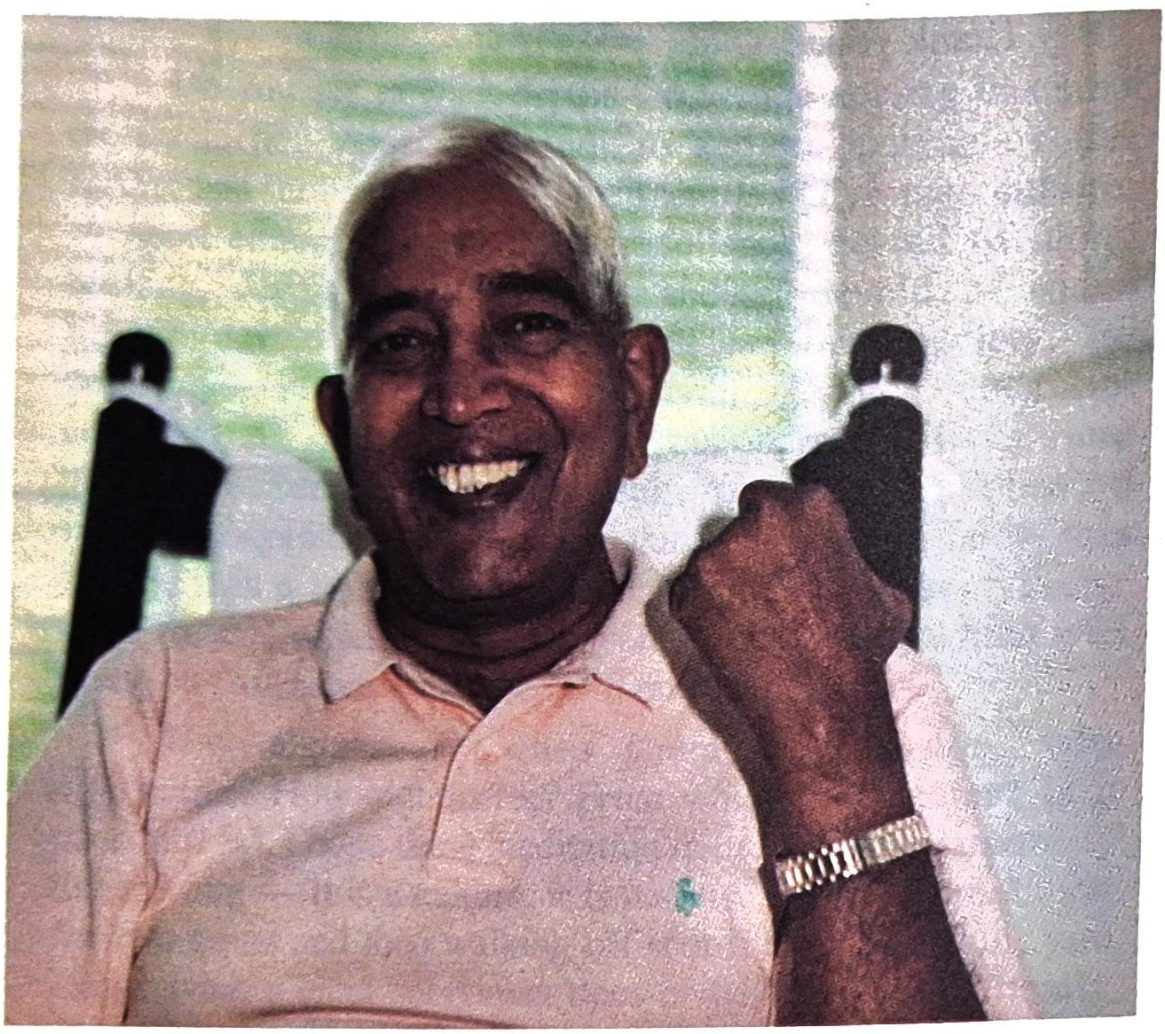
Why nightmares? When I am clean inside, why nightmares? How nightmares? From where nightmares? Is it possible? So, I hope these meditation halls, this new culture of Sahaj Marg — it is a culture, it is not just a way of practising for two hours and then walking off scot-free to do again, you know, what a great sportsman does or what Dennis Wheatly does — it is a new culture, a new way of life. It has to be totally embraced.

And living a spiritual life, we must eat at the table and we must go to the toilet in constant remembrance. When there is no more good, there is no more bad. When there is no more good smell, there is no more stink. There is no more white

man, there is no black man. The world and universe is dancing in such a way that all that you see is a blaze of white light.

I believe this is the purpose of a spiritual existence. I believe this is what we are trying to do in Shri Ram Chandra Mission worldwide. I believe this is what every one of you should be doing, too. And I pray that this establishment, this Mission, the teachings of the Master, the practice, will help you to become that.

Thank you.



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ADDRESS TO THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY

Augerans, France
4 June, 1993

Respected members of the *Conseil d'Administration*, respected *membres actifs* [active members] of the Mission, and my dear sisters and brothers, who are all sharers of the journey on the way to the Spiritual Goal, I am happy to be here with you all in your new meditation hall. It is one more step in the Mission's service to the people of France, and of Europe generally.

It has been a hope and a dream, and I am happy that you could all co-operate in realising it so soon. Of course, we have problems with the *POS*, etc., but we are trying to solve these things little by little, according to the legal laws of this country. As you know, we have several problems when we consider the expansion of the Mission, some internal, some external. External problems are not always easy to solve, but we keep trying. Internal problems are within our control, and with the co-operation of all of you, I do not see why we should not be able to solve them as they come up one by one.

In the provision of any service we need money. Of course, for spiritual work we do not need any money at all. My services as your spiritual guide are always free and available for all my life, and it will continue to be like that thereafter. Spirituality cannot be sold, must not be sold, and, I assure you, within this Mission, it will never be sold. But for material things, you have to provide them for yourselves. I request all of you not to make the mistake of thinking that the Mission is asking for money. The Mission does not ask for money, but when **you** want something, some service — a meditation hall, better heating, better food, etc., you have to provide it for **yourselves**. The Mission only offers its services in mobilizing the resources that you offer — *cotisation* [basic membership fee], and what they call 'offering' — it mobilises them and it spends them wisely. The Mission is not interested in money.

So, **you** have to decide what you want, when you want it, how much you want, how much you are willing to spend. I hope this is clear to all of you, because there are voices I hear occasionally saying that the Mission is asking for more and more money. I assure you the Mission will not ask you for one *sou*, except to provide what you need to lead your spiritual life — in assemblies like this — with the minimum of comfort.

I have always been telling our members of the *Conseil d'Administration* that if you could live like Indians — in tune with nature, depending on blankets and cutting out your *chauffage* [heating] and things like that, we would need only one franc for every hundred francs that you are paying now. After all, fifty years back we **did** live like that. So you see, it is a question of **your** need and **your** offering your *largesse*, shall we say, to help the Mission to organise these services for you.

I was shocked last year to find that there were only 800 members paying *cotisation*. I hope you are also shocked. We are supposed to have 3,000 abhyasis, or something like that, in France. And only one in four is paying a *cotisation*, and that at

a ridiculous sum of 100 francs per year minimum — the price of two pizzas [laughter] or a dozen bottles of water. So, when you pay one hundred francs, you are only buying one bottle of water per month.

Try to think what you are **really** paying for. Can it be considered a resource at all? I would be ashamed if somebody asked me for a hundred francs. I would demand my *comptabilité* [accounting service], my secretary, etc., to prove to me how they can ever offer any services on such a meagre resource. Do not multiply it by five and convert it into rupees, because nowadays the French people are becoming experts in converting money.

In India I can give you a lot for ten rupees. Here you must convert it into ten francs, not two francs, because your country is like that. The standards that you demand are like that. The standards that you expect are more than what you demand. Whenever you make a demand for more service, better service, please accompany it with a cheque. I think that you understand that you are only providing for yourselves, what you want. You agree? (Yes!) Is it unreasonable to ask that you provide your resources yourself? Is it unreasonable? (No!) *Ça va!*

Therefore, you see now, under the laws of this country, donations are taxable — and we do not want to pay sixty percent tax. So, as the *comptabilité* report pointed out to you, the fiscal report, the most important source of revenue for the Mission is the *cotisation*. It is not taxable. And the second one, I believe, is this business of 'offering' something to the Mission, because, according to some recent legislation in France, the *don manuel* [individual grant] cannot be operated any more. So, please consider whether you should not insist upon the Mission asking you to double the *cotisation*. I want you to ask for this, not them (the *Conseil d'Administration*) to ask for this. We are not tax-collectors here.

I am surprised that nobody comes and asks me, for instance, or Patrick Fleury who is in charge of the Mission here, "How can you give us real service for one hundred francs minimum?" Have you ever thought about this? It is not enough to come here, like on wings [flapping his arms], assuming that everything is nice. We want to provide more and more service. I would like a committee of abhyasis to come to me and say, "But Chari, how is it possible that you can do this?"

You know, this morning we had a discussion about repairing the front part of the ashram, and doing something with the basement. And when I heard it was going to cost a minimum of two hundred thousand francs, I said, "No more expenditure in Augerans for the next two years." Because in the way I think, as an Indian, food comes first, accommodation comes next, and all this business of facade and painting has no place! So, if you want it, you have to provide the money. We come back to the question, again and again, "How much do you want? How much are you prepared to pay for it?" For Coco-Chanel — seven hundred francs! LaVal — four hundred francs! You decide what you want.

So, how many of you would like to approve of a doubling of the *cotisation* to the minimum of two hundred francs for 1994? I want **everybody** to vote on this. How many? *Oui*? [large show of hands] *Contra?* One *contra.* Abstentions? One. So, can I take it that this *Assemble Generale* in the larger sense approves it? *Oui*? [Yes!] *Merci beaucoup.* [applause]

That is not the end of it! Don't be afraid. Now I want to tell you another thing. Only eight hundred people paid in 1992. I am happy to say that in 1993, so far *presque mille deux cents* [almost one thousand two hundred] — something like that — have paid their *cotisation.* Now, if we had three thousand members, abhyasis let us say, and if they **all** paid the minimum *cotisation*, we'd have no problem. So, I think

abhyasis have a duty to other abhyasis to make sure that your brothers and sisters of the Mission assume this small responsibility, but which is a big thing when it comes to the mobilisation of funds in the Mission and utilising it according to your wishes.

In future I am going to request the *Conseil d'Administration* to circulate our projects. You must have a say in what we are going to do for you. There is nothing secret about this. Yesterday I heard that in Nice they have arranged for a meditation hall. Wonderful news. You already have one in Lyon, one in Toulon; you have your own Mission property in Montpellier, for instance. But, as the provision of physical benefits increases it is necessary to augment the financial resources also. And the easiest way is to see that **everybody** who comes to meditate at least pays the *cotisation.* If three thousand people pay two hundred francs each next year, you can imagine what this [points towards the fiscal report] would look like.

You know, in Paris we need a meditation hall very badly, but the cost goes to millions of francs. And I am told that even if you want to hire a hall on a monthly basis, it is thirty thousand francs, or something like that, per month. It is crazy to spend half a million francs on rent per annum, when if you just co-operate a little more, we can buy a place in Paris. Isn't it? [applause]

So, in future the *Conseil d'Administration* will send you proposals. Please study them, please study the cost, and send your recommendations, your views to Patrick Fleury, and we will study them. Because in a real, harmonious society like ours, a spiritual society, we must not make the mistake of thinking that our duty is only to meditate and to do the cleaning and the constant remembrance. You must all share the responsibility of managing this Mission. The President is not an expert; he depends on the *Conseil d'Administration.* They are not experts in everything; they are all experts in

different things. Some of them can be dogmatic, assertive, and stick to their own opinions. So, a little feedback from the assembly of our abhyasis will help us to make the best decision for you, and make sure that your money is spent wisely in **your** service.

So, I am grateful to you for all your co-operation. All that I ask is: let it be **loving** co-operation, not loving **me** and co-operating, but loving **yourself** and co-operating. Thank you.

It is my duty and my responsibility to try to get the best people to serve you, not only in France but world-wide, so I have done a small exercise in re-organisation, and, remembering that change is the only permanent thing, I hope all of you will accept that these changes are necessary. I consider them necessary, but I would be delighted if you also consider it necessary, because that gives me a moral support in taking decisions, which can enable me to take fearless decisions for the future.

So, to strengthen the Mission's working, we have made some changes, and especially for France. Brother Francois Deroulede, who is the sole in-charge of the Middle Zone, is being appointed as the General Manager of the European *Siege* [Headquarters] here in Augerans, sister Mireille Humbert continuing to help him as the housekeeper. Brother Claude Bataille will assist him as a public relations man. So, we hope that this ashram will have a bigger and bigger function in public life here.

While on this subject, I would like to invite all of you to consider a proposal to have at least twenty people living here permanently. In Manapakkam, in India, we have thirty people living permanently. Some of them pay so much per month, some of them pay half that, some of them don't pay at all. Because I have had the services of about ten people from Uttar Pradesh, who are all experts in agriculture. They have come to Manapakkam to look after our agriculture and our gardening,

so they are given free boarding and lodging. Others pay seven hundred rupees a month, which, even for India, is not big. Now, to utilise these facilities here, and to make life for, for instance, the Bataille family, the Humbert family, some social life for them, it is better we have our own small society living here: twenty, thirty people. I would like all of you to write back to Patrick Fleury how many of you are willing to come and live here permanently. You're also welcome to live here for some months and go back to your places, but the most important is that I should like you and your families to come and spend your holidays here.

I mean, I consider it an enormous waste of time, money and energy going to the hills or to the seashore and suffering in your holidays. I see them suffering! They don't find parking places, there are no toilets available easily, and the beach is full of bodies lying here and there, and I don't know what fun or what enjoyment you get out of this. And remember how much money you spend! Whereas if you come here there is a spiritual environment, you can have a calm life, happy life, stress-free life, and at a fraction of the cost. Also it will acclimatise your family, your children to the idea of a life in an ashram, so that when your children grow up, they don't have to become abhyasis — they are already abhyasis. [applause]

Similarly, for the Southern Zone, Brother Jean-Claude Badard who has been made a full preceptor, is placed in charge of that zone, and General Manager of Shri Ram Chandra Mission ashram there, with Brother Herves Carla assisting him as the responsible person. We have made changes all over the world — Australia, Austria, Belgium, Belo-Russia, Columbia, France, Gabon, Ireland, Israel, Italy, Iran, Malaysia, Latvia, Lithuania, Estonia, Norway, Finland, Sweden, Turkey, United Kingdom, USA, New Zealand, Singapore, and Russia — everywhere we have made changes, with this idea that as we gain more experience, it is possible to make **global** changes. In consideration of the fact which

Babuji Maharaj had, his aim for this world, that we are not here to change **one** human being, or **one** people of **one** nationality, but people all over the world. I am sure you will receive more and more changes in future with the confidence that it is for your good. And here again, I thank you for your confidence and your co-operation.

Thank you.

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SYMBOLS

Augerans, France
6 June, 1993

Just a few words before we part. We have work and we have play. Some people like work, some people like play. And we know we can work with so many things, we can also play with so many things. Poetry is an example of how we can play with ideas, with words, even with concepts. But I am more concerned with symbols, because we have been hearing some talk about the cross, and how the cross represents the intersection of space and time, and a certain fascination this idea seems to have caught up in your minds.

We should always be suspicious of fascination. Fascination is not reality. Reality has no fascination. That is why there are so few people who go for spirituality. And of course Babuji made it very bad, he made it very, shall we say, unappetizing, when he described reality as a desert wasteland. But it is something we should always remember, you see, because qualities are fascination. Taste is a fascination. Beauty is a fascination. But don't make the mistake of thinking that

only beauty is a fascination. Ugliness can also be a fascination. I know many people who are fascinated by ugly things. Similarly, taste does not mean only good taste. There are people who are fascinated by ugly tastes, nauseating tastes. You have only to remember the fascination for things like beer, for instance! To one who is not fascinated by beer, it is a stinking thing, and when you sit near somebody who is drunk on beer, you are revolted.

So, fascination is not a positive quality or a negative quality. It depends on you, with what you are fascinated. Same thing with symbols. It is a very trite truism to say that space and time are intersecting here. It is a matter of common knowledge, common sense, that anything which exists, exists in space and in time. You cannot exist only in space, nor can you exist only in time. Therefore, we have to be suspicious of things which are said to exist in time but not in space. And therefore, in the Hindu philosophy, or whatever you want to call it, even a soul occupies some space. Therefore we have this brilliant idea in Sahaj Marg that the body lives by the soul, and the soul can go through time as we understand it, on its journey to the ultimate. It lives by transmission. Therefore, transmission is called 'life of life'. And transmission has nothing to do with space and time.

Now, I think this business of the cross — we are trying to read symbols into it just because Jesus was crucified. I mean, the Romans were crucifying all criminals, and many were crucified, thousands were crucified long before Jesus was crucified. So to me, the fact of crucifixion is not important. To me, the cross has no meaning except for the fact that a man like Jesus was put on that cross. So, the cross and the crucifixion assume some significance, because of **who** was crucified. If Jesus had not been crucified, the cross would have been a symbol of criminality.

So you see, it is always the **who** that makes the difference, not the **what**. A drunkard on the street who is a

regular drunkard, doesn't attract any attention. But if the prime minister was found drunk on the streets, it would be in the headlines of every newspaper. Thousands of soldiers are shot in the war and killed. You don't find their names in the newspapers. But if the general is shot, it is on television, it is on radio, it is in the newspapers.

So, what gives meaning to a symbol is the **who** behind the symbol, not the **what** behind the symbol. I would request all of you not to be fascinated by these explanations of symbols, because while reality can be expressed in symbolic form, a symbol cannot lead you to reality. Otherwise, everybody who worshipped the cross should have been liberated long ago. You know, the Hindu temple-goer is often criticised as an ignorant idol-worshipper. I don't see how a Christian is less of an idol-worshipper. What are you worshipping? A cross? Is it not an idol?

So, when we put an idea into a materialised object, that becomes idolatry. Whereas if you remove the object or the essence from its material bondage, that is liberation. So, for a soul, liberation is release from the travails of space and time. Please also remember that if you continue with this thinking, one cannot see God, because He is the creator of space and time, but one can experience God. Therefore we have the presence of God, but not the vision of God. Therefore, be suspicious of anybody who tells you that he **saw** God. Be very suspicious! Also, be suspicious of qualities of God: "God is kind. God is benevolent. God is generous." Because if He was these things, He would also be cruel, un-generous, and unkind. Because where one quality exists, its opposite must exist. Therefore, God is nothing. Therefore, God cannot have qualities. Therefore, God cannot even have a mind, because if He had a mind, He would be subject to good thoughts and bad thoughts.

Now, I think Christianity, somewhere along the way, you know, blundered into this mistake of not only putting God

somewhere in heaven, creating a permanent duality between heaven, earth, and hell, but also of attributing qualities to the divine. We are still prisoners of those qualities. You have only to look at abhyasis who say, "Oh, sometimes the Master is kind, sometimes he is cruel," forgetting this fact, that if you are kind, you must be cruel, too. No doctor can help you without giving you pain. Does such a doctor exist? I don't think so. Any system which is designed to really help you to liberate you from the bondage of space and time **must** give you pain.

You see, we keep coming back to this idea of pain. It is inevitable. Why? Because the fact of releasing you from something to which you have become trapped, like a piece of iron on a magnet — when you pull it away, there is that separation, perhaps the pain of separation, even physical pain. So you see, liberation and pain are bound together, and until we realise this fact, that pain is a sign of liberation, we are going to avoid pain, therefore we are going to avoid liberation. And the more we go towards pleasure, the more we are going into bondage and suffering.

So, pain is different from suffering. This is something you must kindly remember, that there can be suffering without pain, and one can have a great deal of pain without suffering. It is unfortunate that the two have come to be mixed up. That pain is suffering and suffering is pain is a mistake. We suffer more from our pleasures than from our pains.

So you see, when we symbolise life, and say that a pleasurable life is a good life, and a life of pain is a bad life, we are bound to make terrible mistakes, because then we have this Bohemian idea — the Greeks started the whole mess of going towards pleasure and avoiding pain. So, you see how symbols can be misconstrued, wrongly created, and wrongly used. Symbols are only good for the wise people, like anything else. Money in the hands of a wise man is good.

Power in the hands of a wise man is good. Similarly, symbols in the hands of a wise man are good.

The common people should avoid symbols with even more care than they should avoid money and power. This is a bit of advice. Of course, people will not understand, you see, how we can avoid money. But money, again, is a symbol. It only shows the purchasing power that you have, and if you have a million francs, it only shows you can buy something worth a million francs today — not tomorrow, because by tomorrow, values change, prices change. Don't think prices are fixed, because tomorrow if the supply increases, prices fall, you have more purchasing power from your million francs. But if supply falls, prices increase, and your money is worth much less. So again, it is a symbol. Today's millionaire is tomorrow's pauper. So, what is money really worth? Its worth depends on the supply of goods. This is an economic fact.

So you see, we are being buffeted by forces beyond our control. Our money gains or loses in value depending on supply of goods. Our happiness depends on what we think is joy or pleasure. And yesterday's pleasure is not today's pleasure. Even yesterday's wife may not be today's wife. Not permanent. Pleasures are not permanent. Values are not permanent. Qualities are not permanent. In any case, these are all things which we create as attributes of things which we like or dislike. And like and dislike are here, in the head. So, when there is no mind, there can be no good and no bad.

Shakespeare says, "Nothing is good or bad, but thinking makes it so." So, when we don't think, there are no more qualities. In meditation, we don't think. We meditate. Therefore, for one who continues to meditate and becomes, what shall we say, a sage, qualities cease to exist. For such a person there can no more be good people and bad people. That being so, there can be no punishment, no reward — and much less so for God.

So, you see how stupid we are, to become bound to space and time, to be battered about by our sense of values and qualities, and to suffer from our own punishments and our own rewards which we create because of feelings of pride for good actions, so-called, and the feeling of so-called culpability for so-called wrong actions. Here, the ancient yoga psychology comes to our rescue, and says, "So long as you are bound to this body and the body consciousness, the suffering is inevitable. Separate yourself from this body. Even while you are in it, try to separate yourself from it. Try to become the observer of your actions, not the participator in your activity." And as you practise this more and more correctly, more and more, shall we say, systematically, you certainly become an observer, even of your own self. And constant remembrance, of course, is a big help.

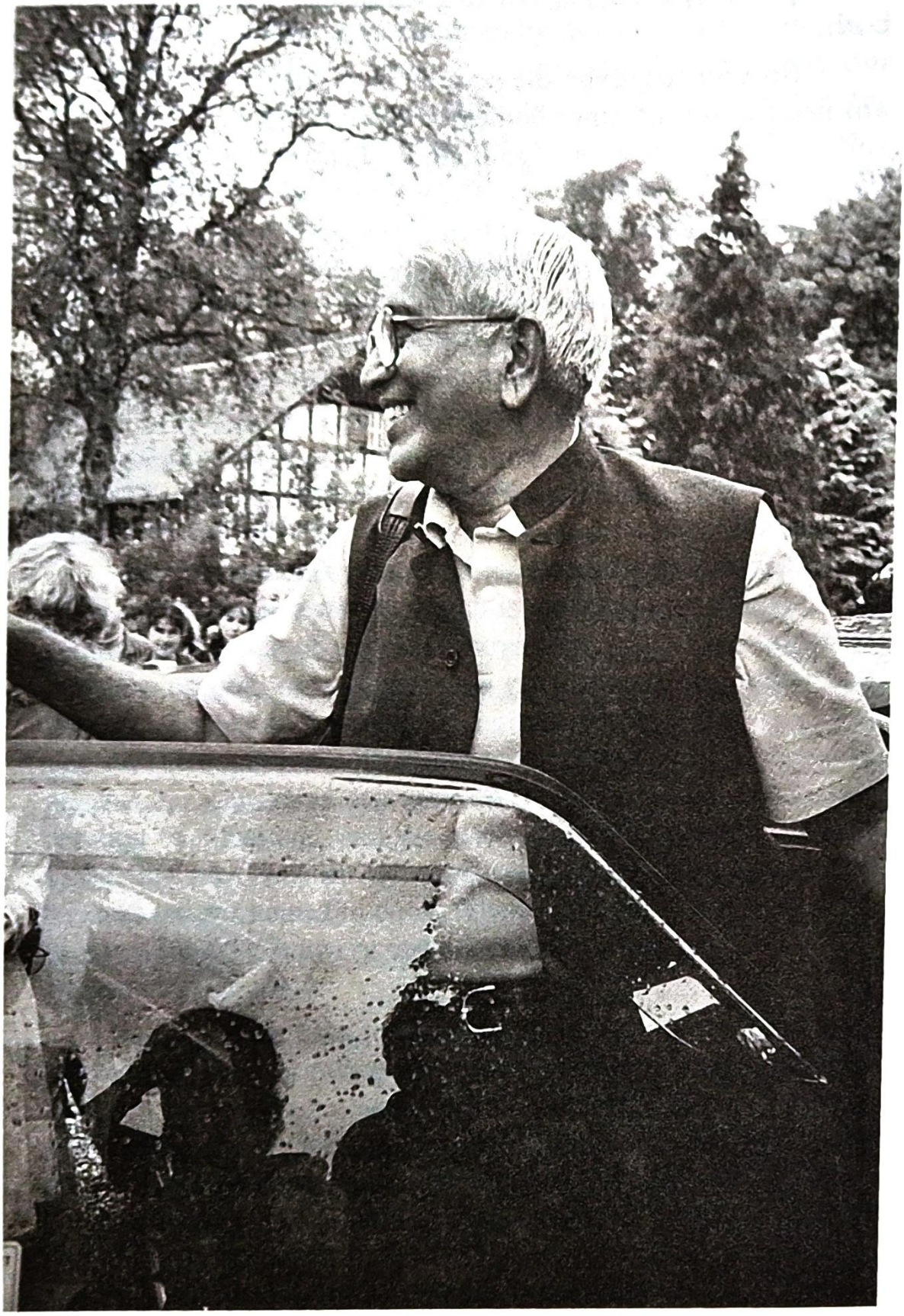
So, we have this wonderful idea, this liberating idea that 'I' do nothing, it is my body which is working according to the pushes and pulls of the samskaras. So, such an observer becomes capable of saying, "I am not responsible, because I don't act. I don't do anything. It is my samskaras, not me." So, you see the importance of cleaning. Once the cleaning is going on and on, samskaras are gone, there is no more automatic reaction to situations, and we really become Masters in that sense that now we can do what we choose to do, and not because we are **bound** to do it. When you say, "I am bound to do something," it is a very real statement of bondage, that such a person has no choice.

So, really speaking, until we step into the yoga path, we are toys being manipulated by our samskaras, and it is the foolish person who thinks he is responsible or she is responsible. But so long as we are in this body, and we have this body consciousness, and we think, "I am this body," we are deepening this bondage, and accepting a liability for our thoughts and actions, which to the wise yogi is not really his responsibility or liability. For him it is a play of his senses,

consequent upon a play of his samskaras, and he is beyond both.

So you see, even the body is a very dangerous symbol! I am not talking of other bodies — your own body to your own self. And when in our ignorance we think that, "I am alive only when my body is alive," that is the most tragic symbolism, that this man is living, this body is dead. So, avoid symbols like the plague. Try to get out of your body as quickly as you can, with conviction in your mind first, through constant remembrance next, through love as a third stage. Because when there is real love, you forget yourself, and when that real love blooms in your heart, you are able to merge in the object of your love. And then, even that which thinks it is living or it is dead ceases to exist in absolute terms. That is merger with the Ultimate.

Thank you.



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TALK GIVEN TO NEW ABHYASIS

Vrads Sande, Denmark
11 June, 1993

I am pleased to welcome all of you to Sahaj Marg. All that it can do for you, I am sure you will understand from reading our books. I hope all of you have started reading at least something of it.

The first point I wish to make is: spirituality is not religion. Because people often come with this confusion. They say, "I have been a Christian all my life and I feel that I am betraying Christ." Or, "I have been a Hindu all my life. I am betraying Krishna." You know, from each religion we have people who feel this sort of thing. So, the first thing to very clearly understand is, spirituality is not religion, it is no religion. And if it has a religious look — for instance, we have a bell which we ring, for certain times — that does not make it a church or a temple. That this meditation hall looks like a small cloister is an accident. So, it has nothing to do with Christianity. And somewhere if you hear, "*Allah hu Akbar*," you don't tell me we have a mosque somewhere, we should

not think this is Islam. So, it is necessary to understand clearly that through all religions, in whichever religion you may have been born, religion has a limitation; and we go through religion, transcend religion into spirituality.

We are not giving up our religion, or becoming converted to some cranky business from India. There is no conversion here. You remain what you are. You retain your nationalities and whatever you wish to retain of your religion. Though I would suggest that eventually you have to rise above religion — not give up religion, mind you.

There is a difference between giving up religion and rising above religion, rising beyond religion. I think that is what Jesus Christ tried to do in his teachings, to make people evolve beyond religion. Because at that time, Jesus was also a Jew, he was born a Jew, but he started a new way of life. He meditated. You all know that he meditated and got enlightenment, and he was no longer a Jew. Was he a Christian? Definitely not, because Christianity came after him, with Peter creating a church, and the teachings of Jesus, the Christ, became Christianity.

So, it is true to say that Jesus went beyond the religion of his birth, and achieved illumination, as they call it. The Divine spirit touched him, he proclaimed himself to be the son of God, and he said, "My kingdom is not of this world," which clearly puts him beyond religion altogether. And he did not create Christianity, so he was between having been a Jew and not becoming a Christian. And it is a tragedy to me, in my personal opinion, that his teachings became crystallised, hardened, into a religion. Today, I don't think Christians meditate.

So you see, Jesus became the Christ only through meditation. He had to be baptised. He needed a guru in that sense — John. You see, this process of initiation is only accepting the fact that however divine or high the soul, when it comes down to human birth, it has to be re-awakened to its

latent divinity in itself. Therefore, in different religions they have different processes, all are called the same thing. Some call it baptism. Some call it initiation, and so on. Having gone through that, he evolved his teaching, he evolved his practice, he evolved his own system of meditation. He got into touch with his inner God, whom he chose to call Father, which we do here in Sahaj Marg, too. Because often people ask this question: "You people don't talk of God. Are you atheists?" By no means! We don't have to talk about God to be religious. And a man who doesn't talk about God cannot be labelled as irreligious, or as an atheist.

In fact, the more you speak of God, the less you know of God, the less you understand of God, the less you are really in contact with God. All religions, especially the mystical aspects of all religions, have said, "He who speaks does not know. He who knows cannot speak." Why "cannot speak"? Because we are dealing with, shall we say, inner transcendental experiences about which we cannot speak, because there are no words to express them. The language does not exist. I mean, I challenge any of you to describe to me happiness, for instance. You can only say, "I am happy." And if I ask, "Why?", that's the answer, you see. Sometimes, it's because your girlfriend is nice to you, your boyfriend is nice to you, and things are going well. Sometimes it is because the lunch was superb, and you have a feeling of satisfaction. Sometimes it is because your pain has gone!

Therefore, in spirituality we say happiness is conditioned by things. You are happy because of something. In spirituality we say, "The happy man is one who is happy under **all** circumstances" — unconditionally happy — happiness which is unconditioned by anything. Because if you are conditioned in your happiness, when the condition is removed, you are going to be miserable. This is what is happening in today's world. I have a car. It has an accident. I am miserable. I have a friend, and when he passes me on the street, and does not even look at me, I am miserable. I went to a pizzeria

expecting to eat the best pizza, because Jacky said it's the best pizza in town. It wasn't up to my standard of expectation. I am miserable.

So you see, conditioned happiness is no happiness. We have to rise beyond what we call the temporal level of happiness, where we are conditioned by the weather, by our friends, by our relations, by our job, by everything, and go beyond. In a sense, this is also liberation. If I can be happy with or without anything, happy in a soft bed, happy in a hard bed, happy bathing in cold water, happy bathing in hot water — which really means that I have no touch or contact with what I am doing. Because you cannot be saying, "Brrr... cold water! I am happy," you know? That's not like that. I must not know what's happening to me.

Now, spirituality says this is possible by being permanently in touch with what is inside you, your inside, your God, your Master, your Father, your **Self**. If in that remembrance you do anything, what you are doing has no impression upon you. You know, a common example is when you are deeply absorbed in a book you are reading. Suddenly you look at your watch and say, "By Jove, it's three o'clock!" You started reading at eleven. The passage of time has not left any impression. People walking outside your window have not left any impression. You have been absorbed in the book but, unfortunately, there, the book is absorbing you, you are not absorbed. Now, a book can only absorb you for a certain length of time. Only a few books can absorb you at a few times. What about the rest of the time? So, we have to find something which will absorb us permanently, forever.

Spirituality says, the inner state, if you are able to look at it, if you are able to establish contact, and retain that contact with it, is permanently absorbing. So, we call the condition during meditation an absorbing condition, not that it absorbed you, but you were absorbed. Therefore, we have experiences during meditation of people who come out of it after one hour

and say, "You know, I don't know what happened today, but I was gone, I was lost, and I suddenly woke up and found nobody in the meditation hall, everybody had left." It happens. It will happen to you, too. So, that state is what in various religions people call the blessed state.

Now, a blessed state is not one where your house is good, where your heating is going well, your income is sufficient for your expenses, and where your love life is going all right. That is not a blessed state. Because if a state can be described, it has two opposites. Nothing describable is free of this law of the existence of the opposites. If something is good, it is surely going to be bad. If someone is healthy, he is surely going to be sick. Someone is sick, surely he is going to be healthy again. One who is alive — God forbid, but he is going to die. Because the moment we are born, we are really beginning to die. People don't understand this. They don't think about it. They think the moment we are born, we are going to begin to live. Well, in a way it is right, but the greater, the more important truth is, death is beginning because, you know, it is as if my life is unwinding — tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock — so many moments of my life have gone, and death is coming nearer and nearer and nearer. When I leave Vrads to go, let us say, to Århus, Århus is coming nearer and nearer. That's why I am happy. My destination is coming nearer and nearer, and the sooner I can get to Århus, the happier I am. Therefore we think of faster transport.

Spirituality says, think of your life also as a vehicle. Between birth and what we call death is a transit through the physical world, which must be treated as a school so that in this time that is allotted to you, or which you have chosen for yourself in the past, you are able to learn the lesson which, upon reaching your destination, you don't have to come back again. It is not death. It is the completion of my journey. Now, it would be silly to say when I reach Silkeborg, I am one quarter dead; Skanderborg, I am half dead; Århus, I am fully dead. Don't you think so? But this is what people are afraid of.

They are afraid of death, they are terribly afraid of death. Why? Because we are living life wrongly. Like a boy who has never studied for his exams. He's terrified of his exams. He gets nightmares. He doesn't want to go to school. He doesn't want to appear for his examinations. He prays that he may have fever or become sick so that he need not go. But nature will not oblige so easily. So, when that boy fails and comes back to his same class the next year, can you say the school punished him? Or his teachers punished him? Or the system punished him? He was not fit for the next level, so he is retained at this level.

This law applies to our life, too. Rebirth is nothing but my having to come back to learn lessons which I did not learn when I had the chance. So, I come back and say, "Please, one more year. I have to learn this lesson because without doing it I cannot go forward." So, please remember, rebirth is not a fact, it is not a punishment. There is no Satan, there is no God involved. It is we who are involved, each one of us for ourselves. Suppose I am going to Copenhagen by car, where I have a flight to catch in six hours. But on the way I find this very, very, nice ferry from Fyn to Sjaelland. It is beautiful. So, I keep the ferry going up and down, you know, I take tickets and stay in the restaurant drinking beer. My flight has gone. Whose fault is it? Can I blame the ferry? Can I blame the pilot of the aircraft who left? I have only to blame myself.

So, don't think of rebirth as a punishment. God does not punish. The devil has no power to punish. In spirituality, there is no devil except the devil in each one of us. So, if there is a devil, it is right there in you. Spirituality says, push the blighter out. Send him out, you know, he doesn't have any space in your heart. Why do you keep him there? So, we have this immensely beneficial, effective system of cleaning in Sahaj Marg. All our samskaras make us a devil. When you remove the samskaras, there is that which is eternally present, a glorious light, the divine presence. So, we don't have to bring God from somewhere and put Him into you. It is like

cleaning out the rubbish to put in the new furniture. And that rubbish, all of it put together, is the devilish part, the dark part, the, shall we say, the baser part of each one of us.

So, the cleaning is very important in Sahaj Marg. I personally believe that without cleaning you will not get anywhere. People are afraid of cleaning for several reasons. During cleaning, you may have experiences of the past, your actions, your thoughts, which created those impressions. Some may be good. Some may be awful. When you have a view that you are on, say, the Himalayas, trekking up there and planting a flag on Mount Everest, you are very proud. Suppose you have the same view of having gone almost to Mount Everest, but you fell down and crashed three thousand metres to your death, you come out screaming and you say, "No, no, this is not what I came to Sahaj Marg for." And getting nightmares — it is not a nightmare. Every dream, every nightmare, is something in you which is being released. You know, if a man is afraid of going to the toilet because he doesn't like what is coming out of him — he doesn't like its smell, he doesn't like its feel — and he tries not to go to the toilet, he will die. Isn't it?

So, people who are afraid of their samskaras and keep it in their hearts, hidden, ashamed of it, guilty about it, afraid that when it comes out it may recreate some scene in which it was originally created — they are like people who will not go to the toilet: they will die. And that's what happens to people who don't clean themselves spiritually. They have no spiritual future. Therefore, in a very real spiritual sense, they die to come back.

So, in spirituality we say, death is only there when we have not decided to go on beyond death but to come back because of our fears, because of our attachments. So, please understand very carefully that if you have been able to clean yourself of all your samskaras and, through meditation, create a greater and greater illumination in yourself through the

divine presence that is eternally there, there is no death for us. We leave the body behind, like you get out of the taxi, you get out of the train, you get out of the airplane, and go home. So, fear has to go.

Some people retain samskaras because they are afraid that if their samskaras go, their behaviour will change. People want to be good with one half of their minds, but with the other half of the mind they are afraid of being good. They are afraid, for instance, a drunkard, of giving up his drink. He says, "But Chari, suppose I clean myself and I lose my taste for beer?" I say, "So what?" "No, no, but I enjoy my beer." I say, "You enjoy your beer now, suppose you stop enjoying it?" "No, no, but I don't want to stop enjoying beer." "Yes, but suppose something happens to you, and you cannot enjoy beer any more? Suppose your doctor says, `No more beer.´ What will you do?" "Yes, but Chari, you know that's a different situation." "Not at all. If he says beer is bad for you for one reason, we say beer is bad for you for the same reason; but, only thing, his perception is limited to your physical health. The spiritual perception is total. It considers your physical health, your moral health, and your spiritual health. Therefore, the doctor is the lowest part of this hierarchy which will tell you beer is bad for you, drink is bad for you, alcohol is bad for you, drugs are bad for you, etc. What he says is right for a physical reason. What we say is right for a physical, moral, and a spiritual reason. Three very good reasons why you should obey the principles, the maxims of Sahaj Marg."

So you see, the teachings of spirituality are supposed to transcend the merely physical. Something may be good for you also for a physical life, but bad for you for a spiritual life. Such as what? Comfort, luxury, super sex. You know, these Scandinavian countries — I used to be frightened of them. They are now changing. They will change more. But what happens? All this enjoyment, somewhere it is leaving a residue upon you, an impression.

Now, whenever I talk of morality people get angry. They say, "Oh, morality again, Chari. Not again, for heaven's sake. Not today." [laughter] But it is vital to your existence that you have a clear conscience. Now why are people afraid of learning about morality? I mean, no person with a clean conscience is afraid of morality. No person who is paying his income tax is afraid of the tax office. No person who is not speeding on the highways is afraid of a policeman following him. So, we are afraid only when there is something in us which is afraid of these things — the policeman, the tax office, the health inspector — whatever it is.

A very sick man is often afraid of even going to the doctor. He doesn't want to hear the truth. He says, "Okay. So what?" I know a friend of mine well. I knew he was dying, and he knew he was dying. He would go to the doctor, shake his hand, and say, "How are you, doctor? I hope you are fine." See? And the doctor said, "Yes, but how are you?" He said, "Oh, nothing wrong with me! See, I am fine." And then, the doctor said, "But why have you come to see me?" "Oh," he said, "you know, I was passing here, so I thought I would say hello to you." Then the doctor would say, "Having said hello to me, sit down, let me give you a check." "Oh, if you think it is necessary, you can do it doctor, but I don't think it's necessary, you know. Look at me [makes thumping sound]. See?" He died three months later.

Therefore, people who are afraid of listening to talks on morality, the consequence, the reason is obvious. Now, why is there guilt among us? Why do we feel guilt? With our heads we may say, "This is the Danish way of life. This is the Scandinavian way of life. This is the European way of life. You people in India, you are idiots. Arranged marriages! How can you marry a girl you have never seen and slept with? We are happy." My wife was shocked when she came here in 1980, and we had been married, I think, twenty-five years. And people asked her, especially the girls, "But Sulochana, the same man for twenty-five years?" And my wife was very

pleased. She came and told me this. I said, "You should have asked them, 'What about Chari? The same woman for twenty-five years.'"

Women never think of men. They think all men are bad. I mean, this is by the way, but it has a spiritual significance. Because in the Hindu tradition, the absolute blame, or shall we put it the other way, the absolute praise, for a moral society is always with the women. In any society where the women are holding themselves tight, keep moral principles, obey the moral law — I'm not talking of religion now, but of **moral** laws, which we know very well in our hearts — that society is moral because the men have no chance to be immoral. Often I am asked, "Why are you always criticising women?" I'm not criticising women. It is a fact, you see, that where women are easily available, men go wrong. Men are, you know, like butterflies. They go from flower to flower. So, if you want to create a moral society, the women have to become absolutely inaccessible except through marriage. Now, whether you like it or not, this is the law, and if you want to be free of guilt and attendant complexities, you have to obey this law. There is no way out. Because guilt is what condemns us most.

Every abhyasi who writes to me writes to me about guilt. Guilt about his early relationship with his parents; guilt about his relationship with so many women; guilt about the way he had sex with so many people; guilt about the fact that now he has a beautiful wife, but she is leaving him because she found out he has AIDS. You see, if we are condemned to a hell on earth, we condemn ourselves through two instruments of condemnation which are almost impossible to overcome, except through a spiritual approach. What are they? Guilt and desire.

Now, how can I avoid guilt except by being, or leading my life, in such a way that I don't have to feel guilty about anything. You know, if I go to a shop and quietly put something in my pocket and walk out, I am a thief. I may not

be caught, but I am a thief. Sometime, somewhere, I will feel guilty about it. People have been known to send back money to their offices, stolen goods to hotels and restaurants. "Please excuse me, I took this away in 1986, but I feel guilty. I want to return it to you." People have even sent tax to governments like that. So, you see, guilt arises out of our own judgement about our own selves. No! It is not something to do with God or religion or the Pope or, I don't know, the archbishop. We are always tending to blame religion. "Oh, I hate religion." Why? "Because it makes me feel guilty." It's not religion which makes you feel guilty. It is **you** who feel guilty about **yourself.**

And you can only overcome this by you correcting yourself in such a way that the guilt is erased. Yes, what did Master say about it — my Master, Babuji Maharaj. He said, "What you have done in the past, you cannot change." Absolutely. It is finished. But, does it mean I am condemned? No. Why? Because I have a right to change my life in such a way that the past has no effect upon me — through cleaning, through meditation. Cleaning gets rid of the past, meditation creates the future, remembrance now prevents me from indulging myself in my fancies. In His remembrance, what I do is always right. So, you see, the three instruments of Sahaj Marg — cleaning, meditation, constant remembrance — in my mind, they are infallible, unbeatable, totally effective instruments.

Being new abhyasis, I hope you will all do these things sincerely. It is not done in one day, obviously. You know, you cannot bathe for thirty days, but you are clean after one bath. I mean, you may have some bruises on your skin where your wife has brushed you down so hard that the skin is broken, but it is possible. But in our sittings, in our cleaning, when you imagine how much grossness there is in each one, and how it is impossible — it is not impossible in that sense that it is impossible, but it is impossible to clean all that without

damaging. Like, you know, when a cloth is very dirty, if you try to rub it off, clean it in one wash, it will tear.

So, the aim of Sahaj Marg is to keep you alive, make this cleaning possible within, say, a few years, through doses of transmission. Fill you with the divine light. Strengthen you from inside through constant remembrance. Make all circumstances of this life almost totally ineffective as far as you are concerned. They don't impinge upon you. They don't create any more impressions upon you. So, this is the divine possibility that is offered here.

I am happy that so many of you have decided to try it. I hope you will **really** try it, not for one day or two days. This is not like, you know, a cake, of which you can take a piece and then buy the whole cake; or a dozen oranges, where you can eat one orange and then buy a dozen. Here, there is no taste to judge by. Here, you have to judge by your inner experience and the change in you which you may perceive, if at all. There comes two problems: experiences may be there, but you don't perceive them because you don't know what you are to expect. Secondly, you may not be sensitive enough to perceive, to feel, what is going on.

I remember when my Master travelled from Germany to Switzerland. I was with him. We had just crossed the border into Switzerland, and somebody said, "Babuji, look at Switzerland." So, he put on his spectacles and said, "Some mountains and some lakes. I have seen Switzerland." Yes, basically it is true. What else is there in Switzerland except mountains and lakes? You are going to different peaks, you know, skiing on different slopes, but it is all the same slope, the same snow, the same ski, the same cooling grasses, the same ski-wear, the same monotonous thing taking you up, the same monotonous thing bringing you down, the same broken leg. What is so hot about skiing, and what is so hot about skiing in different places? I mean, is it a new broken leg because it's a new place? It often breaks in the same place,

again and again. So you see, mountains and lakes, Switzerland.

You know, beautiful eyes, blonde hair — a nice girl. But there are millions of blondes with beautiful eyes — or, as the Americans prefer it, long-legged beauties, Californians. I don't know what's beautiful about long legs, or, for that matter, what's ugly about short legs. You know, Richard Burton married this girl, Elizabeth Taylor. I think some news reporter asked him about her. He said, "She is wonderful, only her legs are a little short." So you see, what is the standard by which you evaluate? Now, this is part of your tradition, your convention, your society. To be white and tall and a Viking, like Steen, is beautiful in Denmark. You go to Africa, they won't even look at him. There they want an ebony complexion, you know, long nose, sharp features, and slim who can throw a spear into the heart of a lion — an *assegai.* They wouldn't marry a white man for money there, you see. You go to the yellow races, they look at you like that, "You white man, no place here."

So you see, when we evaluate beauty or ugliness or greatness or anything by local standards, we are limiting our appreciation of nature, our appreciation of humanity. We are separating, we are dividing, we are ruining things. I know this. You also know it. In one way, that is why I am happy when a Russian marries a Dane; when Indians have married Danes here, and Danes have married Indians here. It's wonderful. Which only shows that love can surpass these barriers of colour and class and race and all this nonsense. But there's a better way. It is the supreme love of spirituality, where blonde and blue eyes or black and black eyes, you are a human being. Short legs or long legs, you are a human being. Christian or Hindu or Jew, you are a human being. Isn't it? Literate or illiterate, you are a human being; beggar or baron, you are still a human being. Spirituality gives us the right perspective and says, "They are all humans. Beware of calling one poor and one rich, one ugly and one beautiful." It is as if God says, "I

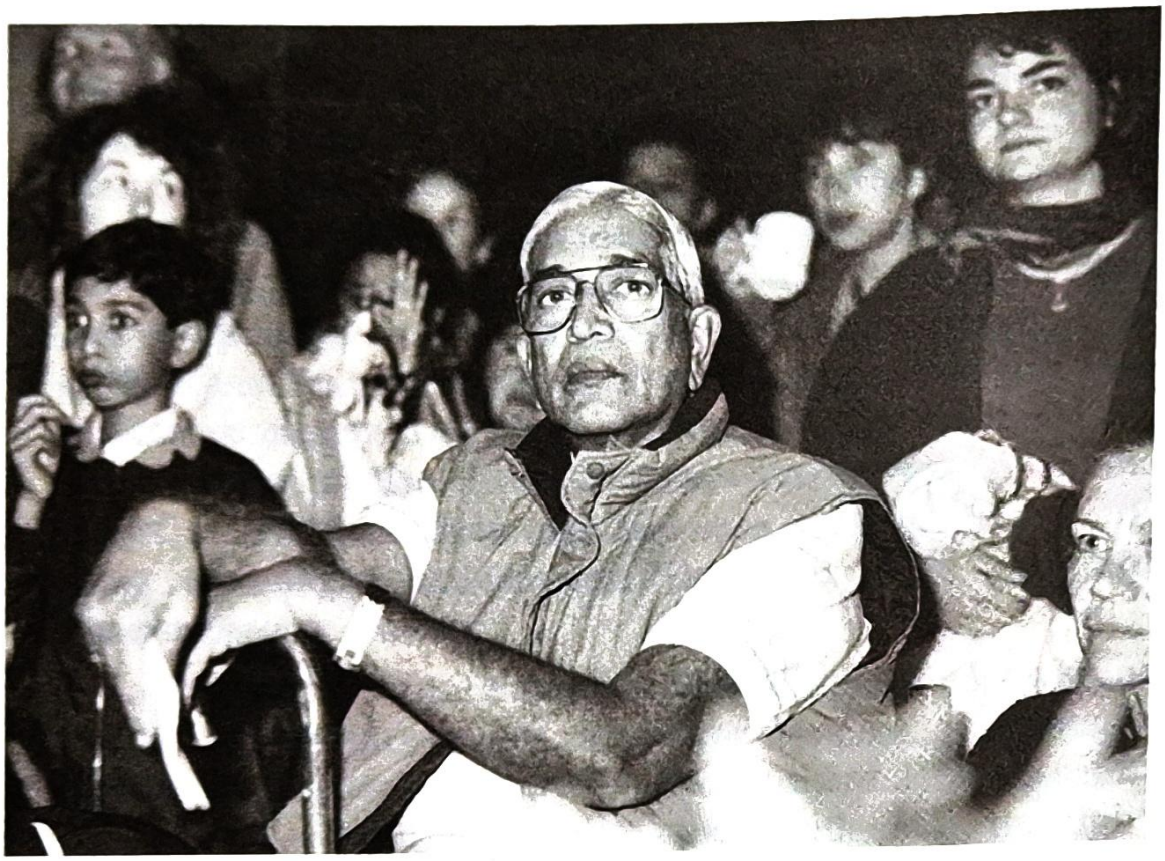
did not create beggars and barons. You created them. I did not create white and black. You created them. I did not create Jew and Christian. You created them."

Recently somebody gave me a joke, which I hope you'll enjoy. A Jewish father had a son, and the son became a Christian. So the Jew prays to God, "Oh, God of Abraham, I am desolate. I am miserable." God asks, "Why?" He says, "My son has become a Christian." God says, "My son also became a Christian." [laughter] And then the Jewish father says, "But then, God, what did you do?" God said, "I gave them a new testament." [laughter] So, you see how funny it is, these religions and these separatist notions, my God and your God. We all speak of one God, but everywhere you find figures of Christ. The Christian says, "Christ saves." Or, "Come unto me and be saved." Is there no other saviour? Is it the prerogative of the Christians to be saved and the rest of the world to go to hell and damnation? Did Christ ever say it? I am familiar with the Christian religion, I am familiar with the teachings of Christ. I don't think Christ ever said such a thing. You go to some other religion, and they say, "Only through this religion you can become evolved."

Spirituality says, "Nonsense. Simple things: He whom you worship, whom you seek, whom you have sought through eternity outside, seek him here. He is right there. How to seek him? Close your eyes. Get in touch with him through meditation." "But I have lost contact." "Go to someone who would restore that contact for you." "Where can I find him?" "Pray. He will come to you." "How do I know he is the right man?" "Sit and see. Meditate and see." "But he has been there, then why am I so miserable?" "Because of your samskaras." "Now, what shall I do about it?" "Clean yourself." "Is it possible?" "Yes." "By whom?" "You, yourself." "Will it be effective?" "Yes, if you lead your life properly. Perhaps not, if you choose not to. Not at all, if you deliberately go against your conscience and do things which you should not."

So you see, you are the masters of your destiny. These Masters only help you to become masters of your destiny. Nothing to be afraid of. You are not supposed to respect them, love them, worship them. You are only expected to follow them. I hope you will.

Thank you.



17

RELATIONSHIPS

Vrads Sande, Denmark
13 June, 1993

It is about human relationships, and, therefore, of our work, our marriage, our family, our nation, our world — everything. As Babuji Maharaj used to say, we live a life which is an expression of our attitudes, nothing else. It's a very beautiful description of life: life is an expression of our attitudes. Somebody has an attitude of hatred; he goes around hating people. Somebody has a habit of faith, or an attitude to faith; he believes, he accepts, he has faith. Somebody has an attitude of an open heart; such a person loves and is loved. One having an attitude of suspicion suspects everything. Therefore, I tell our abhyasis, our preceptors, "Don't be worried. Some people are suspicious of Sahaj Marg. I say, it doesn't matter. His attitude is of suspicion. He suspects Sahaj Marg. He suspects his wife. He suspects politics. He suspects the goods in the shops. Because it is his attitude. It is not this or that he is suspecting. He suspects everything. In between, if, in his passage through life, he comes to grips with Sahaj

Marg, he will surely suspect it, not because there is anything to suspect here, but because it is his attitude." You know, like barking dogs, they bark at everything. It will bark at a branch which falls from a tree, from a coconut which falls, a goat passing the gate, another dog, and a human being. For a barking dog, all objects are to be barked at. There is no discrimination.

What I want to say is, when we have an attitude, we lose the power of discrimination. It is very necessary to understand this. It is like a spy who suspects everything, like a policeman who suspects everything, everybody to be a thief. No discrimination! Somebody running, catch him. Why is he running? Oh, he is running after his dog or his girlfriend, doesn't matter. Why does he run? He saw me and he is running, but that's egoism, you see. He thinks you see the policeman and, therefore you are running, but you are only running after your dog, which is running from you. So unless attitudes are removed, totally, we cannot act or think with discrimination. You give a suspicious man a book, he'll say, "Yes, one more book. They are all writing the same thing, you know." You talk to a suspicious man of God, "One more God? Which God is this you are talking about? I have heard so much about God. I don't like God. I suspect God. Look at the way he is handling this universe."

So, you see, it is very, very important not to have behavioural attitudes, because an attitude is nothing but an expression of an already formed trajectory. Once you throw a ball, you cannot stop it any more. It keeps going on in that trajectory, in that course, and will hit and stop where it hits. It is automatic behaviour, monotonously automatic. Suspicious man suspecting everything, fighting man fighting everything, talking man always talking, writing man always writing, eating man always eating. No discrimination, no activity based on the need to act, no thought based on the need to think.

Please remember, there is always a **need** to think. We should not think unnecessarily. Now we are taught to be continuously thinking. We are thinking machines. Thinking has become a habit we are not able to stop. Therefore, even in meditation, thoughts bother us. We cannot stop them. We have no control. We have no regulatory capacity over our own thoughts. "But what can I do, Chari? The thoughts bother me." How do they come? If, in your house, flies are coming into the room, you look for an open window and close it. If there is a stink in your toilet, you look for the source and remove it. Why not look for the source of your thoughts and remove it? How can you be subordinate to your own thoughts? How can you be a slave of your own thoughts? How can you be a slave of activity? "No, no, I have to work. Without work, I don't feel happy." Ha, ha, the good old, eh, what shall I say, work ethic they call it — beautiful term — work ethic. I call it work addiction. Some people call it work alcoholism or workaholism. It is no use working when you should not be working, when you need not work.

A body at rest remains at rest until it is moved. That is Newton's law. A body in motion continues to be in motion until it is stopped. That is also Newton's law that applies to material objects hurled into space at the beginning of time, when the universe was created. **We** were not hurled into space, nor carry that moment of inertia with us throughout eternity until we have the misfortune to enter an atmosphere and are burnt up like a meteorite. We are beings who have a will, who have a mind, who have an intelligence, who must know when to work, when not to work, when to think, when not to think. Now, because we are thinking all the time, we do not really know about what we are thinking, and, more of a tragedy, we do not know about what we **should** think. What are you thinking about? "Oh, you know, I am always thinking about something." Yes, but about what? "About my health." Is something wrong with you? "No, no, nothing is wrong with me." Then why are you thinking about your health? "Oh,

suppose I should fall sick, Chari. What would I do?" Well, we should think of it when we really fall sick. "Oh, but Chari, please don't say that! You know, I don't want to fall sick, that's why I'm thinking about what I should do." Yes, but my friend, this is not the time. Then they become very wise. "Prevention is better than cure. A stitch in time saves nine." Because, after all, they have these wise proverbs to prove their foolishness. Prevention is better than cure — prevention of what? I don't think we really prevent any disease. This whole idea of preventive medicine, to my mind, is a creation of drug companies.

You cannot prevent something which you will surely get because of your samskara. And you cannot get anything which you are not going to get because you have no samskara for it. A man who is going to get malaria because of his susceptibility to malaria is one who has a tendency to malaria. I mean, wise people know, doctors know that even when an epidemic is raging, some people fall sick and some don't, many don't. Why not? So, it is like temptation. I was discussing this with one of our abhyasis yesterday, about guilt, culpability. After hearing my talk to the new abhyasis, he caught me outside and said, "I have always felt that religion makes us feel guilty." I said, "Nonsense, you are feeling guilty because you feel guilty about yourself, what you are thinking, what you are doing." Then I explained to him that temptation is not in the object, but in yourself, because no two persons are tempted by the same thing. Six of us walk on the streets, one man sees a bar and walks off into it. "See you later, Chari." The other five are not affected by the bar. Another sees a beautiful girl, and he whistles and goes after her, and he says, "See you later." Now four are left going. Why did this man go into the bar and not after the girl, and why did this man go after this girl and not into the bar? And why did the other four not go after either? So, you see, temptation is not in the object, temptation is in us.

We are always prone to this tendency to blame others for our failings, or for the failings of our children. "Oh, my

son was spoiled in school. He had a bad teacher. He had bad classmates. They were all smoking. What could he do? He was a wonderful boy." **Was!** So you see, unless we have a strengthening attitude in ourselves, an attitude of confidence, an attitude of faith which we can pass on to our children in the house, at home, we send them out unprepared. And then there is no use blaming them. It is our fault.

A mother who is just foolishly afraid of sending her child to school is like a hen which is clucking around her chicks. The hen does better because at least it takes the chicken under its wings. The mother is only foolish, sending her daughter to school and then telephoning everybody, "Oh, my daughter has gone to school. I'm very worried about whether she'll come back this evening or not." Yes, but why are you worried? "No, no, look at the papers." Yes, but why are you worried? "But it is so awful, so horrible, you see, the number of rapes in New York." But my dear, you are not in New York, you are in Philadelphia, or you are in Atlanta, or you are in Connecticut. "Yes, but what can happen there can happen here, too." But why don't you look at the good and say, "Oh, wonderful news today in the newspapers! You know, a girl who was about to be raped was saved by her neighbours. I have nothing to worry about. I have good neighbours." No, it doesn't work that way, it is always negative. So, the child goes to school influenced by the fear of its mother and in a way thinking about the thing which she should not be thinking about and, therefore, attracting that very thing towards herself.

You know, what we think about we become — in the English sense and in the German sense of 'getting.' So, when you are always afraid, that which you are afraid of is coming nearer and nearer to you. A man who is afraid of dogs and is walking on the street, every dog in the neighbourhood barks at him. I mean, this is a very true thing. Anybody can observe it. If you are not afraid, they don't bother about you. It is because you are transmitting your fear, and when you are transmitting your fear, there is something which receives it and responds.

So you see, it is absolutely important, necessary, not to broadcast negative thoughts because we are inviting these negative elements into our life.

How is it that only people who are afraid of ghosts see ghosts? I have never seen a ghost in my life. Why do only people who are afraid of ghosts see ghosts? Because with their fear, they invite, perhaps. "Hey ghost, come, I am afraid of you." And the ghost obliges. I don't know if it's real or a figment of such frightened imaginations, but there it is.

I used to get letters from an abhyasi, for several years, about a spirit attacking her every night. I said, Where is the spirit? Show it to me. "No, no, only I can see it — nobody else can see it." To this extent, that that young lady claimed that this non-corporeal spirit had sex with her every night. Can you imagine how such a thing is possible? Because it has been my observation through so many years that behind every fear lies a hidden temptation, a suppressed temptation. It is as if I want that to happen to me which I am afraid to do myself.

So, this is a very involved business, this question of tendencies, thoughts. The psychological approach, the psychiatric approach, generally does not help much, except superficially, because the seeds are not eradicated. You must remember what Babuji said when he used that Hindi word *beej dagdh*, which means, 'burning away the seeds.' If you don't burn the seeds, they will sprout year after year because fresh seeds are coming. It's like a perfect lawn in which weeds are growing, grass is growing. That's why in England they say it takes a hundred years to have a really good lawn. But it should not take a hundred years for us to remove our samskaras.

So, as long as we say — like many people tell me, "I'm European, Chari, and you're Indian. You can never really understand the European mind," they prefer to be in the slavery of that European mind. And to tell me that I am an Indian, I can't understand them, is only a fiction, is only an

excuse, is only a way of escape. There is no such thing as a European mind. There is no such thing as a European body. There is no such thing as European sex. There is only body, there is only mind, there are only arms and legs. Colours differ, shapes differ, lengths differ, no more. You see, these are just mathematical differences. So, when a European says, "You can't understand my mind," that European is being stupid. When a woman says, "Chari, you are a man. You can't understand how females think," (I have had this, shall I say, attack, hurled at me several times a year from several countries from several women) they are also being stupid. Forgive me, but they're being very stupid, because don't tell me there is such a thing as a female mind. Female body, yes, but not a female mind. Not a female soul, in any case.

Souls have no sex. Perhaps it is for that reason that most persons like to be reborn again and again. Because our preoccupation with sex, our obsession with sex says, "Oh, my God, if the soul has no sex, what will I do? *Mama mia. Qu'est-ce que ca fait?*" Perhaps. It's not a laughing matter. It is one of my, shall we say, suspicions becoming a sort of conviction, that we prefer a corporeal life for this reason. So, attachment to a source of pleasure has to go. If that goes, my attachment to my sex and your sex goes. We become sexless. The body continues to have its sex, you see, but I have no sex any more. I am no longer a man or a woman. You must also reach that status that you are no longer a man or a woman. Then we come to this situation that I see the cow, and the salamander in the pond, and the ducks, and I have a unity with them of life. I must forget I am a human and that they are ducks. It is one grand panorama of existence. It requires the blue, requires the green, requires the violet, requires the whole spectrum of colours for a painter to paint a really magnificent thing.

Nature needs all these things. We are only a part of that — maybe an important part, maybe a part destined to play a role in a future that we have to create for all of life. When you change something in a painting, you don't only change that

something, you change the whole thing. The whole painting changes. So, if I am changing myself, the whole universe must change. And that is what philosophy says, that is what religions have preached: change yourself and the universe changes. But if you try to change that, you cannot make a duck into a peacock. Isn't it? So, the secret of universal change is to change yourself.

Now, to change myself, again we come to this problem of attitudes, desires, likes and dislikes, all because of samskara. So, Sahaj Marg says, "Clean it out." But people want to clean out selectively. "Oh, yes, all this can go, Chari, but this I don't want to leave." Yes, but it's either all or nothing! Isn't it? All or nothing is the formula for success, or failure, in spirituality. I want to remind you that there is no success or failure attached to the Master. He is doing his work. Success or failure is yours. A gardener goes — you know the parable of the sower. The sower went forth and sowed his seeds. Some fell on rocky ground, and the birds of the air ate them up. *Voilà*, they have disappeared. Whose failure? Not the sower's, because he has been ordered to sow. Some fell among brambles and thorns and never germinated. Whose failure? Again, not the sower's. Some fell on fertile ground and yielded plentifully. Okay.

Here also we are doing a gardener's job. We sow seeds, we water them with transmission, we nurture them, try to protect them, cherish them, love them. If they don't germinate, what can we do? I say this because many people say, "Oh, Sahaj Marg has not helped me. I had so much expectation from the Master. Babuji Maharaj promised in 1972 that Denmark shall be the spiritual centre. Why is not Denmark the spiritual centre yet?" That it shall be is His will. Why it is not now within my lifetime is your failure, you see. Not his failure, not my failure, too. Your failure. Why? Because he plans, and we don't construct.

You must always remember that **they** planned. It is like an architect gives you a plan for a house, but if you don't build it, it's not his fault. You go to a library, you find hundreds of plans made by master architects throughout the ages. Few of them were built, many of them never saw the light of day, but remained as sketches. Beautiful structures they could have been, but they remained the vision of a man, and the visions were never fulfilled, never brought into reality. So, a vision of reality will remain a vision of reality until we make it a reality of a vision. And that is for us to do, here, in the concrete world.

Now, what interferes with that? A necessary thing, but which in excess is very bad — friction. You know, it's a common knowledge that I could not walk but for friction. I would be just slipping and falling all the time, perhaps going into a rotational movement. So, friction is a necessary thing. But suppose I could not move my leg at all. That would be bad. So, between human beings, too, we need to have a certain amount of friction. I would prefer not to call it friction, but discussion.

In running an organisation, we have to have office-bearers, we have to have preceptors, and, of course, we have to have abhyasis. Now the office-bearers, the people concerned with the Mission, they should be able to sit together, discuss, create a common pool of intelligence, understanding, talent, upon which the Mission can draw. But instead of that, each one is fighting for himself or herself saying, "I am right. Everybody else is wrong." It is as bad as a religion which says, "Mine is the only God, and only through my God can you find salvation."

Your God? Who is your God? Did you buy the blighter? Or have you tied him up in chains so that he serves only you and nobody else? What an arrogance to say, "My God"! You are His. He is not yours. God has a right to say, "My people. My kingdoms of this world. My universe. My satellites. My

galaxies. All that I created is Mine." We have no right to say, "My God," until we have understood what God is, who God is, where God is. And established a relationship with Him in which I can say, "Now, he is my God." Why? Because He is no longer my God. He is my father, he is my friend. Now, every fool speaks of "my God," you see — in churches and out of them. Nauseating thing. It's like today's society. Well, let me not speak of that because I am wandering from the point.

Now this problem of discussion becoming friction, you see, among people, destroys work. The minimal friction that is necessary to enable me to move, walk — if it becomes the maximum friction, where I cannot do anything, that problem is never solved. That life is doomed. It will lie there like a piece of stone. So, we have to be able to use friction, and where there is friction, be able to avoid it by this brilliant idea of lubrication. Between two moving objects where there must be close contact, but there must not be friction, put in some oil or grease. It is avoided by introducing a third element.

And what is that third element? Well, at the lowest level it is a common purpose that we all are working toward the same goal, for the same purpose, with the same aims. At a higher level, it is mutual confidence that we are all one in this job. We are like two bullocks yoked to a cart, and unless we pull together, the cart will not move. At a yet higher level, it is friendship. We are all friends, let us work together. Of course there must be differences — not differences of opinion, but differences in viewpoint to be clarified. Which is the right view? Am I holding the right view about this? Is my opinion about it right? Can there be other opinions? Is the way I think this should be done the only way, or are there other ways? Come on, can you give me another way, do you give me another way? Let us discuss.

At the highest level, it must be love. We love everybody, we love each other, let us work with love. We all have dif-

ferent viewpoints. Let us select the best. What is it that can conduce best to the growth of this organisation, which is serving humanity? How can we serve the interests of this organisation best? Should we, or should we not do this and this and this, and, in the good old, friendly Danish tradition say, "Jup." "Yoyo, let us get on with the job." But where one meeting is followed by another, and that, by another, and that, by another, this is all lacking. So in a healthy, well-run organisation, the people who are entrusted with the job of running it, where there is love among them, ordinarily meetings should not be necessary at all. If necessary at all, only a single meeting is necessary, a very brief one, to say, "You know, we love each other. We trust each other. What is the need to discuss?" We know what is right, though our opinions about it may be different.

So you see how independent attitudes can affect the organisation, the running of an organisation, the effectiveness of the organisation. How it can affect a national level of existence. That is what elections are about. That is what democracy is about. How such local, regional, national elections can affect a whole world, and how something which we do not know yet, that what we do in this world may affect our galaxy. Because we don't know yet what we are doing and how it is affecting the galaxy as a whole.

When someday, someone, somewhere has this implosion into himself, when he becomes a Self and sees his part in the galaxy and finds out that whatever he has been doing has been playing havoc in this galaxy — not only on my world, not only in my country, not only in my town, not only in my family, not only in my self, but the whole galaxy — then one day, when he has a galactic conscience, consciousness, he wakes up to the fact that everything has been affected in the universe. The Bible is not lying when it says, "Not a sparrow shall die or a leaf fall without His knowing it." Because anything which happens anywhere must result in a total effect upon the total whole that is our cosmos, our

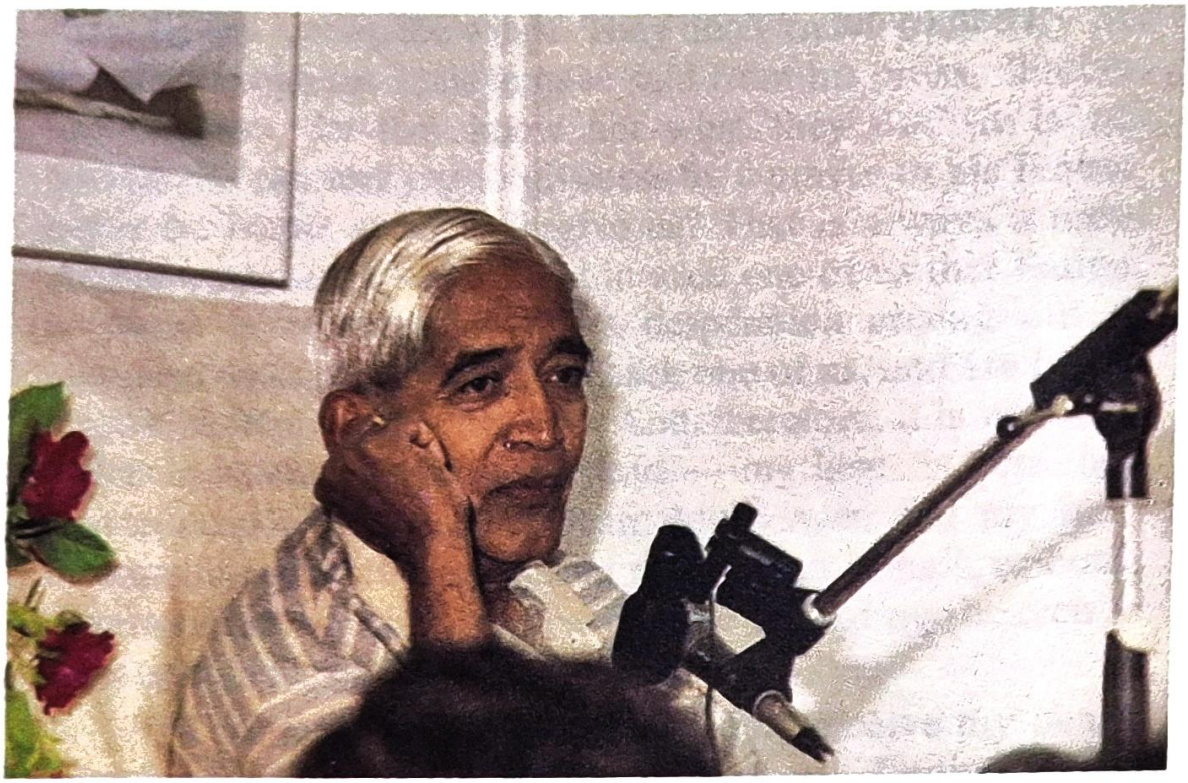
universe. When we think only of ourselves, of our silly, little, cheap, mean existences — we are playing a part, a very important part. But remember, you are only a small, cheap human being — mean, avaricious, stupid — nevertheless, unfortunately, I should say, a very important part of this universe.

So, we are like children, you know, which are tearing apart the wings of flies — catching and tearing the wings, catching and tearing the wings. They don't know what they do. It is not enough for Jesus to have said from his cross, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." It is not enough. He can seek our forgiveness by a prayer to his Father, but is the Father going to forgive us? That is always a moot question, you see. I believe that in each one of us that Father, to whom Jesus appealed with a desperation arising out of imminent death, that Father is in each one of us, and **He** has to forgive us from within ourselves. And, therefore, it is with this Father in heaven, which is my heart — my heart is here. My heaven cannot be in another heart. My heaven and my hell, both are in my heart. The ruler of that heaven or hell, or both, is in my heart, which is my heaven. The lord of my heaven is here, right in his heaven.

If I cannot reconcile myself with him, receive my peace from him, and receive my, what shall I say, forgivingness, forgiveness, from him, and he does not say, "I have forgiven you, but no more repetitions of past mistakes," then I am lost! You cannot go on sinning and asking to be forgiven every Friday at confession. That is not correct. "I may, in my divinity, my son, do it for you, but it is not right of you to go on repeating it and thinking that I will be eternally your friend, eternally forgiving, eternally blessing." He may say, "There may come a time when you will have to earn these things. And because I don't want to punish you out of hand, I send you to the Earth. Go and lead a human life, and there, by your actions and thoughts, and by the way in which you lead your life, and by the way in which you grow, and by the way in which you

help others to grow, I shall judge you. You have unlimited time at your disposal, because from eternity, I am sending you to a time-and-space-bound world. You shall have chance after chance. You shall decide how many chances you shall have. I set no limit. But, my son, remember, I am here waiting for you. I would love it that you come back just after one life. It would be my sorrow if you remain away too long from me. Alas, it would be even a greater sorrow for you."

Thank you.



18

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS WITH NEW ABHYASIS

Vrads Sande, Denmark
17 June, 1993

We start with questions if they are real, genuine questions. Not about theology, not about God, but about your practice. I shall be happy to try to answer them.

Q: Why is it necessary that everybody sits with their face to you, and not to the side?

PR: Because the transmission is from heart to heart, and when we are close together it matters. The closer the better, and the more you are face to face, the better. But suppose you are in Timbuktoo and I am in Atlanta. I cannot telephone you and say, "Seventy-six degrees east of north." Then it doesn't matter. Like when you are talking of infinity, numbers don't matter. So, at long distances, it doesn't really matter. You know, when we were in geography class in school, we were told that New Zealand is here, and we are there. Boys used to imagine that the people in New Zealand must be walking upside down. And they were asking, "Why don't they fall off?

Because we are upright and the earth is below us. But when you look at them like that, they are sticking to the earth like this, with the feet here and the head down. Why are they not falling off?"

Q: [inaudible]

PR: What divides us? First is the problem of sex — man, woman. And then comes Indian, European, Chinese, Nordic, etc. Then the language. Even if we speak the same language, the differences remain, that this is a Dane speaking Danish, this is an Indian speaking Danish, this is an Englishman speaking Danish. So, when we see these differences of nationality, then language does not unite.

So, nothing can unite us, really. In India, we have all Indians, but speaking two hundred and fifty languages. So, the Indians are not related by language. Still, they are united by something else — a central culture and a central idea of God.

Now, when you have this idea of Rajneesh and Bhagwan and, I don't know, Sufi — these are names. This is a name for a system. But we are dealing here with the truth. Therefore, in Sahaj Marg we say, "No name, no form, no power." God — no attributes. The fundamental source. If we keep that in mind, we cannot make mistakes. But if you go by your wish and say, "Oh, I want to be a Sufi!" Why? Somebody says, "No, I would prefer to go to Rajneesh." Why? If you say, "I want food," you get food. "I am hungry. I need food." You get it. But if you say, "I want only pizza — only olive, only onion, and only what — pizza itself." How can you get?

So, we must know what we are looking for, what we are searching for. Now, people are searching for systems, not for truth, not for reality. So, they find systems. Somebody says, "I can find God only in church." Nonsense! By definition, God is everywhere, in all things, omnipresent, omnipotent, omni-pervasive. So, how can He be only in church, or only here, or only there? It's a lie. So, you must search for God. Why are you dogmatic and say, "I am Christian. I will only find God in

my church." Then the Catholic will not go to a Protestant church, or to a Greek Orthodox church, or to a Russian church. But the church is the same. It was Christ who gave all this, and man who divided the churches into so many things. So, there is not one Christianity today. There are a hundred Christianities. Isn't it? So, to say, "I will look for God only in a church," or for a Hindu to say, "Only in the temple," or for a Buddhist, "Only at the feet of Buddha," is ridiculous.

We must be willing to see God everywhere, in everything, at all times. Everywhere, at all times, in everything, is possible only when He is in me, because then at all times, He is in me. Wherever I go, He is in me. Therefore, He is where I am. Isn't it? Everywhere, at all times, **in me**. Whereas, if I have a favourite church or a favourite God, He is not with me always. So, spirituality says, "Look for him here," [touches heart] because here He is with you everywhere, at all times. So, the only true definition of God, you know, where you can look for Him and find Him eternally, is **only** in yourself, not outside. It's very simple. I don't know why people don't understand this! [laughter]

Q: Last year, I was here. I saw I had a need for Master. But the problem — I could only take holistic meditation for three months. After that, my old girlfriend is coming, ... and then I started to smoke hash again. (PR: Yes.) This time, ... I made a decision that I should ... I want to know how I can... I feel now I can stay away from these two things, (PR: Yes) and I want to hold this now, because I am very bad feeling.

PR: Go toward this person inside you. Hold to **him**. Like a child holds the hand of a mother when walking — it is safety, security, guidance. Now if you are trying to hold to a condition, it is not possible because conditions change. If you are trying to push something out, it is not possible because it fights back. Hold to this person inside you — constant remembrance — again very simple. You have to practise. It's not something to understand, it's to practise. We want to do

constant remembrance — "Yes, Master is there. Oh, wonderful girl is going there... you know I want to think of Master only, you see, but what is this man smoking?" This is not constant remembrance. It is desire which is interfering with your holding here. Therefore we have to give up desires. But then people say, "Oh, but desires are so nice, Chari! You are an old man. You have no more any likes and dislikes." But I was like this thirty years ago, too, when I was young. Not as young as you, but much younger — thirty years ago I was very much younger.

Because the journey begins somewhere, no? And the journey did not begin wrong. See, suppose I start from here to go to Copenhagen, and I am going in the direction of north. I will not reach Copenhagen. So, the journey has to be commenced in the right direction, and the direction has to be maintained all the time. It is a continuous effort. Unless, like a pilot, you are in a plane, and ground control says, "Danger! Turn and come back aft." Then you have to do it, but then you are under guidance. Not on your own.

Q: [inaudible]

PR: No, no, it can be done. It depends on who is doing it. But people want to wander here and there. They say, "Oh, I go north a little. What is wrong? I can always turn around." But the idea that we can always turn around is not correct, because nobody knows how much time we really have. So, wisdom says, "Do it now while it is possible." Well, today you know it can be done. Tomorrow, who knows who is alive? Most of the people who die without becoming saints are dying like that, because they have lost time. We should study when we can study in school, but we don't study. All the years are wasted. Then we say, "Oh, I should have studied. My mother told me. Poor thing, she was always weeping." What is the use? It's a memory now. All right — begin study now. It is still possible. You are still alive. But if you go on like this until you are seventy-two and you're an old Dane without teeth and falling

hair, and say, "Yeah, yeah, I should have studied then, you know," you are still thinking of the past.

So, when we see the need for change, we must immediately change — like when you are on the road and you are going towards Copenhagen and it says, for instance, Kolding — you are on the wrong road. You should have turned before Vejle. So, you go back. You don't go to Hamburg and say, "Yes, now I am sure I was on the wrong road!" Or go on to Frankfurt and say, "Yes, yes, now I am absolutely sure, because I have gone to Hamburg, I have gone to Frankfurt, now I am near Munich. I am surely on the wrong road." How much further are you to go? To Switzerland, before you change? So you see, the moment we are in the wrong direction, it is our duty, in our own interest, to change direction. But we don't do it.

Q: [inaudible]

PR: She misses the discipline in herself? Well, she has to use her will power. What did God give us will power for?

Q: I had a friend who killed himself, and he came in my dream and talked to me, and he came also to his own brother, and his own brother said he saw the devil in him... and after that, me and my husband were afraid because we kept seeing him in our dreams and we were afraid to face him because...

PR: Repeat the prayer before you go to bed two or three times and go to sleep. It will not happen again.

Q: But...

PR: But, you want to see him again? [laughter] This is the problem, you see.

Q: The first time he came to my dream, he was really nice and he explained to me why he did what he did. He was really nice. But he kept coming to my husband, and my husband would not face him, and I feel maybe he needs to face him, so he can help him...

PR: No, no. It's not necessary. The person is dead. You cannot help him any more. You must forget him. Most of the problem is our own attachment to these things. That you want to see him in a nice way. So, give up that.

Q: But, what happens to people when they kill themselves?

PR: Don't worry about it. What happens to people who are alive and are really dead? That is more our concern. The dead are dead.

Q: When you came here and gave the first sitting, and afterwards you said, "That was a good sitting." And it was a good sitting, but what is a good sitting?

PR: Well, when a cook makes something and she says, "This is a nice soup I have made for you today," you may not like it, but nevertheless it's a nice soup. You see, what the teacher teaches you in class — he says, "Today we had a good lesson." The student says, "I didn't understand. How was it good?" Well, if you had absorbed it, you would have found out that what he said is right. You understand? So, you don't absorb it. Now suppose I don't eat that good soup which the cook makes. I cannot comment on it. I cannot say it was good or bad.

Q: Some people say that a good sitting is when all the thoughts are coming out, and so cleaning...

PR: It's not like that. You see, what is good for me may not be good for you in that sense. I am very happy when a sitting gives you a lot of disturbance and you go away miserable! [laughs] For me it is a good sitting, because it shows that things are coming out, you know! Suppose you are having a problem in your stomach or something, and the doctor gives you an emetic, and you are going and vomiting two, three times. The doctor says, "Wonderful! Tell me when it stops." And then he gives you another medicine. Now, you may say, "Damn fool of a doctor — he's happy when I vomit." Yes, precisely, because it has to come out, no? Suppose he gives you medicine and you did not vomit. He would be worried.

He'd say, "What is this? What have I to do next? Take an x-ray. Is there a blockage in the intestine? Do I have to cut her open?" The problem becomes worse. So, Babuji said, "Accept miseries and pain as blessings," because it is throwing things out.

Q: ...asks about hierarchies in the Mission...

PR: What structure? Hierarchy. In nature everything is hierarchical. ... How does one progress, grow? By taking one step after the other. You see, I have a ladder. It is a hierarchy. First step, second step, third step, fourth step, fifth step, sixth step, seventh step ... eighteenth step. When I have climbed, I am in the next level. Now somebody can say, "This is a hierarchy of steps." Another man who looks with a, shall we say, expanded vision, says "It is a ladder." Isn't it? So, what is a hierarchy to you is a whole thing to somebody else. Like you have a hundred mark note, fifty mark note, twenty mark note, ten mark note, then coins — another hierarchy. Numbers — one, two, three, four, five, six — another hierarchy. Animal kingdom, plant kingdom, mineral kingdom, human beings, angels, God — another hierarchy. I think there is a book by Arthur Koestler dealing with this business of hierarchies. You should read it. I don't remember the title. Very beautiful.

Everything in nature has a hierarchy, because when you look from here below, it is a hierarchy. When you look above, it's another hierarchy. You see, I am a whole being, to myself and to you; but inside me I have the vascular system, the nervous system, the system of the skeleton, the digestive and alimentary systems, the pulmonary system — subsystems. Now, if you look at the circulatory system, the central thing is the heart. Then you have the veins and the arteries. Hierarchy.

Q: Does it mean in meditation I can find out the next step, the next step, etc.

PR: In meditation there are no steps. If you are doing it right [gestures cutting right through] — TGV.

Q: To find out the next step?

PR: I am telling you there is no step. When something is moving continuously, the steps are what we create to make it possible to understand. So, a hierarchy is really a construction of the human mind.

Q: Of my mind?

PR: Of your mind, of everybody's mind. But when we see it from above, there are no hierarchies. I don't think I have seven hierarchies inside me. So, the difficulty comes when we look from the lower level and see the hierarchies. But when I look from the higher level there are no hierarchies. So, the view changes. Like when I am climbing a mountain, I am afraid of falling. When I am on top of the mountain, I look and I'm happy. No more problems. The hundred metre hill which looked very difficult to climb — when I look from there it's like a piece of stone.

Q: [inaudible]

PR: If you have the ability, yes. If not, no. It depends upon you, you see. As Babuji said, if you can take one step towards him, he takes one step towards you. But your one step is probably sixty centimetres, or something like that. His one step is from one end of eternity to the other end of eternity. So, if I have the ability to compress time, everything is now. Isn't it? I don't have to suffer from the beginning to the end and in between. But as long as I am bound by time, by the ideas of space and time, I have the distance in length and the distance in time. So, you ask somebody, "How long will it take to go to Munich from here?" They say, "Eight hours." But eight hours is not a distance, it is a time measure.

So you see, we are changing between time and space. Now, spirituality says, "Forget both." Because when you are conscious of distance, you say, "Oh, how can I go to Gabi for a sitting? She is sixteen kilometres away." And you say sixteen kilometres as if it is sixteen thousand kilometres. When we say we want to go there: "Oh, it's only sixteen kilometres, Chari." Even the voice makes contraction. When

we don't want to go, even the voice becomes long: "S-i-x-t-e-e-n kilometres!" Like one millionaire told me, when I asked him, "Why are you asking for more money?" He said, "But Chari, I have only twenty-seven million rupees!" "How much do you want?" "Oh, a hundred million. Two hundred million. That would be nice." So, again it is a question of desire, and the bondage of space and time.

Now, we think in spirituality there is a space dimension involved. But it is not correct. If it is not correct, there cannot also be a time dimension. We forget this, because space and time are the same thing. Without one, the other cannot exist. So, if there is no space in my journey, how can there be time in my journey? If I can understand this correctly, then there is no more beginning and ending. It is now. Therefore spirituality says, "Everything is now, here." "*Ici et maintenant,*" as the French say.

Q: [inaudible]

PR: This again is a confusion, you see, that I am in the material world, and that is the spiritual world. They don't exist separately. You know, I have to eat. I have to breathe. Which is more important? The breathing. I can live without eating for very many days, but I cannot live even ten minutes without breathing. So, the subtler is more important than the grosser. This we have to understand, too. But we don't. I think now we have to stop questions. Last question.

Q: When I meditate sometimes I meditate on two hearts — one on the left and one on the right. And I'm confused...

PR: You stick to one heart!

Q: Stay with one heart?

PR: Yes. Of course, I mean it in many ways.

[A sitting is given]

PR: ...When he thinks of leaving this son in Hamburg, he is miserable, he is unhappy. But when he thinks of the other son, to whom he is going, he is happy. So, when we look to the

past, we are miserable. When we look to the future, it can be happiness. But why do we think of the future with fear? Can anybody give me an answer? Yes, because we are thinking of the future while thinking of the past. So, we are really afraid of the past coming back to us in the future. It is wrong to say I am afraid of the future because it is unknown. I am afraid of the future precisely because I don't want my past to come back into my future again. Thank you.

Q: Master, can I say something?

PR: Yes, please. Stand up and say it.

Q: I don't know, we've all been here for a few weeks, or coming up to a year, or whatever, and I, for one, sort of wonder what more I can do in my practice and whatever to help the Mission. I suddenly thought last night about when I was in Bombay — this is before I was introduced to Sahaj Marg, and I was talking to some Indians. We were talking about the British empire and things, and one of them said to me, "The Indian nature is servile. We are servants." And I was completely shocked. I thought, "Have you no pride? What's the matter with you?" And it was only yesterday when I thought, "Oh, well. That is right. That is exactly how we should be. We should be serving — we should be serving Master." It was just so obvious, that was how it should be, and that is how we can progress, and that if we progress, the Mission progresses. And the way we can do that is not by asking, "Well, what should I do?" It's not that. It's asking Master, "What do you want me to do?", and when we have the answer, everything's easy, everything is simple. And that's it.

PR: You see, about this point of the Indian still feeling servile — it's because they are still thinking of the British as their rulers. They are looking backwards. Isn't it? So, they are bringing the past into the present and the future and they are still afraid of the white man. They are still feeling servile, inferior. This is number one answer to your... not an answer, a clarification.

Number two: How to serve without being servile? Babuji Maharaj said, "Service without servility." One who serves is not a servant. I mean, the Master serves you all the time, but he is no way your servant.

Q: It's to be selfless?

PR: It is not even to be selfless. You see, when the service is of a higher nature than what you expect, there is no servility. But when that service is of a lower nature than what you expect, it is service with servility — you are a servant. So, we make ourselves servants. Nobody makes me a servant of himself. You know, when I talk like this people think I am arrogant, but I served thirty-five years in a company where my boss could never humble me. Why, if I am not humbled by the British, should I be humbled by an Indian? For heaven's sake!

So you see, humility should not be confused with servitude. Humility is an attitude of the soul, where I tell myself, "I am what I am, but I should be what I should be." And this gap is my humility. The more I am inclined to think that I am already what I should have been, the more arrogance it is. So, when I am conscious that between me and my goal there is still something to be achieved, it makes for humility. It has nothing to do with human relationships. So, all this kow-towing and, you know, building low doors so that you bend down and go through, this is all stupid, superficially stupid. Humility is always an attitude in which we meet someone who is — I can't use the word 'superior', because it's not right — who is perfect. Like when you see a beautiful painting, you stand in awe and reverence before it. It's not servility. It's not servitude. It's not humbling yourself before something. Nevertheless, the attitude is one of humility. So, when you go into a church, to go near the altar, the feeling comes of humility. Why? Because there is that towards which I am moving. You cannot go arrogantly towards your Christ or your Krishna. So, we should not confuse these things. And service without servility is the purpose of life.

And how to serve the Mission? You know, it is a big problem. By becoming what He wants you to become. There is no other answer. All the rest is superficial — building ashrams, collecting money, bringing more abhyasis — this is not correct. Because he who does not bring himself into the house, but brings the Master's sheep to him, is only a shepherd, is an employee. Isn't it? Like she flies on Lufthansa planes, and bring the planes, puts them in their parking lot, and goes home — it's no more her plane. So, when we do the duty as if I am working **for** someone, with something that belongs to him, I am in the middle as a servant. But if I say, "These sheep are mine, because my Master is mine, and everything that belongs to him is mine — therefore, I must look after the sheep, not as a servant," the whole thing changes.

Thank you.

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PEELING THE PERSONALITY

Copenhagen, Denmark
19 June, 1993

I had some thoughts this morning about astronomy, strangely enough. And I was thinking how kind and merciful the Creator has been to our solar system, galaxies and things like that, because you have our sun, around which the planets are revolving, and they cannot break loose. I mean the planets cannot break loose, because the gravitational force of the sun prevents it. There would be no orbital motion of the planets unless they were trying to escape. But this is like a string tied to a piece of stone, and you are rotating it. The string, which is gravity, keeps the planet going round the sun — no escape. So, I think it is a merciful thing that God did in making the centre of that system able to keep everything together.

But when you come to spirituality, you find that now **you** have to create this gravitational force towards the centre. Otherwise, you are escaping all the time. And what is this? And why is it like that? Because, for some funny reason, the human being is expected to go towards his goal willingly and

with love. So, you have two forces: will and love. We are supposed to use our will power to go towards our destination, not selfishly for some selfish purpose, but with love. So, the centre cannot compel anyone to come towards itself. I think, in this, it has done a great dis-service to human beings, while apparently doing a great deal of good, by giving us intelligence and will power. So, by using our will power and our intelligence — the intelligence to look for and find the goal, the will power to enable us to go towards it as fast as we can — the responsibility for evolution is given into our hands.

I often feel that the Creator made a very serious mistake here. I am not joking. Because when you look at human history, and thanks to archaeology and sciences like that, you find that the human race is not just ten thousand years old or a hundred thousand years old, but is nearer to a million years old now, and if you look at the history of human development — and now I am not talking about the cultural history and the scientific history, which in my opinion tend to divert human beings away from their goal, but I shall come to that later — but if you look at the history of the **real** spiritual development of the human race (what is **real** in a human being is his spirit, his soul), if you look to that development, and the history of that development, how many people have we? We are always talking of a Buddha or a Christ or a Krishna or a Vivekananda or a Ramakrishna, Lalaji, Babuji, and then it's over — half a dozen people in a million years.

So, you see what a tragedy it is, that over a million years of existence as bipeds, hominids — maybe primitive, but still intelligent enough — if you look at the popular scientific writings about the science of human development, the way human beings evolved, there have been enormous jumps. For instance, when the human being evolved to the ability or capacity to create a tool such as flint arrowheads or spearheads, that was an enormous evolutionary jump. The ability to create fire was another enormous evolutionary jump, but they took several hundred thousand years in between. But

the jumps were there. I think, for the primitive of those days to even conceive of the possibility of a tool to be used, other than his own bare hands and teeth and claws, is a much bigger achievement than your computers of today, on which we pride ourselves so much.

So, it seems also that we develop much more in the earlier stages of our development than we are doing now, when we have so much at our command, so much at our disposal, so much accumulated knowledge that we have to help us to go forward with, and so much spiritual aid based on the development and the experiences of the people who have gone before us. Yet we are falling into subsystems, cultural subsystems, achievement-oriented subsystems — my culture, my music, Wagner, Chopin, Tchaikovsky — and we are caught up by Danish culture, by German culture, the Italian Renaissance, always of the past. It is like the Moon, which has been going around the Earth instead of going around the Sun, caught by a smaller subsystem instead of being attracted towards the centre of its own system. Now, what is this gravitational force that we have to create in ourselves, so that even though we may not be able to pull the source towards ourselves, at least we can use the force to propel us towards the centre? Constant remembrance, of course. Because only through constant remembrance does love develop, and it is love which finally propels you towards the beloved.

So, if you look at it that way, where there is no constant remembrance, all this sadhana is a waste because now we are turning around ourselves again: my meditation, my cleaning, my meditation, my cleaning, day and night, day and night, meditation in the day, cleaning in the night: samskara.

It is something of a wonder to me that in science, gravity is called the weak force, but it is so subtle that it exercises enormous capacity to pull enormous objects over enormous distances. Look at a planet like Jupiter or Saturn — giant planetary bodies, yet they cannot escape. So, whether you are

small or big, gravity doesn't let you go. Of course, these planets shine very brightly in the sky. They are so large that they reflect more light. Had it been a tiny planet about the size of a pinhead, you wouldn't even see it. Now, these planets, if they could see their own reflection in a mirror, must be thinking that they are great. Jupiter, priding itself, "Look at the light, look at my brilliance." Saturn saying, "But look at mine! We are so far away and yet we shine." So, the further you go away, the bigger you have to be to really shine. This is material opulence, material achievement, material greatness.

We are so far away from the centre, and yet we are so big. And we shine — at least we think we shine. The enormous beauty and attraction of our cultures — art, aesthetics, music, scientific achievement, architectural opulence — they are all misleading. They hide the weakness of the spirit. Where is the spirit behind all this? No doubt all this opulence is there on which we can pride ourselves, pat ourselves on our backs, and say, "Look at the greatness of my culture and my tradition, of my philosophy." Take, for example, the so-called eminence of Greek philosophy. But what has happened to the Greeks? The gods of Rome — where are they today? Your gods of the Nordic races — where are they? Where are the Nordics? As I was asking this morning, where are Vikings of today? Weak things on two legs, strutting around, pretending to be great. Nothing but their sensory desires to show that they even exist — nothing else.

Today's average human being, I think most of them, I mean the average human being, not Einstein or what was his name — you know, that fellow that built the observatory here in Denmark. Oh yes, that was it, Tycho Brahe. You see, you have had great people, which means you can have more great people. But **had** and **have** and **will have**, you know there's a great difference. What is the use? One Einstein in Germany? Well, Oppenheimer and two or three others more. But over a century or six centuries or ten centuries, where are the rest? Lost in the pitfalls of a material, gross existence.

And even these great men only went towards intellectual and material eminence, scientific eminence, artistic eminence. People of the soul? You don't see many here, in these countries. Relatively much fewer than in the East. Why? Because material affluence, as it increases, is attracting the creator of that affluence itself more towards itself. Pull. Men are pulled towards beauty, towards architecture, towards sculpture, towards sound, towards light, forgetting that they created these things and that they are always superior to what they have created. The creator can never be subordinate to his creation. And when we assume this subordinate situation or status, it is like today's mathematicians, who can hardly add eight and eight and say that it is sixteen — they need a computer. Sixteen times sixteen? I don't think anybody here can give me a quick answer — you need a calculator. Any child in the Orient will tell you it is two hundred fifty-six. But here we need calculators. Why? Because we have used our enormous mental and intellectual capacities to create things and handed over our freedom, our capacity, our very intellect, it would seem, to these machines which now dominate us.

So, you see what has happened: instead of our using our experience of life, experience in going through life to draw the wealth of the wisdom and knowledge and everything else that is available in this universe, we are now creating a special universe of our own, what we call a technical and technological universe, to which we are giving our power of autonomy, as it were, and saying, "Now, you rule me." And the day may not be far off when we have a big computer as our president. No more elections. You will all have a computer terminal at home. You will put in your problems, and the computer will solve them. If, in a factory, computers can handle machines — you know, today there is more and more automation, more and more computerisation in factories, especially in Japan, I'm told — why can't a country be run by a government like that? A totally impersonal, mindless governor?

So, that is the destiny towards which, perhaps, the advanced technological nations are going without realising it. Because we human beings are not thinking about what we are creating. Am I creating an instrument which I will use? Or am I creating a monster which will use me? Like they say of drink — a man drinks from the bottle, then the bottle drinks from the bottle, then the bottle drinks up the man. Similarly, man creates and uses a machine, then the machine uses the machine — a computer to produce a computer, and then the computer uses the man.

In science fiction you can find any number of stories on this theme, that a society is run by computers. You have no choice. They have a surveillance system superior to Hitler's, because in every house there are computer lenses, eyes, etc. And they monitor your every activity — like poor fellows who go out into space — they have to eat on command, drink on command, urinate on command, defecate on command, and sleep on command. No choice, no personal will, no personal judgement, no personal decision-making any more — just ground-control. The only thing we will have will be computer-control. "Wake up!", but not in a human voice. "Wake up! Light your stove. Put on the water," in computer-simulated human voices, and we will be thinking that we are free. "Look what a wonderful thing we have created. The whole of the centre of Copenhagen district, Copenhagen See, is a computer. The cows are milked on time, the cheese is made perfectly." And the Danes? Looking at themselves as if they are free, but computer controlled. That would be the highest tragedy.

So, we have to take our will power and our intelligence back into our hands. I'm not saying that we should not have computers. They are very useful, but when for every small, petty thing, you have to go to a computer, you are now in danger.

Also, when we talk of personality (we have been talking about personality in the last two talks with new abhyasis), all

this is adding to our personality. Every achievement is another layer over the onion. It is as if the onion is growing a new skin. Artist: one more skin. Reputed artist: one more skin. Famous artist: one more skin. Artist who sells well: one more skin. Rich: one more skin. Every achievement, by the very nature of achievement, is adding to our personality. I am rich. I am white. I am great. I am Danish. I am European. No, now today, you look at yourselves. There was a time when there was individuality in these countries. Now, I am not preaching for or against any political decisions you may have taken, but unity should not mean putting everything into one mould and creating copies of the same thing everywhere. Unity is a political idea.

Human beings must still have their identity. Each individual must be really individual. Individual in what sense? That I have a soul, and the soul is covered by a body, and the body is covered by its dress, and the dress is covered by the room in which I sit, and the room is part of a house in which I live. And that is part of a village, and that of a community, or a commune as you call it here, and that of an *amt*, and that of a nation. You see how many onion skins?

Now, if I have to go back to my individuality, I have to peel off these things, with nationality to go first. I am a human being. Who are you? Well, you have a name such as Tycho Brahe. Yes, but what are you? I am Tycho Brahe. Are you not a Dane? Well, I am in Denmark, but that doesn't make me a Dane. Why should it make you a Dane?

So you see, really we have to get rid of these barriers to real harmony, real peace, real growth, real brotherhood, real love. Now, it is a funny thing that when a Dane marries a Russian, it is news. Ivan the Terrible marrying a Danish girl — it's wonderful. "What wonderful things, Chari! You know, a Russian is marrying a Dane." But it's only two human beings who are marrying. When you import a cow or a bull from England, and use it here to have a better breed of cattle, you

don't say, "I got an English husband for my Danish wife." That would be great, wouldn't it? It is only a bull and a cow. What makes a girl from Denmark a special cow, and a boy from Russia a special bull? They are still a bull and a cow. So, why the sense of satisfaction and wonder, and an artificial appreciation of Sahaj Marg? "Look how beautiful Sahaj Marg is! Babuji has brought together two people, one Russian and one Dane. Bravo! *Viva* Sahaj Marg!"

You see how stupid we have become? Why? Because we have been living so long in isolation: iron curtain, brass curtain, ceramic curtain. The ceramic curtain, obviously, is Denmark, the land full of so much porcelain, which I admire, love, and actually covet sometimes. Fortunately, I don't have enough money. So, you have the ceramic curtain, you have the silk curtain, you have the lace curtain, you have the iron curtain, you have the brass curtain. When you break these and one single Russian marries one single Dane, you think it is a great, wonderful achievement. How wonderful would it be if you forgot he is a Russian and she is a Dane? Wouldn't it be more wonderful than to remember this? So, nationality is the first barrier.

What is the next? My house. Holbergsgade [street name of Copenhagen centre]. Wonderful, but what is wonderful about Holbergsgade? What is happening here is wonderful, not the house. You know, if you decide to reorganise your house and put your kitchen where your toilet is, it wouldn't matter a damn. It **was** a toilet. Today it is a kitchen. It is the function that determines what a place is. It is what is happening there which makes what a place is. Do you understand? So, if good things are happening in Denmark, Denmark is a good country, and the people of Denmark are good people because good things are happening here. To say that Denmark is a good country is stupid if the Danes are bad or corrupt or useless. A land is defined by its people, and the people are defined by their activities.

So, don't make this mistake of thinking that the museum is a fine place. I have seen museums which stank. Not every painting is a piece of art. Not everything that a man chips out of a stone becomes a sculpture. You only need to see some of these pieces of modern art adorning your squares and your fountains. People have lost all value of aesthetic sense, sculpture. One need only strike a stone with a hammer and something must come out of it. And some fervid, diseased imagination will think something is there. Like Polonius and Hamlet: "Yon cloud appears like a camel." "Yes." "Methinks it looks like a woman." "Yes, milord." "Methinks it is only a cloud." "Yes, milord." So, what is it really? It's a cloud. And what's a cloud? It's water vapour. Well, what is water vapour but H_2O? And what is H_2O but hydrogen and oxygen? You pare it down, again remove all these adjectives and descriptions, and you come down to the essence.

In anything which you want to understand, you have to go on removing. For instance, I got a book, nicely gift-packed, this morning from Ole Nørgaard. Well, I cannot keep it in that gift pack in my bookshelf and admire it. I have to open the gift wrapping. The beautiful gift-wrap paper, the paper I sometimes like better than the book. But it is the book that is the gift, not the paper. So, I removed the paper. Now I have to open the covers and read.

So, going from the outer into the inner, and to the innermost is the process which can reveal what something is. If you continue to look at a Dane and say, "He's only a Dane," you're being stupid. Remove his Danishness — after all, it's a superficiality. Had the blighter been born in Timbuktu, he would be an African. It's an accident of birth, karma, samskara, which makes you a Dane and somebody a Timbuktu-er and somebody else a Chinese. Millions of babies are born every moment, of so many nationalities. Before they were born, they were all souls: no differentiation, not yet male or female, not yet Hindu or Christian, not yet Danish or African. But from that original, individual, undifferentiated state, they come down here, and are all assuming nationalities,

colour, consciousness, greatness or smallness, strength or weakness. So you see, the process of descent creates differentiation, while the process of ascent creates unification.

But it is necessary for each of you, in your own consciousness, to get rid of these differentiating things and come down to that unity of existence, which in fact means depersonalisation of each individual. Personality is a barrier. And we have not just one personality, we have multiple personalities. You are something to each person you have associated with or will associate with. You are nice to someone, cruel to someone, kind to someone, hateful to someone, charitable toward someone, or mean. All these are personality problems. And what is the first sign of growth towards this very desirable end? That the person thinks less and less of himself or herself, because only when you think of yourself are you a Dane, a male Dane, a six-foot-tall male Dane, a big, strapping, six-foot-tall male Dane, a very attractive, big, strapping, six-foot-tall male Dane. You see how the adjectives grow. Now you have to depersonalise. In **your** consciousness, you must be nothing.

This can happen in two ways: you think of everybody else except yourself, that means the self-centredness is gone; or centre the self in your Self, which is constant remembrance. So, these two ways you find in society: people like Mother Teresa, selfless service, not thinking of herself, but thinking of the poor people of Calcutta, the refugees, the lepers, helping them — in one way, achieving this depersonalisation. Whether it is spiritual or not, you must decide. The other way is to centre the self in your Self, bring it from some external, far away point where it is supposed to be equated to heaven where God is. One of the most silly ways of thinking of God and ourselves — that God is somewhere in heaven and I am somewhere in hell, and never the twain shall meet. What a tragedy. Spirituality says, bring the centre into yourself, because it achieves what lack of self-centredness cannot achieve.

The unselfish person may help a lot of people by looking outwards, but his or her orientation is outwards. He may alleviate suffering, but his gaze is outside, towards suffering. They may get Nobel Prizes, which momentarily make them think big of themselves, perhaps, which is a danger.

In bringing the centre into yourself, you achieve the much more magnificent possibility of now looking only inside, and yet looking outside. Because, as Babuji Maharaj said, by loving Him who loves all, you really love all through Him. Now, if I am to look towards all the people of the world, and individually to wonder about them, strengthen them, spiritually help them, it is not possible. Also, it will create that same mistake as you find in people who are doing social service, that their look is outwards, away from the Self. Here, by looking towards Him, strengthening His presence in myself, becoming more and more conscious of His presence in me, until I am so identified with Him that I am no more and He is all, now I can help the universe through only this centre in myself — not self-centredness — but the centre in me which has grown to such immense proportions that the universe is embraced by it. This is the spiritual possibility that is available to all of us without exception. As a joke I may say that even Danes are not excluded from it.

You know, Babuji had great love for the Danes. I know you're all trying to reciprocate in some way or the other, but it is not enough. You are only thinking of him, talking about him, but are you trying to become like him? If you are not, then you are as weak as a dead man is remembered by his wife: "Oh, Jerry was a nice man, you know. He was always helpful. He did the lawnmowing. He cleared the kitchen and the garbage. He fed the chicken. He milked the cow." What were you doing all the time? So, we are only looking at Babuji and thinking of him, and loving him for what he did for you.

Now, doesn't there devolve upon you, or should I say **evolve** upon you, a duty towards him, too? He's always remembering us. How often do we remember him? Remembering is not thinking about. Unfortunately, there is this confusion between remembering and thinking about a thing. They are supposed to be synonymous, but they are not. To me, there is a very big difference between remembering and thinking. I can think of food without even being hungry, but when I'm hungry, my stomach remembers my food. That is what hunger really is. I can think of my wife, but do I remember my wife? I can think of my Master, but am I remembering my Master? Am I constantly remembering Him?

So you see, when there is too much talk of Babuji, there is too little remembering of Babuji. Remembrance is a silent activity, something which goes on inside, which is simmering inside like water simmering on the fire, and boils. This creates longing, craving, and that gives us the motivating force which becomes the gravity which will push me towards him. He doesn't have to pull me. He never pulls me.

It is like the Indian ferries where there is a rope tied on this bank and the other end tied to the other bank. You are in the boat, and by pulling at the rope you move the boat. We don't have all the wonderful ferries that you have here. Precise, opulent, luxurious — in fact, they are so luxurious that sometimes I think I'll spend a whole day going between Fyn and Copenhagen, sitting in the restaurant. Now that is the sort of thing that we have to avoid. If something is so attractive to you that you prefer to remain there, you are lost. Why are prisons made uncomfortable? Because, if they were very comfortable, what would be the difference between a prison and a house? Freedom is only a figment of the imagination. If we could have a nice, heated prison with cushioned mattresses, clean toilets, well, most of us would prefer to be in prison. No problem of family, you don't have to go out and buy your *baguette* every morning. They feed you on time, and the bedroom is nice; the toilet is clean. What

more does a man want? Therefore, they are made uncomfortable, miserable, with rats going around, stink. So that at least through that stink and discomfort and horror, you will want to reform yourself and get out quickly.

But unfortunately, when you make the world a comfortable, nice, beautiful place, then we have examples of people who say, "Oh, but Chari, I don't mind being reborn. Such a nice, wonderful life. You don't want to be reborn because you are an Indian, and you have nothing to look forward to in your next life. India will probably be worse in a hundred years than it is today. But imagine Europe in a hundred years!" [Clucks tongue] And if I cannot laugh outside, I laugh inside and weep also for these Europeans who would prefer to be reborn, to ride on their TGVs and on their ferries, and eat with their beautiful Georg Jensen spoons and forks on wonderful porcelain, and think that they are having a nice, wonderful life. If you drop the Georg Jensen, it is broken. Drop the crystal glass which cost you seven hundred krone, it is shattered. Drop yourself, and you cannot even pick up the pieces.

So, what is the lesson? As Babuji Maharaj said, when people wanted to buy a car in Shahjahanpur to take people to the station, he said life should not be so comfortable that it becomes a problem. People wanted hot water in the bathrooms. He said, "No. For the aged, I will have a boiler outside." You know the traditional Indian boiler of copper where you put in cold water and you get out hot water. You have to do something for your hot water. He said, "If there is too much comfort, people will not get up for meditation. They will sleep." 'Minimum comfort' was Babuji's motto.

Similarly, minimum of everything that is material and physical. When you maximise it, you are creating more and more shells like an onion, which has become a cabbage, which has become a cancer. So, this is the problem of the personal-

ity. We have to peel off everything, layer by layer by layer by layer, until what remains is nothing.

Thank you

20

DISCIPLINE

Copenhagen, Denmark
20 June, 1993

I thought we should have some talk about discipline. It's a favourite subject! It is, I think, necessary to understand that love and discipline go together. Love and discipline go together. We have saying in Tamil which I would like to translate in English, that "The hand that beats is the hand that hugs." But don't reverse it and say, "The hand that hugs will also be the hand that beats." It's not true. Why I am saying this is, in most of these Western nations they are thinking of love separately, discipline separately, but they are really two sides of the same coin. What this saying in Tamil means, that the hand that beats is the hand that hugs, should be clear — that only one who loves will be bold enough to also discipline, correct. And in a person or in a society, when this ability to correct is lost, that means love is also lost. Such love as you see around you is artificial, superficial, physical.

It's a tragic thing, because nowadays you see people who are supposed to be in love — couples, brother and brother,

sister and sister, parents and children — they are all afraid of saying anything which can be correctional in nature. A mother is afraid to tell her daughter, "Don't smoke," because it is infringing upon the freedom of the so-called growing daughter. The father is afraid to tell his son, "Lay off hash." When I tell him, "Why don't you tell your son?", he says, "But you know, Chari, in our society our children are free." Free to destroy themselves, send themselves to the lunatic bins — loony bins, as they call them in America? And is this love which can watch misuse of a freedom by a growing youngster without being corrected? I think it's a farce. And it's a tragic farce that children are not being trained properly by their parents, in the name of freedom. Children are going to the dogs in the name of personal freedom. Love at fourteen, sex at sixteen, child at seventeen — in the name of freedom. What is this freedom where there is no discipline? I mean, as I have said so often, you breed your cattle with greater respect for genealogy and qualities, but your human beings are mating indiscriminately. What is this society, where pigs are bred for meat, cows are bred for milk, chickens are bred in a particular way so that they give bigger eggs, but human beings — indiscriminate, promiscuous, in the name of freedom?

So you see, at least in Sahaj Marg, you people must learn to understand that love and freedom and discipline go together. There can be no freedom unless it's a disciplined freedom. You have this on your highways: Keep to the right. Flick your lights when you want to overtake. Or when you want to change lanes, wait and give way to the other traffic. This is all discipline, and it goes with the freedom of being able to go, accident-free, on the roads. You don't say, "Ah, I am in a free country. Liberty! Equality!" and you go around as you choose, like children in these fairs where they have cars banging against each other. That is fun, that is okay. It's play — child's play. Not for adults.

So, if you think you love your children, for heaven's sake, start disciplining them, so that later on the children may

not say, "My parents never cared about me." Today, I hear too much of this. I hear it from seventy year old women, I hear it from sixty year old men, forty-five, thirty-five — right down the line. "Oh, my parents never cared for me. They never gave me any guidance. They never gave me any advice." At least we should be aware to this extent, that our children should not blame us later for not having cared about them. You see, care is shown — what is caring for somebody? Caring for their welfare — not caring for their freedom. Freedom society grants, governments grant, but society doesn't care for people, governments don't care for people. All this health care, child care — it's all nonsense, you see. They are taxing you under these names. "Oh, we have a wonderful social security system." For what? To fill your hospitals with idiots, fools, broken legs, and AIDS. In the name of this wonderful, sacred, holy cow of social welfare. At the same time you are among the highest taxed nations. Where is all this tax going? Beautiful hospitals, beautiful lunatic asylums, beautiful jails.

Care begins at home. Care is a sacred thing. It is not enough to breed and send them out in the name of freedom. If you care for your children, you should teach them, you should train them, you should correct them. If you are not able to do that, you are not fit to be a parent, and you cannot parade on this pretext of freedom. "My children are old enough to look after themselves." No child is old enough to look after itself. We are not fledglings in a nest, you know, that the mother can push it out and say, "Let it fly, or let the cat take it." We are supposed to be a cultured society, a human society, a caring society, a loving society. If love means care, care can come only out of discipline.

I find this even in our own relationship between the abhyasi and the spiritual trainer. Whether it is me or somebody else, it doesn't matter. That correction, or corrective advice is always resented. But what are you here for if you are not here to be corrected and to be developed into something that you can be proud of, yourself? Don't you think you should have

self-respect? Not just the respect of being white and in Europe. It's not enough to be a white man or a white woman in Europe and think you are the best in the world. Does your behaviour support it? Does your health support it? Do your manners support it? I am not talking of the superficial manners, you know, *tak* and *tusind-tak*, for every damn thing. Or *s'il vous plaît, bitte schön, tak for mad.* This is crude etiquette, superficial etiquette, unmeaning etiquette, automatic etiquette, meaningless etiquette. Etiquette is a substitute for **real** good manners. Real good manners is discriminating. As somebody was saying yesterday, in the East we don't thank, because it is a graceless feature, you see, to say thanks. What can you really thank a person for? For opening a door? Well, it's an act of courtesy, and thanking means you are trying to in some way wipe off the account. You have done, I have thanked, it's over. It's like a accountant balancing his books. Debit said, credit said, finished. That is not the way society should run.

There should be gratitude in the heart. More important, there should be emulation of such deeds. If we receive courtesies, if we receive kindness, the only way of repaying it is to be courteous and kind when our turn comes to be courteous and kind to somebody else. It should be a training, not just a reflection, you know, where somebody brings something and you return it in another gift. Can you return a gift to the giver? Not at all. Can a son commit suicide and say, "Father, take back your damn life. I didn't want it in the first place." You cannot give back a life which is given to you. Can you return spirituality to your Master and say, "Bye bye, I am going. Here is whatever you gave me." It's not so easy. If somebody saves you from a horrendous accident in which you would surely have been killed, can you just say, "Thank you," and walk off? It is your **life** he has saved.

So you see, thanks are meaningless. In the East we consider it an insult. A good housewife in India would consider it an insult to be told her cooking is good, her food is excellent. She would say, "What do they expect, lousy food

here?" You have to look at the other side of the coin, you see, instead of just saying, "Oh, in India they never say thanks. I don't think they even have a word for it. You know these Orientals. They stink." Yes, I have heard. I have heard innumerable white men making such stupid, nauseating, insulting comments. You should also hear something we people tell about you when you don't listen to us, I mean, just to compare and contrast.

So, please try to learn what is real human etiquette. Is it based on feeling? When the heart says, "Today I have received so much, I don't know what to do," the real gratitude comes — tears in the eyes. It is enough. That's why they are called pearls. Poets speak of pearls flowing down from the eyes. Every tear should be a pearl. And then you know, you see, your heart feels what he or she feels in their heart. It doesn't have to be spoken about. It doesn't have to be demonstrated on the streets in close hugs. What is this something sacred, profanised, vulgarly? At least our abhyasis should become a little more cultured in the true sense. Remember that cultured pearls are not the real pearls.

So **true** culture is not culture at all. It is **feeling** expressed in behaviour, in action. And it can only come from personal discipline, discipline in the family. Discipline doesn't mean taking a rod and beating somebody. Discipline means correct guidance at every point. It's like a flight controller controlling a plane. "Ten thousand metres, three circles." "Okay." "Descend to nine thousand metres." "Roger." "Descend to eight thousand metres." "Roger." "Take approach four." "Roger." You don't question the controller. At the last minute he may suddenly say, "Èmergency landing! SAS Flight 1546, emergency landing. Vacate all air space." You have to fly up again. You don't ask questions. Why do you ask questions here? Don't you think this is a discipline transcending mere road discipline, flying discipline, train discipline, discipline of etiquette, manners, superficialities? "Take a sitting." "Yes, but Chari, I already had a sitting." It's not

necessary to know whether you had a sitting or not. When I say, "Take a sitting," it means take a sitting! Then they suddenly come, "No, no, Chariji, I did not mean that. I only wanted you to know." What did that mean?

So you see, discipline is absolutely necessary, and if we try to correct you, it should be taken as an expression of love, because we don't bother with everybody in the same way. You don't bother to discipline your neighbour's child. You don't bother to discipline a child which is running on the streets and breaking its neck. You say, "Well, I don't know whose child it is. I'll pray for it." But you are treating your children as if they are street children, and you are treating street children with an artificial affection and profession of love, as if they are your children. "Oh, darling. Tsk, tsk, tsk. You had a fall." — child falling on the street, you don't know whose child it is. But your child falls? We say, "Well, Chariji, if I tell that child it won't listen to me. It must be free to grow up in its own way." How wonderful, no?

Do you understand what I am trying to say? I hope so, because without this basic structure of love supporting discipline in guiding a new life through its course, that life is a wasted life. When the mother conceives, she has to be disciplined. She must not smoke. She must not drink. She must not take drugs. Because there is a child growing up in her, a new life. It's only a stupid mother who doesn't want this misbegotten child, who goes into these self-destructive bends. If you love that child, if the child is born out of love, you will discipline yourself. And when the child is born, should you not continue to discipline that child? After all, by your actions you are protecting the child which is growing in the womb. Is it not logical to continue that protection and guidance after the child has become independent of you physically, but not emotionally, not in a life-living way. What happens to that love suddenly? That the child is free? Or are we just shirking our responsibilities under this cloak of freedom? I often suspect it's the latter. Excuse me if I sound uncharitable, but I

often suspect the latter — that we are only taking refuge for our lack of, or our inability to exercise discipline, because sometimes you are afraid of exercising discipline. And now, why are we afraid? Because we are doing the things which we don't want our children to do. How can a drug addict father tell his son not to take drugs? He says, "But Dad, what are you doing?" At least the father should have the courage to say, "Yes, my son. Look at me, what I have become. It is because I don't want you to become like that I am telling you not to take drugs." It would make some sense. Instead of that, we just say, "Oh, that's my business." It doesn't work.

So, discipline. If you want to correct other people, the foundation of that ability to correct, that willingness to correct, the love alone that can make you correct others, is to discipline yourself first. Otherwise it will not work. Absolutely. So, we come back to the purpose of Sahaj Marg, that if each one of you here is not willing to correct yourself, you have no right, no authority, to correct others. You have no moral right to correct others. You lose the ability to correct others. You lose the ability even to correct yourself — you have already lost it. He who would help others must help himself first to be strong. If I want to cure sick people, I must be able to be a doctor myself, first. If I wish to give money in charity I must earn money, first. If I want to teach people I must teach myself, first. Always.

Therefore the English proverb says, "Charity begins at home." What is this charity that begins at home? It doesn't mean you eat first and then feed your guests! It means be charitable to yourself to this extent, that you dare to instruct yourself, teach yourself, discipline yourself, make yourself, before you embark upon a career of teaching, discipline, making others. That is our aim here in Sahaj Marg.

You are all parents, most of you are parents, some of you will be parents. It is good to know, before you become a parent, what are the responsibilities of being a parent. Love is

wonderful. Love is a many-splendoured thing. Yes, of course, on the screen! In real life, it is full of discipline, of orderly behaviour, of correct living, of **self** discipline. In this sense, charity begins at home but it does not end there. If I love myself to the extent that I am willing to correct myself to become something that I can be proud of myself, how much more my production should meet with those standards. It's not enough to build beautiful buildings, wonderful porcelain, wonderful crystal. You must be like an artist who will not let even the minutest imperfection escape.

The beauty that you seek outside yourself, the perfection that you are trying to bring outside yourself, in your handicrafts, in your manufacture, on roads which, I am told, cost sixty million kroner per metre — per metre, mind you! Hitler built the autobahn. He started this whole thing. You wouldn't have all these wonderful roads but for Hitler. He did many bad things, but he did a wonderful thing, too. In his time, I am told it cost one million deutschmark per kilometre. Today it is what, Steen? Thirty million kroner per metre. Can you imagine the enormous cost you are paying to have a smooth ride in a wonderful car? Can you imagine what sixty million kroner can do to people to benefit their life, to enhance their life, if it is not spent on foolish things like roads. Should a road be so perfect? Is it necessary? Sense of proportion has been lost. Sixty million kroner — do you know what it means? How many of you will earn that in a lifetime, or ten lifetimes? Will all the people here put together earn sixty million kroner in one year? For one metre of your highways! [Steen: Thirteen.] Thirteen! Well, it is still too much. If it is thirteen thousand, perhaps I would accept. Thirteen million kroner... Well, whatever it is! Let us not argue now. It is a question of sense of proportion on what we spend our taxation money. The best use for the maximum good of the maximum number of people — this must be the principle. Not the best for the few who can afford it. They can afford it in any case.

So you see, in a society where there is no discipline from the family, no corrective ability within the family, no guts to correct ourselves, we cannot correct anybody else. As I said, you lose the moral authority. A man who cannot govern his own family — it is really a government job, you know, when you apportion your resources in the family. "I have so much income; to what shall I apportion this?" A family budget — so much for education, so much for dress, so much for housing, so much for holidays. A family which doesn't work in this way is ruining itself. It is not meanness. It is balancing the budget. If governments talk of balancing the budgets you are wonderfully happy about it — cast your vote. But if the wage-earner says, "My budget must be balanced. I cannot spend more than I earn, otherwise I go into debt, This is the wise way of spending." That is discipline.

You see, we have fiscal discipline, health discipline, discipline in every aspect. So, where is there discipline in human intercourse, shall we say? I don't mean it in the sexual sense, of course, though that, too, is part of this discipline. Where is that discipline? If every family could discipline itself, it would dare to discipline the government. But we have lost that moral right. "I love Denmark." Yes, of course. We see the stickers everywhere. "I love America." Yes, of course. "I love Greece." Wonderful. Why we love America, Denmark, and Greece, but "I love my mother," I don't see? "I love my father," I don't see. "I love my brother," I don't see. Where are those signs, stickers? One day a year, Mother's Day. Another day a year, Father's Day. Gifts. Father forgotten, mother forgotten, till next Mother's Day and Father's Day.

So, where there is no discipline, tomorrow your child will accuse you of not having been interested in its welfare. "My parents never were interested in me, Chari." Tragic. But why won't the children approach the parents and say, "Dad, what should I do now? How should I go about my life? I have graduated. What do you think about my future?" "No, no, but Chari, he is old enough to look after himself." Yes, but he

doesn't know what to do. "Well, that's his problem." Case disposed of.

So, Sahaj Marg insists on personal discipline. I used to say 'recommends'. Babuji used to say 'suggests'. But I think we must really understand what we are talking about when we politely say, "Well, you know, I think the three o'clock flight is the best for you." It is advice. But we are living in a society where advice cannot be direct, so we have to couch it in polite terms. Now the recipient of that advice doesn't know whether you are really recommending him the three o'clock flight or just suggesting the three o'clock flight, or just trying to show off that you know all about flights. Why are you not involved enough to say, "Take this flight. It's the best." "Oh, but how can I do that, Chari? You know that would be arrogance." Yes, be arrogant for a change. What's wrong with it, if it is going to be helpful. Don't you think you should be helpful, and not worry about what your friend thinks about you. Rather worry about what he thinks about you and not be helpful?

A friend in need is a friend indeed. It is not just that I want to borrow money from you, and if you give me money, then you are a friend because you are a friend when I need money. It's not that. Under any circumstance of need — if he needs advice, if he needs help, if he needs food, if he needs guidance, most of all. If a friend comes to you and says, "Well you know, Dan, I don't know what to do in this situation," you must be willing to help him instead of just clucking like a chicken and saying, "Well, I will pray for you." Of course, if you cannot help in any other way, prayer is there. But prayer is not the first, it's the last recourse.

Are we committed to our friends? Where we can be bold enough to say, "Don't be a damned fool. Do this. Throw away the bottle." "No, no, but I don't want to lose his friendship." What is the friendship worth if I cannot be a friend? Can there be friendship without friendliness? Can you be a friend if you are not a friend? I don't understand this, you see. "I am a

friend but I cannot talk the truth to him. I am a friend; I cannot guide him." What is this friendship? What is this brotherliness among even real brothers, where one brother cannot speak to the other except in polite forms? "Good morning," greeting, Brother's Day — I don't know if there's a Brother's Day already on the calendar, but surely it will come — and exchange gifts.

So you see, our society has become so deranged — I don't know what other word to say — that each person is now isolated. That is why there is so much loneliness in this world. The one in need, afraid to turn to anybody else because he cannot rely on that friendship. He is afraid of being rebuffed. And you know, a person in need is a very sensitive person, and if at that moment you say something insulting or what sounds like a rebuff, he is lost. He will never more believe in another human being. Those are times when we have to work with our heart, not with our head, not with social manners and polite manners, Occidental etiquette. It is **feeling** that must come to the fore then. Are we able to do it? Are we capable of this? Do we have the courage to do this? Unfortunately, I think not. Therefore we suffer. We have friends, but no friend in need. And the tragedy is, we are afraid of losing those friends and coming to Sahaj Marg. "Yes, but Chari, you know, I will lose all my friends." What are they doing for you? Are they real friends? Do they advise you? Do they correct you? Will they give their life for you? A definition of a friend is one who can lay down his life for you — not L-E-I-F, but L-I-F-E. Now, do such friends exist today?

Therefore, as I have often said, in spirituality most of all it is said that only the Master is your friend, because he gives his life for you with every transmission, every moment. He is thinking of you all the time. But even he dare not correct. Poor fellow, he is afraid. He has to think of the Danish manners when he comes to Denmark, of the French manners when he goes to France, of the German manners when he goes to Germany. "If you don't mind, *bitte schön*, would you like to

take a sitting?" "Yes, *warum nicht.* But from whom?" "Which preceptor would you like?" "Yes, you know, but I like Gabi." "Okay." This has become a restaurant, you see, where each one places his order independently. Freedom again — freedom of taste, freedom of choice. Twenty-three people going to a restaurant, giving twenty-three different orders, because we must be free. We should not be taught that we do not have sufficient judgmental powers to order for myself, that I look at your plate and say, "Oh, she is having pizza. I will have pizza, too." "No, no, no." So, I must look in a big menu, seventy-six pages, and select something unique so that all my twenty-three friends may admire me, "What is it you are eating? I wish I had ordered it, too." My ego is satisfied. Not my stomach, not my palette, but my ego is certainly satisfied.

So, what is this society where individuality is expressed in difference and not in unification? Where brothers are not brothers in anything but name, or having a common parent — I cannot even say 'parents' today! Where mother and father are menaces to us, until we grow up old enough to blame them for not having been interested in our life. Where parents think of themselves as failures because they could not guide their children right when they **could** be guided, and today they are sitting, heartbroken, not knowing where the daughter is, what the son is doing, and third son in jail — when is he going to come out? I am telling you all this from living instances of abhyasi's families. Not fiction!

There is no use weeping after the event. Wisdom consists in forestalling events. To learn from history is the way of the fool. To learn before the event is the wise man. To prevent the event altogether is the wisdom of the sage. Some of us know the consequences of our actions only after we have acted. Some know even while they are doing it, that this is going to result in such and such a thing. The wise man knows beforehand, and avoids. So, that is also discipline.

Discipline is manifested most of all in self-control, in avoidance of action — any action, because any action must have a result. Action must be followed by a result. Babuji went to the extent of saying, "Even don't think, because that thought will have its own result." Lalaji said, "Don't give advice, because if you give advice and it is not accepted by your abhyasis and followed, you are forcing upon them a second sin of disobedience of the Master." And they said all this because they love, in a universal way, everything — all. It is love alone which can give, as I said in the beginning, the ability to correct, the ability to teach in the right way, and the ability to discipline. And such love comes out and shines only when it is backed by self-discipline of the one who is giving this corrective discipline, because that alone gives you the moral courage, the moral faith, the moral right to discipline others. Otherwise, in the Christian tradition, "Judge not, that ye be not judged." People talk about this all the time. Yes, but why? "Judge not, that ye be not judged," is only for those who are afraid of being judged in themselves. If one who is there who does not care about being judged — and as the Bible again says, "Thou hath been judged and found wanting." Yes, but if there is someone who is beyond being wanting, he can dare. The word 'audacious', in English, really means 'one who can dare.' *Aude* — the Latin word 'to dare' — to have the courage to do.

So, are we audacious enough? Do we have the daring? Do we have the courage? Do we have the moral right to teach, to discipline others? Everyone of you can have it, if you start with discipline yourself. That is precisely what Sahaj Marg is about. That is what love is about. There is no use if there is love not backed by discipline.

It is like some of these plants you find in airports which are made of plastic in Singapore — they look very real, but you touch it, it's plastic. I was once so mislead by one of these big trees in a five-star hotel. I went to smell the flowers and somebody laughed. He said, "Don't you know it is plastic?" I

said, "But how can I know until I smell and see there's no smell?" So, today's human beings are tending to become plastic human beings — nothing in them, form without content, love without responsibility, love without courage, love without discipline. What we call an immoral society is only a society filled with love, without discipline in that love.

So you see, Sahaj Marg is a very stern system, making enormous demands upon us, but these apparently enormous demands become nothing when we understand the true purpose of self-discipline. When we understand the rigorous need for it — that if I discipline myself, I can discipline the world, otherwise I cannot — that in a very real way, democracy is not just casting votes, but each person becoming a responsible adult, setting an example to society, casting his vote as himself, and demanding to society that others be like this, demanding most of all that those who are going to govern us be like that. Otherwise, we don't have the moral right. So, we lose our rights progressively as we, shall we say, decline from using our responsibilities correctly.

I believe that rights come only upon exercise of responsibility. We want rights first, then exercise responsibility. I would suggest that responsibility comes first. If in the handling of your responsibilities — personal, familial, social — you can prove that you are a person to be entrusted with rights, which you can now exercise in larger and larger interests, they will be automatically conferred upon you, because there will be no other upon whom they can be conferred. Then we will have government by the wise, of the wise, for the wisdom of all.

Now we have to meditate. Thank you very much.

III

RUSSIA

June-July, 1993

сардэчна запрашаем !

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TALK, QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Minsk, Russia
22 June, 1993

My Master has said that where there is suffering, God is there. And where there is the greatest suffering, God must be there. Where there is the greatest suffering, there is the highest possibility of having Him with us, sharing His presence, receiving His love and blessings, and growing in the warmth of His love. This is an assurance from my Master. Babuji Maharaj used to say that happy people don't seem to need God. But it is not the same with people who are unhappy, miserable. Therefore, we find in the developed nations a big difference from the countries which have been under great suffering. Therefore, Babuji Maharaj said, "We must welcome miseries as blessings of God" — the ten maxims.

So, we have nothing to be sorry about, because within our sorrow and suffering, the background is divinity. Whereas in pleasure, in joy, often there is only the self, the human self. So, I am happy your countries have suffered so much from war, from want of good things of life, even food, sometimes,

because all this is a promise for a divine future. So, it is for me a great blessing that my Master permits me to be here with you all, to share with you, and create with you, with your co-operation, a new future for your people — a spiritual future. You should not make the mistake of thinking that there is not to be a material good future, too. It may be, it may not be. Because in the land from which I come, the land of my Master, my Grand-Master, for the material life we suffer as much as you are suffering. Nothing seems to happen in my country, and we are going on like one of these slow trains towards a destination which is always in the future. But it has not defeated the spirit of the Indian. On the contrary, like the Vedas say, from the slime and the mud blooms the lotus.

So you see, suffering is a very necessary thing for human advancement. In the material world we have to work for material advancement. It is difficult. It may be impossible. It does not matter. But for our spiritual growth, what is there we have to do? Just close your eyes and meditate for one hour a day. Not difficult. Do the cleaning in the evening. Not difficult. And a prayer at night. Again, not difficult. So, what is the difficulty about creating for each one of us, by ourselves, a divine, glorious future which is full of divine happiness? Is there any difficulty? *Nyet*! So, we have to work for it, with love in our hearts, emptying it of all the nonsense that we have accumulated, which is a preparation, inviting His presence in our hearts. It is not enough if the Master is physically with you. Like, if the food is on the table and you are sitting here, you will not have the benefit. You must eat it and digest it. Similarly, God here, and you there — it's no use. He has been there forever. And we are here, too. Has God benefited? We cannot say. Have we benefited? *Nyet*. We know that.

So you see, having God like a possession is not enough. Having God as a lover is not enough, because He is outside me. He must be inside me, part of me, so that now there is no difference between Him and myself. I say this because in all

these European nations, including Russia, there is this idea of romantic love, that the beloved and I must be always together. Not enough. It is all right in the human way, but for the divine way, He must be in me. Some people say, "What is the use, if I cannot love Him outside?" If you do that, it is like a plastic flower or a plastic fruit on your table. You cannot smell it, you cannot taste it, you cannot eat it. So, God outside: useless. God inside: means I have the universe in me, the creator of the universe in me, and that should be our goal when we meditate. That should be the idea of progress we should have, and that should be what we hope to achieve and for which we are working in our spiritual life. [speaks briefly in Russian]

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

PR: To really get a tiger here is difficult, but to imagine a tiger is there is not difficult.

[inaudible] PR: Ahh. That is not a real problem.

PR: Hatha yoga is for physical benefit. Study is for mental benefit. Meditation is for spiritual benefit.

Q: The combination of Sahaj Marg and hatha yoga: is it good or bad?

PR: No, no, we cannot combine. You see, it is like saying, "Can I combine football with history?" This is for something, that is for something.

Q: Must we reject hatha yoga?

PR: I did not say that. I said it is not combinable.

Q: I'm sorry, she wants to know, can she go in for hatha yoga and at the same time practise Sahaj Marg?

PR: Ah! She must ask that precise question. It is not a combination. It is doing some *asanas* for physical benefit, no? But *pranayama* is not permitted. Hatha yoga — yes, but only for physical benefit.

Q: What is the difference between the prayer in the morning and the prayer in the evening before we go to bed?

PR: It is a different process altogether. In the morning we repeat the prayer only once. At night, we are supposed to repeat it several times and meditate on the meaning of the prayer. We are not really praying at night. We are supposed to meditate on the meaning of the prayer.

Q: Before our evening prayer, we must remember all our wrong actions, our sins, so to say...

PR: No, no. It does not say 'remember.' It just says, repent for the wrongs that we have done. We don't have to catalogue it: "Oh, I kissed so-and-so, and I beat so-and-so, and I drank wine there..." It is not like that. It is just a total repentance of all the wrongs I have done. Not a catalogue. Any other questions?

Q: If you yourself give yourself forgiveness, forgive yourself, will it be the same as to ask for forgiveness?

PR: It is never possible to forgive yourself. That is a big problem in human beings. Even Christ prayed to God, "Forgive them, for they know not what they do." Very difficult. Impossible.

Q: Because we are not gods?

PR: No, no. Not because we are not gods, but because we do things which we should not do, knowing we should not do them. When we do mistakes without knowing they are mistakes, there is no sense of guilt. Cleaning is not forgiving.

Q: She says, "If we can clean ourselves, then we can forgive ourselves."

PR: No, no. Don't confuse the two things. Cleaning is removing the effect of actions and thoughts. You know, suppose I drop this glass here and break it. It can be cleaned and removed, but my feeling that I have done wrong is not removed. That needs forgivingness. Children have no guilt. Saints have no guilt. Because the children do it innocently,

and whatever the saint does, he does it for a spiritual purpose. In between, we are there.

Q: Can we love ourselves, and must we love ourselves?

PR: Love him who loves all. Why should you love yourself? It is, you know, difficult, and I think in any case we should have self-respect. Suppose God loves himself, what will become of the universe? So, how does God recover that love which He has showered? When we love Him, He gets His love. See, like when a mother loves a child, she is compensated by the love the child has for the mother. It is not a mathematical equation, that, "I love you. You love me." It is not like that. Natural. When you love your child without selfishness, then it is possible to get the same unselfish love from others. But we love selfishly, so we don't get anything back.

So, it is actually a cyclical process, the whole thing. You water the plant. The plant grows and it gives you fruit which you can eat, and more seeds to grow more plants. So, the process of multiplication is natural. If you love yourself, you cannot multiply yourself. But, we should not eat ourselves! So, what is the solution? As Babuji Maharaj said, "Remove hatred, and love is there." Now, this love is not for you or for others, but it is love. Anybody can have it. Like honey on the table — whoever takes it, it is sweet. So, in the real idea of spiritual love, there is no such thing as loving. There is love — that's all.

Q: There is much said in the literature of Sahaj Marg about service to Master. What is the essence of service to Master? Is it some kind of special behaviour, or following some principles, keeping to some principles?

PR: The highest service that an abhyasi can do is to become what the Master wants him to become. So, whatever is necessary for this, he must do.

Q: The question is, "What must he do?"

PR: Whatever is necessary. You see, I must eat — I am hungry, I must eat. I have to do what is necessary. If I am a

bachelor and alone, I go to the market, bring bread, bring butter, bring vegetables, start the fire, heat the water. We know what is necessary to do.

Q: She says, that ... for Master we shouldn't give up on our own wishes and [inaudible] we must oppose or suppress our desires, wishes created by our ego?

PR: If he is sick, what will he want first?

Q: To be healthy.

PR: So, he must do everything necessary to be healthy... We are responsible individuals — adults. When we are responsible adults, we know which is first, which is second, which is third, etc. So, we have to follow that priority. The order of priority. It's a process. Life is a process. Deciding is a process. And we decide what to do, depending upon what we want. I cannot eat bread and then go and buy the bread. I have to buy the bread first, and then eat it, no? So, first things first. He knows all this!

Q: You speak about love from our Master to abhyasis, about love of abhyasis to our Master.

PR: No, no, we don't speak of abhyasi's love for the Master. Like the Sun gives us heat, I cannot give heat to the Sun. It's impossible. My boss where I work, gives me salary for my work, but I cannot give him money. But what is it that I give?

Q: He says that he hasn't finished his question.

PR: Yes, let him finish. But, before he finishes, I give the answer! What is the question?

Q: We are meditating on the divine light in the heart. Why can't we meditate on love in our heart? Because, love in our heart is the working force?

PR: Are you finished?

Q: Yes!

PR: Number one: light, everybody has in the heart. This, we have to accept. Because if he is not dead, we are not alive. So,

it is possible to meditate on light in the heart. [speaks briefly in Russian] So, when there is no love, how can I meditate on that love? So, through meditation it is possible to create the love which is not there. How is that possible? Because, by meditation we are able to put our own thought on one subject. That makes it possible to contact this thing inside, which we call the light, and then it is possible to become capable of loving it.

Another problem: to say that love is in the heart, I don't think is really correct. It is like saying, "My stomach is hungry." The stomach is empty, but I am hungry. The leg, I hit like this — I suffer. The pain is there. I suffer here. The hunger is here. I suffer here. The problems are here. I suffer here. So, 'I' is completely me. As Babuji has written in *Reality at Dawn*, "If there is a boil, the whole body suffers." So, love is related to the whole person, not to the heart or the head, or anything else like that. Where do we think? People think here [points to head], but this is only a brain.

So you see, the reality of existence can be translated into physical activity and expression. But, physical activity and expression do not reflect the total person. Electricity gives us light, but light is not electricity. Electricity makes a fan turn, but that fan is not electricity. The Sun gives us heat and light, but it is not heat or light itself. So, the human being gives love, not because he has love in his heart, but because his life becomes love. This is transformation of the human being. Therefore we say, "God is love." But human beings are not like that. Until a human being is love, the process of divinisation is incomplete. Now, such a person cannot say, "I love." But others see the love, receive the love, perceive the love.

Of course, the most important reason why we meditate on light in the heart is because it is a process, and we cannot change the process because we want to change it.

Q: During meditation, we imagine divine light in our heart, but we imagine the divine light, using our faith. Meanwhile, during the whole period of meditation, we are constantly thinking that the divine light is in our heart. Isn't it a peculiar mantra?

PR: It is a mistake. The whole thing is a mistake.

Q: Isn't it a mantra?

PR: I'm saying the whole thing he is saying is wrong. Because we are not supposed to go on thinking, "There is light in the heart. There is light in the heart..." Then it is a mantra. But, we are only asked to suggest there is light in the heart and meditate on that. There's a difference between thinking and meditating. It's necessary to understand this; otherwise it becomes a mantra.

Q: It happens that during the practice, everyone is beginning to repeat. If you do not repeat mentally, then your attention diverts from it.

PR: But the practice is designed to put your attention on something, and if you don't follow it, how will you be able to put your attention there? It is not difficult. You see, suppose her husband is in that room. You don't go and look in the room every two seconds to see if he is there. Why do you have to go every second? "My husband is there. My husband is there. My husband is there."... So you see, when I know he is there, I don't have to check. I think we should not create difficulty, where it is not really there.

Q: According to the instructions, it was said that this thought about divine light appears in our mind only once, and to repeat it is not necessary. Is it possible that this thought about the divine light is a slight illusion?

PR: Illusion? No! But it is a suggestion. You see, the light is there. This is certain. But we have lost the ability to see it, because we are looking outside all the time. Now, when we begin to meditate, we are looking inside. So, I say he is there — let me see him. This is the practice. So, what is the

difficulty? I don't see any difficulty in this. You see, suppose I am a doctor, and in my clinic there are ten patients waiting. One is called Zuhra, and my secretary tells me, "Next patient: Zuhra." I go and look. I don't know who is Zuhra. All women are sitting there, I don't know who is Zuhra. So I say, [Russian] and she stands up. Now I don't have to think or suggest or imagine anything, you know?

Similarly here, this person who is me, in the light in the heart, we have covered with all the grossness. Therefore, the cleaning has to go side by side, simultaneously. So, we have meditation, we have cleaning. Two processes. Now, suppose she tells me, "This is a pocket-lamp." I say, "I don't see anything." She says, "But, the light is inside. Clean it." Light. Now, in this light, there may not be light, but here [points to heart] there is light. I cannot avoid it. Now, what makes it sometimes impossible for somebody to see this light — I mean see it, or experience it? Doubt. "This is not light. This is not light. This is not light," — like that. So, we need faith.

It is like an equation in mathematics. The solution is there. I have to find it. Similarly, questions: the answer is there. The wise man finds the answer in the question. Why should it be necessary to ask somebody else for the answer? Similarly, we are looking for love outside but when we become love, there is no thought of love any more. Not to love yourself, not to love anybody, not to receive love — everything is finished. So, my Master said, "Remove hatred, love is there." Finished. No question of Master loving abhyasi, abhyasi loving Master, everybody loving God. What is this?

Therefore, in our Upanishads they say, "You are like a man who is sleeping on the floor where there are two tons of gold just one centimetre below you. And you are going begging." Tragic!

Q: If a person has a point of inflammation in his body, and it lasts during a week, for example, and during the whole week this inflammation irritates and worries this man, and attracts

all his attention, and then during the whole week, this human being practises Sahaj Marg, and in a week the inflammation vanishes, goes away. But if the inflammation is chronic and lasts for a long time, which attracts his attention during many years, and attracts his attention (PR: continuously) ninety percent, worries him and interferes with his practice, can he, as a doctor, advise to his patient to practise Sahaj Marg only, and say that eighty percent of his disease will flow away, vanish, and only ten percent of it will remain during the practise? Is it possible, practising spiritual practice, to conquer our diseases?

PR: If a man lives a real good spiritual life, will he ever fall sick?

Q: But another question...

PR: No, no. I want an answer first to my question.

Q: I think that it's impossible.

PR: It is **always** possible, because of our samskaras. So, the cause of disease is samskara. Now, when somebody has been completely cleaned of samskara, and he leads a spiritual life, then and only then, no disease. Till then, everything is possible.

Q: Would it be possible to repeat?

PR: I said, if the samskaras are completely cleaned off, and he leads a very spiritual existence, then and only then, everything is finished. But then what happens? Such a person will not be alive in the body any more. So, what is the conclusion? As long as we are in the body, disease is possible, and we have to cure it as necessary.

Q: [inaudible]

PR: No, no, he should not go dissecting the answers, you see. "Oh, suppose I get malaria. Suppose I get ..." It is not like that. This is an answer which is specific. That question is finished. We cannot go on prolonging one question into one, into one, you see.

22

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Minsk, Russia
23-25 June, 1993

Q: ...there is a constant struggle for my soul, and I can't get rid of these experiences.

PR: There is no Satan. I believe, according to Sahaj Marg, the total burden of samskara that each person has, is Satan. So, when we clean, Satan goes, no? But he does not go anywhere else. It is finished. Because, you know, if you think of Satan as a person, then you can think, "Oh, then he will go somewhere else." But suppose this room is dark, and I put on the light. Where does the darkness go? So, when we become clean, the ugliness is gone. When we think good thoughts, the bad thoughts are gone. We don't have to replace bad thoughts with good thoughts, because then the bad thoughts are still somewhere else. You understand?

Q: She asks if it is possible, practising Sahaj Marg, to relieve herself from this experience?

PR: She doesn't have to relieve herself. This practice will relieve her automatically.

Q: Master, what about all this rise of Satanic cults in Europe which are spreading really fast? And the victims of these cults go to psychiatrists who cannot offer them Sahaj Marg until they are stable again.

PR: What she says is, because of this cult of Satan coming again, people get mentally deranged. They go to psychiatrists, but the psychiatrists cannot give them meditation until they are okay. What to do in such cases?

Q: Okay, I'll try to translate that...

PR: My Master used to say that, depending on the samskara in the individual, we attract certain forces towards ourselves. Not everybody gets every disease. Somebody gets pneumonia, somebody gets tuberculosis, somebody gets mental illness. So always, the cause is the samskara — not the disease. Yes, it's clear. Suppose you are an artist. You get friends who are artists. You get critics who are art critics. You get buyers who buy art. Isn't it? So, you are attracting the type of people, depending on what you are doing. A doctor attracts patients.

So, our samskaras are acting as a magnet. Therefore we fall sick in different ways to different diseases. Similarly now, when there is this resurgence of the Satanic cult, let us say, why are some falling victims to it and not others? Again, the samskara. So, we have to think this is *bhoga* of the samskara. For everybody, samskara is there from the moment of conception. *Bhoga:* that means undergoing the effect of the samskara.

Translator: Am I right?

PR: You are perfectly right. You see, it is a problem, a psychological thing, that people in two extreme instances ask the same question. One who is very confident of being right says, "Am I right?" My Master used to do it in a different way. He said, "I am telling you, God has no power." And then he would say, "Of course, I may be wrong!", which is another

way of saying, "Am I right?" So, that was the absolute person behaving in a way of humility. At the other end we have people like us, common people, who have doubts when they are not necessary. Because Babuji said we should not have doubts, but an idea of inquiry.

PR: Yes! Is she right? Okay. So, in such cases, you see, it is only lack of confidence. When you have a locomotive pulling a train, it does not ask questions. "Can I pull this train?" This is the ego, the human ego, which wants reinforcement all the time. So, it's not important. [speaks briefly in Russian]

Translator: Dear Master...

PR: Dear Master, yes. Dear translator! [laughter]

Translator: I think that you need some relaxation.

PR: Exactly what I am proposing! [laughter]

[end of tape]

JUNE 24, 1993

PR: I want questions of practical nature, which will help them in their abhyas.

Q: Is it possible to practise Sahaj Marg and transcendental meditation?

PR: Together? No. You cannot mix two systems.

Q: [inaudible]

PR: Yes, or commence it here. Anywhere. [positions mike in front of questioner], so that the questions can be recorded, no? You see, it is not a question of Sahaj Marg and transcendental meditation. It's a question of — **any** two systems cannot be mixed. Yoga is not like eating meat and vegetables. [speaks in Russian to say:] That's why my Master, Babuji Maharaj said, "One Master, one Mission, one method." [translator repeats in English] And one wife, and one husband. Spirituality is like marriage.

Q: [inaudible] a net of connection with them, start to establish.

PR: Then Minsk with whom?

Q: With you and preceptors, a net of connections. And the condition of weariness vanishes.

PR: Good. Why is she concerned with that? It goes somewhere.

Q: She is afraid that her troubles can fall down on somebody else's head.

PR: No, no, it cannot fall. You see, it cannot. You see, I'll give you a vulgar example. Yes, it's necessary to have impact. You go to the toilet. You don't wonder where it goes! It is finished. We have to be afraid of what we take in — always. Whether it is impressions with the eyes, or with any of the other senses, or physically through the mouth, through the nose, you know? Because throwing out is a natural process of rejecting what is not useful to us. So, we should not be afraid of the right thing and invite the wrong thing! That is why they have visas at the border, to make sure only the right people come into the country!

Q: It's like a joke, you see. He says the organisation is worried about where these wastes are going.

PR: That is for the organisation, not for the individual! Also, what happened before organisations came? Still they go somewhere, no? The organisation only does it in a regulated way. That is what 'organise' means.

Q: I have a question concerning meditation and cleaning. Is it possible to do cleaning in transport?

PR: In what?

Q: In transport, when we have no time. In transport in some other place, in our office.

PR: At the right time, yes. We eat in the bus, and nowadays in modern buses, they also have the toilet! So, where it is possible, we can always do it. Lovely coffee! You see, you

have come to associate a particular type of facial expression with a particular emotion.

The easiest way of cheating a person is to change this pattern. I have tried this. I once demonstrated it to Krishna. In English, we say [sweetly], "I love you, you bloody bastard!", and they say, "Oh, thank you!" They don't hear — they look at your face. This is how crooks work. They look like well-dressed people, gentlemen, and you say, "Oh, how can this man be dangerous? How handsome he is!" And before you know, he has stolen your necklace and your earrings, and sometimes your heart, too. Beware of good looks. [pauses] This is between us! [hearty laugh] But it is a good piece of knowledge to have, you see. You know, it is a real thing, that often we are afraid of somebody who looks, as we say in India, "Oh, he looks like a crook," but he is a good man. And a crook never looks like a crook. Therefore, we have this gentle advice: do not be misled by appearances.

In India, you know, people who want to become religious or spiritual go only to these people who are wearing yellow robes and garlands, and shaven heads, etc. I'll tell you an amusing example. I was returning from Europe once to Madras, and there were some hundred and fifty abhyasis waiting to receive me, with flowers, garlands, all this paraphernalia, you know. So, somebody asked them, "Who are you waiting for?" They said, "Our Guruji is coming." So he said, "I also need his grace. Please show him to us when he comes from the plane. We would like to have his *darshan*." So, after twenty minutes, my flight landed and I walked into the baggage enclosure, and they all started waving and clapping, you see. So this man said, "Quick, quick. Who is your guru?" I was there with, you know, nice trousers, green tee-shirt, glasses, and the abhyasis said, "That tall fellow there, with the green shirt. He is our guru." So, this man looked and said, "Ptooey!", like that he spit, and said, "He looks like a cinema actor! How can he be guru?" In India, without beard,

without yellow cloak, you cannot be a guru. Sometimes even, when I look at the mirror, I don't believe myself! [laughter]

So you see, this is appearances and inner reality clashing, opposing each other. So many people are sitting here — men, women — can you say who is intelligent, who is not? Not possible. How can you say who is spiritual? So, we have to develop an inner vision to see an inner reality. So, we don't look with the eyes. Therefore we meditate with closed eyes, to develop the capacity to see with closed eyes. Not to see in this way, but you close the eyes, and the real thing comes. When you listen to good music, you close your eyes. When you pray at the temple or the church, you close your eyes. Why? It is the inner nature, closing your eyes to see what cannot be seen with these eyes. And it is natural.

Okay. Next question, anybody? [pause] There is a famous story. I will tell some stories! No questions? You see, this is the problem, when you have no questions, but I have the answers! [laughter]

There was a couple, you know, like *rishis*. They were going to have a baby. The baby was in the stomach of the mother — advanced pregnancy. And the wife was asking her husband some questions about spirituality. And he must have given some wrong answer. He gave an answer which was not correct. The baby in the stomach laughed, because it was a very high soul, going to take birth. But the father was angry. He said, "Even before you are born, you are laughing at me? Such arrogance? May you be born with eight bends in your body." The child was born like that, and for such a child, the Sanskrit name is Ashta Vakra — eight deformities. He was a very great soul, and before he was fifteen or sixteen, he knew all the four Vedas.

Now, the king of that country had what we call the wise man of his court, who considered himself the wisest in all the world. The king had made an order that anybody who came to his assembly for discussion — what we call *tarka* in Sanskrit

— if he lost to his court wise man, he would be killed. And hundreds of wise men had been killed like that. Even this Ashta Vakra's father died like that. When Ashta Vakra was eighteen years old, he went to the court. He told the guards, "I want to engage in a discussion with the royal advisor. So, they announced him as a man who was coming to have a discussion with the royal advisor, and as he entered the assembly, this wise man looked at him, saw his deformities, and laughed loudly. The young boy stopped, you see, and looked at the wise man and laughed. Now, as he approached the throne, the king got up, received him with honour, and gave him the seat on the left side, the wise man on the right side — etiquette. Then, before the discussion begins, he wanted to ask this young boy a question. The young boy said, "Yes, your majesty, you can ask." He said, "When you entered this hall, my wise man laughed, and then you looked at him and laughed, also. Why?" He said, "Your majesty, this is very simple. Don't you understand this?" He said, "No, please explain." So he said, "Your wise man looked at my deformed figure and was thinking, 'What can this stupid fellow do with me?' And so he laughed. 'How can he be a wise man?'" So the emperor was a little sad. He said, "Yes, okay. Why did **you** laugh?" He said, "You may not like my answer." The king said, "No, no, I wish to know from you." He said, "You know, I thought, 'What a fool the emperor of this land must be, to keep such a fool as his wise man, who judges somebody from his appearance!'" It's a famous story in India. So, don't judge by appearances.

Q: We are always surrounded by children, and we feel a great interest and we are worried about their future, and when and how Master begins spiritual work with our children.

PR: Normally, when they are eighteen. Lalaji, our Grand-Master, has said that real spiritual training must begin at the moment of conception. But nowadays, nobody knows when that happens. So, eighteen. Conception or eighteen, because once the child is born, it is a child, and until that child is old

enough to know what it wants, and why it wants it, we cannot accept it. Because, for spiritual life, they must come willingly and wanting what we have to give. So I said, normally eighteen, but there are exceptions — below eighteen, after eighteen, too. We have a preceptor in Denmark who is just nineteen. It is not the age which is important. It is what the parents do with the children that is important. So, in the old tradition, the mother and the father are gurus to the child. But nowadays, they only bring the child into existence, and then throw them onto society — very tragic.

JUNE 25, 1993

PR: Anybody else?

Q: What would it have been like, when the separation happened and the divinity pulled itself together?

PR: My answer is darkness. Because only the darkness will seek light. So you see, this idea of coming out of this world and going back is only because we are here. God never thinks of developing, or growing, or becoming divine. So Babuji Maharaj said, "When a man is in prison, it is stupid to waste time in thinking why he is there. It's better to think of how to get out of there." So, these questions are all a waste of time. Consciousness, why, how. Get on with your job!

23

What is Important

Minsk, Russia
26 June, 1993

I will start with a joke. We are always whispering. But if love is such a happy thing, and something which we all want, why don't we talk loudly about it? Because generally, when we whisper, it is selfish love, and therefore we dare not shout about it. Spiritual love is not like that. It is love for all — universal love. So, the louder we speak, the better.

Now in all these days we have been hearing speeches from our abhyasis and preceptors, one word keeps coming up again and again: the word 'important'. Now, what is important? If I think of my existence, the first important thing is that I am alive. I should remain alive. If I am not alive, nothing is important to me. Therefore we should pay careful attention to the way we live. From this most fundamental aspect of existence, we derive all consideration of good and bad, morality and immorality, vice and virtue, ...water and vodka!

So, to remain alive we are prepared to do anything. This is a personal view of the word 'important'. When, in a group like this we talk of what is important, now it has a wider significance. We talk of what is important to **human beings**, and that is not necessarily good for animals and plants and fishes and birds. Therefore, when human beings collectively are selfish and think of what is important for them, they destroy all that is not human. So, it is still selfish, concerning not one human, but human beings as such.

When wise people speak of what is important, you can say it is a cosmic context in which they speak, because they know that without animals and plants and birds and fish, the human being cannot exist also. So, when a wise man speaks — I am not talking of intelligent people now, not of the United Nations, not of the European Economic Community, not of the Imperial Diet in Japan, not of the Norwegians who are prepared to slaughter whales, even when the whole world says you should not kill more, because they are all selfish — but I am talking of **wise** people, who have a total view of existence, who understand the interconnectedness of all forms of life. Who know that we need rain, we need snow, we need sunshine. That we need the fish as much as the fish needs us. When **they** speak of 'important', we must listen to them. And when a spiritual person speaks of what is important, now it is no longer just a cosmic point, it is a universal good. They speak from the viewpoint of the entire universe, knowing that anything you think not only affects you, but affects everybody else. Anything you do has a similar effect. And therefore what we think and what we do must be done carefully, remembering that even if I move my little finger, there is some disturbance in the whole universe.

Therefore the wise men of the East, especially of India, have discovered a passive system, where we do nothing, and therefore we do not affect, even by a molecule, what happens in this universe. But they have managed to develop a system, in which by **not** doing anything, by **not** thinking anything, yet

they are able to develop themselves in such a way that now, if they think or do something, they can change the universe at will. Please remember, it is not any more **affecting** the universe, but **changing** the universe. An effect is unpredictable, often unintended. But when a man such as my Master wills a change, it is not accidental. It is intentional. It is specific. It is controlled, much more than any laboratory experiment has ever been controlled so far.

You all know about Chernobyl — supposed to be safe, supposed to be built under controlled conditions, and supposed to be for the good of the Russian people. There was a small disaster. By God's grace, it was not a major disaster. It has happened also in the United States, because I don't want any of you to think I am against the USSR, or the CIS, or Byelorussia. Bhopal was a different chemical thing. This is atomic. Why I am giving this example is because even the best driver in the best car on the best roads has what we call 'an accident'. Now, by definition, no accident is intentional, no accident is desired, and no accident ever has desirable results.

So, you see the need to have a controlled, regulated, willed existence. Not a random existence, which we are all living today. Even the most regulated life of any one of you here appears to be regulated. Like a leaf which is blown in one way by the wind appears to have a unidirectional flight, as if the leaf is propelling itself in that direction. One who knows about leaves knows this cannot be. It can never be like that. Similarly, one who knows about human existence knows that no single human life here is regulated, and knows that none of you are willing your lives in a particular direction.

Friedel's example is classic. He never expected a ten thousand mark bonus. On the contrary, he was afraid of what his boss would say, whether his papers would be finished on time, whether his seminar would be a success with his boss, so in effect, it means that he managed to please his boss while he was afraid for himself, afraid for his job, afraid of his boss. So

you see, what happened was in totally a different direction to the way in which he was thinking.

Now, when things happen to us in a direction contrary to what we wish, what should we really do as logical persons? One abhyasi spoke this morning at length about logic. Now, you see, in logic there must be no confusion, because it cannot be logic any more. Now, when I am confused about what I think is the logic of my existence, and I think I am being logical about it, is it logical? I believe not. When I, or any of you, as educated, intelligent, self-willed human beings, find yourself going in a direction in which you don't want to go, in which you have set your will to go, what should you really examine? We are only wasting our time in talking about fate, destiny, friends, relations, you know, bad persons, good persons — instead of thinking of whether it is the direction **He** has chosen for me.

You know, it often happens that a pilot suddenly finds instructions coming from the ground-control, to change direction. And he wonders why. Then suddenly he finds that the wind has been blowing heavily — he has gone off course. He has set his instruments, but his instruments only control his plane. They don't control the wind. They don't control the gravity of the earth. And they don't control his destiny. So, ground-control says, "Vladimir! Change your direction." He says, "All right." And they say, "Look at your compass. You are off course. Where is your course? Where is your destination?"

This is what happens to us in our lives, too. We set our course, and a wind blows us off course. It may be a temptation — a nice blond girl. This man going for a conference or a seminar in a plane, suddenly finds a beautiful girl next to him, and instead of going to Berlin, he finds himself in Moscow. Now you see how the winds are blowing us away from our path? Another man has an appointment at eleven o'clock, but stops to read a newspaper in a kiosk, and misses his

appointment. Another is tempted into investing money in dud shares, hoping that the market will change in his favour.

Q: Market?

PR: Market.

Q: Supermarket?

PR: Shares. You know, stocks. Oh, you are in an economy in which you don't know shares. Let us say he buys gold, thinking the price will go up. But Clinton, or Boris Yeltsin, or somebody says something about gold, and instead of the price rising, the price falls. He is ruined.

So you see, we find that you cannot have independent control over your life, however intelligent you may be. So, what is the moral of this? Don't pretend to be great people, capable of leading your individual lives intelligently, effectively, and to your profit. You cannot. And every small disaster proves it. And if you don't obey these small disasters, and set your signs in accordance with the wind, you will have a big disaster. If you still don't change your course, you will end up dead.

So, the spiritual man says — to anyone, anywhere in this world he can say, to Einstein he can say the same thing, he can say the same thing to Boris Yeltsin, or to Clinton, or to the beggar on the streets — don't imagine you are controlling your destiny. When you cannot control your own destiny, how do you think you have any capacity to control the destiny of others? Whether of your family, or of your village, or of your country, and of the world. What is this arrogance which makes you think you can do this?

Did you control the birth of your child? You could not. It is well known that everybody practises birth control, yet children are born! Nature will not be blocked. Everybody plans for a good existence, and when it happens they think they have planned it. When it changes from north to south, happiness to unhappiness, they blame God, they blame society, and they blame a malignant destiny.

So you see, the whole thing is stupid, crazy, and utter nonsense. In fact, there is no logic in life. If somebody wishes to argue about this, I am prepared. Not now, later. But, the spiritual wise man says, "There is someone who knows what is good for you." Good does not mean a comfortable house, or a beautiful wife, or money in the bank. It may mean, on the contrary, a wet hut in the farmlands, an ugly wife who will nag you all your life, and poverty. Babuji Maharaj said one of his greatest blessings was his wife, because she had such a bad temper that she made him develop tolerance to the ultimate degree. It is not a laughing matter, because either you overcome it, or you fall prey to it. There are only two ways, you see. Like any European, he could have divorced her on the day of his marriage.

Now, today you find this trend. You see three days of marriage, and divorce. Six months of marriage, and divorce. Imagine how coal was manufactured on earth by nature in the carboniferous age of this world, over an enormous period of time. The forests were compressed — enormous pressure, which a tree cannot normally bear. Coal is the result. In another way, under heat and pressure, it becomes a diamond. Nothing comes without heat and pressure. They are forces of nature which mould us in the right way. All your beautiful glass — melted in furnace, moulded in moulds, or blown, etc.

So you see, we need pressure under which to develop, and our samskaras are such pressures. They are for our benefit. If we think of our samskaras as our enemies, they become our enemies. If we think of them as our friends, they help us to mould ourselves, and to become what the Master wants. Now of course, you may ask why we are cleaning the samskaras? Samskaras work naturally over a long period of time in moulding you. And then, only if you are wise and you don't oppose their working. We don't have that wisdom, because everything that happens to us, we are opposing. Uncomfortable life — we want to make it comfortable.

Painful life — we want to make it painless. We want to change our wife!

So you see, we are opposing samskara. Samskaras have no chance to mould us in the right way, and instead of working off these samskaras, we allow them to remain in the samskara bank, and by our wilful action in the opposing direction, we are adding more to the samskara. Imagine what would happen to such a soul. Imagine what is going to happen to all the people of this world who are trying to better their life, as they say. Life is to be lived, not bettered. If we live life according to the way in which we are born and destined to live it here, that life will automatically improve in its stature. Not in material comforts, perhaps, though it is not ruled out. You will not become intelligent, but it is not necessary, because the soul in its wisdom before this birth, has allowed its samskaric burden to bring a particular life here for us. It is neither wise nor unwise. It is neither logical nor illogical. It is what is exactly necessary. That being so, if we obey that plan, our life will naturally improve.

Then, why do we clean samskaras? I come to that point again. Because, this process, like the manufacture of coal by nature, takes millions of years for the normal person. Though again, for a wise person, one life is enough. Because if in my life I have the samskara of suffering, and if I am living just a natural life, I may not be able to finish the samskara in one life. But if I welcome some sufferings, more and more and more, the samskara bank is being rapidly exhausted, and I can achieve my spiritual evolution in one life.

It was not a fool who said that the saints of this world have prayed for the sufferings of entire humanity to come upon them. By such a prayer, they achieve two things: liberation of human beings from suffering, and their own liberation. Now, when your economists and your politicians and your government are only, shall I say, oriented towards improving your so-called standard of living — the holy cow of

the Occident — where are we going? In which direction are we heading? It is not wrong. I am not saying it is wrong of politicians and economists to try to do this. But what my Master said was, "Just enough comfort, just enough food, just enough this, that, and the other, to make us continue to live while removing our samskaras. Exactly what is necessary — no more."

So, Sahaj Marg does not prevent comfort and some measure of enjoyment in life. There is always one question which comes: are you not being selfish when you work for your own spiritual life? How can it be? When such a person is praying that all the sufferings of humanity may come to him, and he has the capacity to take your suffering, can it be selfish? It is a foolish question. Well, even if you don't have the capacity — if you pray with love, does not such a prayer show that he is not selfish any more? Because, a person who wishes you well, even for his own suffering, how can he be selfish?

So you see, it is a foolish thing to say that spiritual people are selfish. And our families must understand this — that my merely human attention can do nothing for my family, because they are, in a way, condemned to live according to their samskaras. I cannot help them. My attention cannot help them. It is only a false sense of love and attention and security that they can get from this silly, futile, merely human attention. That's all I can give, no? If I cannot change your life, what is the use of my loving you?

Modern love is destructive. Often it leaves a woman with a child, and the husband runs away because he doesn't want a child. Or not a husband — just a partner, as somebody put so beautifully in his talk.

Q: My dear Master, please do not speak too fast!

PR: Modern love only creates couples, temporary couples, where a man wants his woman, but not a child. His woman he can control, but the child he cannot control. And when the

uncontrollable arrives, he takes up his suitcase — *do svidanya.* Is this love? I don't think so. So you see, such wonderful attention — furs, diamonds, kisses, holidays in *dachas.*

So, spiritual wisdom says, judge the life at the end, not at the beginning. A flight is successful not when it takes off, but only when it lands safely at the other side. So, it is at the end of life that we must judge how we have lived, what we have achieved, how we have grown. But, like silly children, we are judging our life moment to moment. Abhyasis come to the Master. "Oh, I was happy this morning. Now I am miserable. Why?" Second question, "My experience yesterday in meditation was good. Today it was awful. Should I stop meditation?" Even more vulgar questions, you see, about man and woman. "My love life was going very nicely till yesterday. But last night, I don't know what happened. We just couldn't make it!" I have been asked these questions, really, in writing. I can show you letters! Is it an electric train, that it should go on, and going on and on and on? It's crazy, life.

So, stop judging your life and your progress from second to second. One idea of writing your diary is to write what you have felt and forget it. Now, unfortunately, you don't write, but you remember all the time! So you see, when we write and forget, the record is there. I can compare after two years. Like a man who drives up a mountain, looking only forward. And when he is right at the top, he can look down and see all those horrible, dangerous curves, and canyons, and crevices, and cliffs over which he came. If you had looked there then, you would have probably driven your car off the road yourself. "Aaah!" That finishes it!

So, the wisdom of spirituality says, "Look forward." The road may turn left and right. Don't keep a compass there and judge your direction. Follow the road. Often, the road may appear to be going backwards, too. Still follow the road, because the destination is not in a particular direction, but is at the end of the road. And our road is Sahaj Marg. Our

destination is a spiritual destination. We cannot know anything about both these things. I can never know anything, either about the road or about the destination. I cannot know about the road until I have gone over the road myself, and I cannot know anything about the destination until I have come to the destination. And if I am moving on the road continuously without stopping, every experience, every condition is a transitory experience and condition. So, why are we worried about them? We can appreciate as we are passing, and stop.

So, the only logic in Sahaj Marg is the need to stay on the road, to continue to move on the road, and only on that road. If you cannot do it alone, follow the car in front of you — and that is the Master. *Do svidanya.*

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VALUES AND PERSONALITY

Minsk, Russia
27 June, 1993

Tomorrow... I'm sorry [laughs] Today — I am in the future, what can I say? — I propose to speak about values, personality, and maybe, about nothing. You have all heard the story of the African people some centuries ago, for whom a diamond had no value. For them it was a bit of stone. You know, corn was of much more value and importance in their life than a huge diamond of nine hundred carats. You have also heard of postage stamps, which were worth half a penny when they were issued, and today, because there is only one stamp, or two stamps in the world of that particular stamp, the famous half-penny black, it's supposed to be worth two million pounds, or something ridiculously expensive. When a man is starving and dying of thirst in the desert, he will give everything for half a glass of water.

So, what are material values? Do they exist? Some are valuable, of course. Like the corn for the African, the rice for the Indian, the wheat for the European, water for all of us, and

air for all of us. So, it is not really about values that we are speaking, but what is essential to life. Given corn, water, and air, rice, water, and air, wheat, water, and air, we can all exist. Among these three, the rice and the corn and the wheat are the least important, because we can all live without food for, I think, forty days, fifty days, sixty days. Without water, we cannot exist at all for more than three or four days. Without air, we cannot exist for more than a few minutes. Now, today we find diamonds are more important than air, more important than water, and more important than food. So, I think civilisation has given us topsy-turvy values, because today, in modern civilisation, under modern technological conditions, to get more diamonds and gold we have not only irradiated our meat and our rice, but we have polluted our water and we have polluted our air, so that soon we may have only diamonds and gold, but no life.

So, you see what has happened from the age of the Hindu and the African and the Zulu and the Mayan civilisations, to today's Occidental civilisation. It would seem that the primitives of this earth had a greater sense of values than the civilised modern person. One can only pray that a time will now soon come when a human being will be willing to exchange a bag of diamonds for a glass of water, because we are heading towards such a situation. Not because of wars, not because of communism or Marxism, or anything like that, not because of capitalism, but because of human depravity and avarice, which spirituality calls materialism.

So, Sahaj Marg says, go back from materialism to spirituality. Go back from human endowed values, to real human values. Go back from artificial values, to real values, to natural values. Don't value a person for his wealth, but value him for himself. And when we come to this 'himself' or 'herself', don't look at the face and the form. Don't look at even the intelligence. Don't look at things like beauty. Because, again, these are artificial. Artificial not in the sense of cosmetology, but what is beautiful in one society is ugly in

another society. What is real beauty? If there is a really beautiful girl, should not all men love her? So, as I was suggesting in several talks in Denmark, even these physical values and aesthetic values are given by us. To me, something is beautiful which may not be beautiful to you. Why? Because I have in me a certain pattern of reaction which reacts to something outside, and to nothing else.

Therefore, you know, when I was in Bombay in 1944 or 1945, I used to see a magazine called *Illustrated Weekly of India*, and you would find pictures of couples who have been married. And after seeing this for some months and years, I found something remarkable. Most often, the two resembled each other in essential features, and of course, it is very easily recognised that after years of marriage — I am not talking of months, but of years of marriage — twenty years, thirty years, forty years — in some way, even the face of the husband and wife begin to resemble each other. So you see, instinctively we like to choose someone who is like ourselves, and then we grow into each other, as it were, until we can recognise the similarities.

So, what we like or dislike depends on our samskaras, not our culture. It is wrong to think that a white man loves only a white woman. It is a pattern to which they respond, and if it is available in China or Japan or in Africa, they respond to that. There is the attraction. There is the coming together. So, it is my humble suggestion that there is no such thing as love in human beings, and in human affairs, and in human relationships. There is a pattern of samskaras which responds in a way which we call love, which we recognise as love, and a corresponding or an opposite pattern, which we call hate or dislike, etc.

In effect, what I am trying to say is, that we should not mistake these things for love or hate, but only as a response. Like a computer responds to certain codes, and either opens up or shuts down. If a man is going on the street, and he shouts

out your name, you look around, but this Alexei may not be the Alexei to whom he is calling out, and then he says, "Not you, but another Alexei." So, when does someone know whether he is being called or not? Suppose this room had twenty-two Alexeis, and all the girls were called Anna. If I call Anna once, all the others will come, but I will say, "Only this Anna I wanted." After half an hour, if I say, "Anna," then only half will respond, thinking it could be one of them. The other half will not respond, because they would say, "Oh, we don't know which Anna is called." If I again choose to say, "Anna," from this half the third time, if I call again, "Anna," only she will respond, nobody else.

So, our response is based really only on samskara, only originally. Subsequently, it is a matter of training — habitual response. Therefore, don't believe that you are responding to any situation in life today. I don't believe you are capable, because all have been trained to respond in particular ways, and the response is automatic, unthinking, to such an extent that in making such responses, our will power is no longer involved at all. In America we call them signals. Signals for food, signals for sex, signals of anger, signals of love, so-called. In effect, we have become automatons, each responding to a particular signal, and generally it is mechanical. So, our lives have become mechanical, robotic, monotonous, soul-killing.

What shall we do now? Now comes the question of God. To what name will He respond? Should I say, "Allah"? Should I say, "Jehovah"? Should I say, "Buddha"? Or, "God"? Religion says that He will respond to any name, because He knows everything, and He is waiting to respond, because so few people call him. But Sahaj Marg says, "Sorry." Because God has no mind. He is not a person. He has no form, name, and attributes. So, how will He respond? To what will He respond? When will He respond? If He does not respond when I call him, He cannot respond later, because for Him, time does not exist. He is in an eternity where there is no time.

Please understand that eternity is not extended time, extended infinitely. So, to God you cannot say, "I will come later." To God, it is now or never. The now is always for Him there, because it is existence, pure and simple. So, there is no point in calling God, shouting for God, wailing for God, beating one's breast for God.

Therefore, religions are failures. But at the same time, there have been saints who have risen beyond religion. You call them mystics, you call them Sufis, you call them *rishis*, in different countries of this world. The mystics are no longer Christian. To call them Christian mystics is stupid, and a lie. The Sufis are not Muslim Sufis or Islamic Sufis. They no longer belong to Islam. Because they have been persecuted by Islam, sometimes they pretend to talk about Mohammed Sahab, and Allah, and praised them. But in reality, they have gone beyond religion, and some have been brave enough to say so, and have been crucified, too.

Christ was not the only person to have been crucified. The Christians make a big fuss about Jesus having been crucified to save humanity. As I said in another place, in another time, thousands of slaves of Rome were crucified. In fact, crucifixion was for the criminal, for the enemy of state, and it was as such that Jesus was crucified. He was crucified because he was a threat. He was a threat to the religion of the Jews, and he was a threat to the secularity of Rome. So, the Romans washed their hands of him, conveniently for the Jews, who crucified. They did not recognise him as a saint, or one who has transcended religion, and then crucified. To symbolise this, they crucified him with two thieves, one on either side of him. Because Jesus repudiated the Jewish religion and its practices, and started teaching a new way of life, of a God within, of a heaven not of this world, which cannot be found here, etc. He was against sacrifice. He was against collection of money and the sacrifice of doves in temples. He started preaching dangerously. Dangerously for whom? For the Jews.

So you see, he was a great figure — personality, as we call it. But religion does not tolerate such personalities. He was sacrificed by the people of the religion in which he was born, in which he was bred, and out of which he developed. It is a most unfortunate consequence that, in our opinion, he sacrificed his life in vain. Because, instead of his people, his followers, transcending religion as he did, his followers created another religion. And, "What a fall there was, my countrymen," as Mark Anthony says.

So you see, in my opinion, Jesus sacrificed his life in vain because Christianity was the result — not a new spirituality which should have transformed this world. You see what has happened? Now, we are trying the whole experiment again. Along comes Lalaji Maharaj, whose thoughts, whose spiritual teaching are truly revolutionary, and like all revolutionaries, under fire. Then comes his disciple, Babuji Maharaj of Shahjahanpur, codifying, crystallising, and expanding those ideas, Lalaji's revelations, and writing about them. I mean, if *Reality at Dawn* is not revolutionary, I don't know what is revolutionary. Therefore, some people are legitimately afraid — whether Sahaj Marg will also become a religion. I would like to suggest that Sahaj Marg cannot by itself become a religion. It depends on us, and on those who will follow us. The teachings of Jesus became a religion, not because Jesus wanted it, or intended it to be so, but because his followers hardened the whole thing into a system of rigid practices, and took upon themselves the function of God.

So, when God is brought down from the no-form, no-name, no-attributes context, into a human form in a church, there is danger. And today, if there is a run out of the churches and away from Christianity, it is because after eighteen or nineteen centuries of religious and moral thraldom, they are awakening to the fact that God cannot imprison us, but must give us freedom in which to grow spiritually. You know, if you compare this nineteen centuries of moral and spiritual thraldom under religion, communism could not last more than

seventy years. Why I am saying this is, because political thraldom and lack of freedom is easy to throw off. Men have got out of the most difficult prisons physically. From the most high-security Soviet prisons, Nazi prisons — any prison, in any system, you see. It is easy. To come out of the prison of ideas is far more difficult, because it is a prison so subtle that we do not know it exists. And if it is spiritual slavery, it is almost impossible.

So, when people, when Masters, come and say, "I will release you from this prison," do we have the courage to follow? People are always talking of faith. It is courage which is lacking! It is not faith that is important. It is courage that is important. How many of us are willing to leave our temples and our churches? A miserable few. I say 'miserable' not in the sense of miserable, but in such small numbers. I often think Jesus had a comparatively easy time. He told someone, "Take up your bed and walk." That fellow walked. He told a fisherman, "Come, follow me." He did. Because the slavery under which they were, shall we say, yoked to was so threatening, that they found it easy to escape, even at the cost of their lives. It is only when freedom is so much excluded from our lives that we are willing to pay with our lives for that freedom.

This is what sacrifice really means. Not sacrifice somebody else's life — like slaughtering somebody's child or slaughtering somebody's cow or sheep — but offering yourself for your freedom. This is what has produced great heroes, great martyrs, great leaders. Because it is always necessary to put your life before yourself. And anybody will follow such people.

So you see, ultimately, for their physical freedom, many have paid with their lives. For spiritual freedom, too many people have paid with their lives. But as long as we look to others to sacrifice their lives for us, the very idea means that you are still in a prison! So, as long as we think of others

sacrificing for us, we are still slaves. It may be a prison of my own creation, but it is nonetheless a prison.

So, the first test of one who is aspiring to freedom, is whether he is willing to give his life for it. Because, if, as you have said in Russia for so many years, that life and freedom are the same thing, then life without freedom is death, freedom without life cannot exist. Don't think so hard now — think later. So you see, the test is: am I prepared to give myself for my freedom? All great personalities have done this. That some did not have to do it does not matter — it was not necessary. Some societies extracted this price; some did not. And when I go through the religious and spiritual history of this world, it is a very significant fact that in India we have not persecuted our leaders like this. To my understanding, it is the only country where the great personalities who have transcended their religion and become rishis are venerated, honoured, and worshipped. That is true freedom. We lost our political freedom to the British, but the Indian never lost his moral and spiritual freedom. That is what my Master offers to us today in this world: a spiritual and moral freedom in which we can grow to the ultimate possibility of divinisation.

Now we must take up the Master — my Master, Babuji Maharaj. Because the understanding of whether he had a personality or not is very important in the understanding of Sahaj Marg. If you ask the several thousand abhyasis of this Mission why they follow Babuji Maharaj, few will tell you that they wanted spiritual growth. In fact, the true abhyasi never went to him for spiritual growth. It was the love for him that made them continue with him, which made it possible for them to follow him, and what is most important, obey him. Following and obeying are not synonymous. Many are the followers, but few are obedient. Unthinking, automatic obedience comes only from love. Without love for the Master, there cannot be this obedience. Because then we start thinking, "What is he saying? Why is he saying it? Should he say it?

Should I obey it?" And my humble suggestion is, such abhyasis will soon lose their way.

Imagine if you are following a car in which the Master is sitting, like I said yesterday, and you suddenly stop because of doubt whether he is on the right road. And you get out of the car to look at your map. By the time you get out, his car has gone long ahead. Remember, he cannot stop for us, because while his way must be our way, our way is not his way. Don't think too hard, again! Try to understand with your heart, not with your head. The head is a programmed instrument, programmed by your culture, by your language, by your background, to understand things in a particular way. Even love has no common meaning in India and in Africa and in Europe. Love for the child is not the same as love for one's wife.

So, what is love? Well, when all your grossness is removed, then you will understand what it is. Why do we love the Master? Any answers?

Abhyasi: Because people felt loved by the Master?

PR: Yes, but when people met Babuji for the first time, I don't think they could have felt his love for them.

Abhyasi: Because he loves all.

PR: Well, that is a later teaching, and it is only a statement which you have to experience in its veracity.

Abhyasi: Because he revives our most innermost bodies, spiritual bodies.

PR: Okay.

Abhyasi: When we think of gravitation, does the apple do something to fall down?

PR: The apple does do something — it ripens before it falls! My feeling is, we love him because he does not react! He does not react. He never reacts. Everybody went in front of him, and he reacted to nobody. We thought he was treating us equally. The poor man thought, "You see, I am respected here

as much as the rich man sitting next to me is respected." And the world is full of poor people, so they flocked to him. The idiot was there, because he saw he was as respected as the professor sitting next to him. The professor was happy, because when he asked a question, Babuji said, "You know, I have no school education. I really know nothing!" The professor was happy. Why was the rich man happy? Because, when he gave a cheque or some money, Babuji stood up to receive it! He was very happy.

So you see, all were happy, but for not the right reason. The right reason was, Babuji did not react. Now, why did he not react? Because there is nothing in him which can react to anything outside himself. No grossness of anger, so that he should be angry with anyone. No grossness of lust, that he should lust after somebody. No grossness of avarice, that he should seek somebody's wealth or position. No grossness of religion, that he should respond even to the name of God. To say that God has no name is a silly statement. [gap in tape]

There is a subtle difference. There is something in us which is totally unresponsive, which is the atomic divine presence in me — in us. He was full of that. He was divinised — a divine presence. To this he responded.

So you see, he responded, hoping to enlarge this atomic presence in us to something like what it is in himself. And to make it possible, grossness had to be removed, of course. For him it was easy, because he was not attracted to any of that grossness in others. You know, which boyfriend would like to clean off the, shall we say, samskara of love in his girlfriend! He says, "What shall I do without her?" What is a girlfriend without her love for him? What is a business associate without his avarice for money? What is a power structure in which my associate has no interest in power? People like Goebbels and Göering and Himmler would have been useless to Hitler, except that they had the same power grossness that he had. So,

we come to this well-known fact, that birds of a feather flock together. [gap in tape]

I can make him into myself again. Therefore, Babuji had no personality, because he had no samskaras. Nevertheless, he is a person. The real personality is one who is a person. Psychology has made a total mess of this business of personality, telling us that personality is what we acquire. And therefore we are creating personalities for ourselves, all our life. When we understand this fact, we will understand the need to divest ourselves of our personalities one by one, until the **person** hidden by his personalities is revealed. Because we are not one person with one personality. We have so many personalities. When it becomes extreme, and many of them fight for a total existence in you, psychology calls it 'multiple personalities', and when they each become so powerful that they fight for dominance, each personality fighting for domination at a specified time, psychology calls it 'schizophrenia'. Now, a person who has no personality cannot have multiple personalities, cannot have schizophrenia.

So, you see the importance of throwing off personalities by cleaning your samskaras. Whereas psychologists and psychiatrists only try to **change** your personality into something more desirable for society. It is important to understand that it is for the safety of society, for the protection of society, that individuals are treated. The individual is not treated for himself, or herself. So when, in the psychiatrist's opinion, the individual is fit to go back into society without endangering society, they release him. [gap in tape]

It is a stronger prison, without walls of brick and mud and stone and steel, nevertheless a prison into which you are condemned, being teased all the time by the twin instruments of religion, as Babuji Maharaj has said again and again: fear and temptation. This is the final reason why, when we come to spirituality, we should not come out of fear, nor out of

temptation. Fear and temptation have no place in a spiritual person's life. Fear of nothing; temptation for nothing.

Now, all our grossness leads us either to fear or to temptation. That is what life is. Running away from something, running towards something. It may be a person. It may be a place. It may be a thing. Therefore, we must go to a person who has no fear and temptation, who offers himself — his person. Not a part of himself — not only the nose, or the eyes, or something else, but the person *in toto*. Therefore, when we want to offer him something, it must also be ourselves. Then only can what we call 'merger' happen.

You know, sex can unite with another sex for a few minutes. Bodies can clasp bodies maybe for some hours. Ideas can hold ideas for seventy years. But only a person can merge with another person. Now, there is a person, my Master. Are we persons to merge in Him? If you are not, try to throw off everything. Not in the sense of, "Sell everything and follow me" — not in that sense.

[gap in tape] ...with opposites, because we only know things by comparison. "He is big. He is bigger. He is biggest." Or, "He is small. He is smaller. He is smallest."

Now, here I have an interesting idea to offer. The mountain thinks it's very big. The world thinks it is the biggest. The universe says, "I am the biggest." But the various galaxies say, "Without us, you would not be a universe." Within the galaxy, several voices rise and say, "Without us, the solar systems and other systems, you would not be a galaxy." Within the solar system, the sun says, "If I was not here, you all would not exist." What is really the sub-stratum of existence? The molecule says, "I am." The atom says, "Sorry. Without us, you could not exist." The nucleus of the atom says, "Stupid! I am the one around which you electrons are rotating. I am the sub-strata." And from the nucleus comes so many voices — the proton and the neutron, for example. And from them come voices — particles of matter. Ultimately,

if you keep going back to the sub-stratum of the universe, somewhere you will come to a particle in which there is nothingness. And that is the sub-stratum, which is God forming the base, and the universe is the manifestation, with God at the top. It is like two hands holding a globe in-between.

So, the wisdom of the ancient Indians, the Vedas, the rishis, speaks of God as smaller than the smallest, larger than the largest. They speak of Him as everything, and nothing. Not everything **or** nothing, but both. Not good or bad, but good if necessary. So, the person who has no personality can manifest any quality at His wish, or at His will, as needed for the manifestation. Now, if I have the grossness of fear, I think of my God as Shiva, the destroyer. If I have the fear of another sort of samskara, creation, I think of Brahma the creator.

So you see, it is my samskara that creates my god. The funny thing is that God created us, and we are creating Him! Or them, because we have so many gods today. They are not gods. My samskara makes them god. In India it is common, you know, when a rich man gives a beggar two rupees, the beggar says, "You are my god!" Therefore, we have this idea in spirituality that we are really beggars when we are praying. Babuji says, "Don't go to God as a beggar. He created you. You are his child. You have the right of being his child, not to demand, not to request, not to ask, but to take what is yours." Only a son can walk into his father's house, and sit in a chair, or take bread from the Frigidaire, or anything he likes and say, "This is mine." If somebody asks, "How is it yours?", he will say, "Because I am his son."

Therefore, you see, we are not abhyasis. We should not be devotees. We should not even be mystical. We should become children of the Master. I pray that all of you may have this possibility and take hold of it while it is possible, and develop into that.

[talk ends here]

Abhyasi: We are the children of the Master.

PR: Only children may enter! [laughter] And nobody will come in, because adults will say, "Oh, I am an adult. I am not a child to go into that space." A child is a child, but children need not be only children, in that sense, but they can be adults, too. So again, you see, there is the consciousness that, "I am an adult," that separates me from children. Only children may enter! That is why Christ said, "Be ye as little children, and thou shalt enter the kingdom of heaven." So, to be childish is different from being like a child. All of humanity is childish, but few are children.

Abhyasi: Maybe to increase the sensitivity of grownups, you can say, "Leave your egos outside"?

PR: There is a famous story about this. A boy wanted to find his Master, and somebody told him an address. He knocked on the door. The Master asked him from inside, "Who is there?" He said, "I am there." He said, "When 'I' is dead, come back to me." And the man went away, thinking, "When he is dead, how can I go back there? Funny Master, stupid Master!" In Tamil, it is very beautiful, you know. In translation, it suffers!

I recommend that all of you have sittings from the preceptors.

25

SEEING WITH THE HEART

Minsk, Russia
29 June, 1993

I would like to add my contribution. My first suggestion is that there are three levels in everything: physical, mental, moral/spiritual. Please note that I link the moral with the spiritual, just to emphasise that there can be no spirituality without morality. Which is what Lalaji Maharaj has said in the beginning. Now, in everything we do we have these three levels, whether it is eating, whether it is married life, whether it is spiritual life. We can eat like pigs, just for physical satisfaction. We can eat intelligently for health. And we can eat in a spiritual way, in remembrance of the Master, not knowing even what we are eating, in obedience to one of the maxims, which says, "Eat what is put before you with love." To think that food is only physical is wrong. It is our physical attitude to food which makes it physical. Because you know, saints can live on very little for years and years. So, it is not really the physical content of food that is important for us. It is the attitude with which we eat it.

Same thing with married life. There is the physical, there is the mental, there is the moral/spiritual. The physical, what we call conjugal love, which we can say is loving sex. A result of love, not of lust. So, sex has a place in life, because God has given us sex for a purpose. Babuji Maharaj has said that God is not a fool to create two sexes if one was enough. In fact, we cannot think of one sex. It is not possible. Because if there is to be such a thing as sex, there must be at least two. You cannot think of God as a uni-sex being. Today, this word 'uni-sex' is very common. Women cannot become men by dressing like men. They need something else. So, forget this stupidity of uni-sex, you know, pretending to be men, and be what God made you. There is a place for femininity in life, but not for feminism. Similarly, we are masculine, but there is no masculinism.

So you see, there is a place for sex. There is love. Without love, sex is meaningless, and must be considered forbidden. And this love must not be mental, but real. Because every fool walking on the streets today thinks he is in love with this girl, or with this girl, or with that girl. And they have a brief affair, perhaps a child — misbegotten, unwanted — and at least one broken heart, generally the woman's. In Hinduism, we place the responsibility and the blame on the woman **always**. Many people, especially women, think this is unfair. I don't, because without a woman's permission there can be no sex. Please remember this.

So, the responsibility for morality in the individual or in society is laid upon the woman, in Hindu society. I think this is right. I think this is moral. I think it is spiritual. I wish other societies would adopt this norm, too. At the same time, I wish to caution my brothers that this does not mean license for them. Because if the woman permits, they do, and the permission will be greater for doing what is wrongly permitted. Let the women not think that the men get away with it, because the men have no child. They suffer in other ways, and may it always be so! That is my benediction.

So you see, when the true love is perverted and brought down to the physical, there is always suffering. Now, in a married couple, because there is love between the husband and the wife which grows by relationship, the physical is slowly transcended, passes to the true love stage, and towards the end of life it becomes a moral relationship. So, like football, sex should be confined to the first few years. Whereas in today's society, we find certain medicines being advocated even for a man of seventy years age — not only stupid and ridiculous, but certainly sinful. Therefore you see, in the Hindu tradition a man marries a woman who is his wife, but after giving him a few children, she takes the place of his mother. And one does not have sex with one's mother, I hope. You see how the relationship is transformed from the physical to the moral?

Similarly with the guru — physical to the moral/spiritual. In the beginning you may need physical association, but it must slowly be raised to the level of a spiritual relationship, where the relationship can exist even if we are dead. So these three aspects — physical, mental, moral/spiritual — are all-pervasive.

Now, number two: samskaras affect absolutely the physical existence. It would be foolishness to expect our physical life to change by spiritual practice. We cannot change our sex — absolutely fixed. We cannot change the figure — absolutely fixed. Then what are we going to change? So, the physical existence with which I have come, will follow me till I am dead.

Then what is the idea of cleaning? You know, if you buy a crystal glass and clean it, it does not change its form, but it becomes a fit receptacle for something you can put into it now. So, by cleaning that which was unfit, it becomes fit to receive the grace of the Almighty. This is the correct idea of cleaning. It does not mean a poor man will become rich, or an ugly girl become beautiful, or a weak man become a strong

man, though I must say, there will be normalisation of all functions.

So, cleaning must be understood very critically. Cleaning does not affect the physical existence, in the sense that my body cannot be changed, the colour of my hair cannot change, the colour of my eyes cannot change, etc. But the **quality** of my life will change. When it changes, diseases can be eliminated, because a disease is not really a physical thing. Some intelligence can be awakened — at least to the level of normalisation of the human level, because there is a limit to what we call intelligence.

I have always been against calling great people 'intelligent' people. Einstein was not intelligent. He had a very poor school record. So did most of the great people. But they made fundamental discoveries which came in a moment of intuition — Faraday with his kite, Archimedes in his bathtub, Newton with his apple. So, what is intelligent about this? So you see, they were not intelligent people, but in some way they had prepared themselves to receive a moment of intuition. Like Kekulé got his vision of the carbon cycle. Kekulé was a scientist. It was a sort of a state when he was not sleeping, not awake.

Now, all these cases have one thing in common. The physical was active in its own way, and they were not connected with the physical at these moments. Archimedes was relaxing in his bathtub. Faraday was flying a kite, totally relaxed. Newton, totally vacant gaze, looking somewhere, and the apple falling. And these intuitions flooded into them. Only when we allow the physical to work without our attending to it can intuition manifest.

So, in meditation we do this. We are not idle. Nor are we fantasising, but we allow our minds to be absorbed in something. The physical system is going on in its own way, in its sphere. And then the third thing comes: divinity. So, you see the beauty of meditation. Therefore, the rishis of the past

have been able to talk of so many things, ten thousand years ago in India, which today your scientists are discovering! But the rishi gets no credit for it, because he did not discover. He only saw it in his meditation. [clucks] How can it be true? This is Occidental stupidity, Occidental bias towards themselves, Occidental racism.

So you see, all discoveries have been made in certain moments when the physical self was separate from the Self, and the Self was open to receive, as Sarah said, a channel. It is interesting that in the Soviet Union of former times, there has been a great deal of such research, mental research, trying to find out what we in the East have known for thousands of years. Unfortunately, they were not very successful, because their aim was, at that time, war — success in war. For instance, how to send a spacecraft light-years away, and to establish mental contact with the pilot.

Here comes the second important point — that the aim must be pure before such research will succeed. The least selfishness, or immorality of purpose, and spirituality will fail. Let us say, spirituality will not work for them. So, the purpose must be moral. The physical must not interfere at any stage. Then what is the problem of meditation and revelation? Because when, through intuition, something comes to me, and when I don't even know what is coming to me, I can claim no credit for it. It is always a revelation.

So, gravity was **revealed** to Newton in a moment when he was ready to receive it. As were the fundamental principles of science to Einstein, as was the carbon atom to Kekulé, and the innumerable, uncatalogued truths of life, to the rishis of the past. So, there is no such thing as a scientific discovery. It is always a revelation. And the Nobel Prize should be cancelled! Prize for what? What have they done to receive it? Because any one of you can do things if you come to that correct approach.

But why is it possible only to one in the millions? Because today, we are too much in the physical. Our appetite for food is physical. Our appetite for sex is entirely physical — no love any more. Even God is only physical — icons, crosses, idols, blank walls — it is all the same thing. So to us, the door to revelation is blocked. So, we are struggling in this world, physically knocking our heads against physical objects, subject to physical miseries, making nothing more than physical discoveries. That stone is hard. That woman's heart is cold. That man's heart is lustful, etc.

Somebody was talking of the plans that Master has for us. Let me assure you, his work is very easy. Don't give the Master credit for what he does not deserve. He does not have a million plans for a million abhyasis. His plan is the same for every one of us. It is like your houses. Only thing, these are ugly and monotonous. The same building, the same environment, the same [Russian word] — it is monotonous, soul-killing. Nevertheless, one plan. His plan is one plan, but in every manifestation or fulfilment of that plan it will be wonderful and divine, because it is natural.

On a rose bush, every rose is different. But they are all roses, and every rose is beautiful. So, we should not think, "This girl is beautiful. That girl is ugly." Not at all. We are all flowers on the same bush of humanity, and who dares to praise one and decry another? If you, as a mother, had three children, and your neighbour said, "Your first child is beautiful. Your third child is ugly," will you tolerate it? You will become a tigress in the defence of your child. The Master cannot be less. He must be **more** than a mother. God must be even more.

So, any time any of you are prone to criticise some other person as ugly, or stupid, or things like that, beware! Because He is watching. You know? So, we have no right to criticise each other. Therefore, Sahaj Marg says, "Brotherhood." We are all one, though our appearances are different. Not ugly or

beautiful, but each one is different from the other, and that is what nature wants. As the ancient Hindu Vedic statement says, "All different, but all one." All diamonds are the same, whether small or big. All apples — an apple is an apple. So, why should girls be different? Why should boys be different?

So, let us not judge with our eyes and with our arms, because when we look with our hearts we shall no longer look at the face and the figure, but at the heart in front of us. And that heart will surely respond when my heart is looking for it. So, love is a stupid thing as it exists today among you people. When can it be real love? When you look with your heart for another heart which can look at you — then real love will come. There will be a real marriage, where the physical, the mental, the moral/spiritual will have their respective places, and where the husband and wife will co-operate in transcending all these levels, one by one. And only in such a marriage is there the possibility that the husband and wife will be together forever. Otherwise it is a futile dream. Meditation makes this possible, because we are using the heart, cleaning the heart, meditating upon the heart, allowing divinity to come into that heart, so that the heart becomes a divine instrument by which the entire universe can be known without even opening our eyes.

I would urge abhyasis to look for their partners in marriage by closing their eyes and using their hearts. Please try it. The eyes are for navigation, like the headlights of your car — to show you the way. Not to judge what you are seeing, but to avoid what has to be avoided so that you can continue undisturbed on your path. Any other use of the eyes is a misuse of the eyes. The same with all the other senses. Nature gave us our senses as instruments for our development. We have converted them into instruments for our pleasure. If there is any sin, this is a sin. It is like using a bread knife to cut somebody's throat.

So, spirituality does not forbid the proper use of any of our senses for the proper purpose for which it was given to us. If we use our senses in this way, they cannot ever lead us astray, and therefore our way will always be the way of going up and up to the Highest. So remember, the Master has one plan for all of us. For him, there is no discrimination between abhyasi and abhyasi.

Number two: we have all the instruments necessary for this purpose, already given to us by nature. The most benevolent gift that nature has given us is our heart. Use it wisely — which means, use it with love — and you will find that your progress to the Goal is extremely simple and easy.

Thank you.

26

THE RIVER

Minsk, Russia
3 July, 1993

I had some thoughts this morning at about three o'clock which I would like to share with you. I have said so often that I am fascinated by this idea of a river, and I like to look upon life itself as a river. A river has two banks. Which is right? Which is left? An important question. But does it really matter? Because, depending on which way we are going, we think of one side as the right, and the other side as the left. If I am floating on the river in a boat towards the mouth of the river, what is on my right is the right, and the left is, of course, the left.

So, I was wondering about these opposites — truth and untruth, good and bad, moral and immoral — so many things. Now, if I am going towards the destination, what is right for me may not be the same for a man going in the opposite direction. So, perhaps we have these differences only because we are going in different directions, and not because there is anything absolute about these things.

Then I had another thought. Suppose a river is very narrow — it is just a channel. The right and the left are very close to me, and maybe there is no difference because they are so close to each other. So, when we are narrow-minded, we tend to be dogmatic, and to say, "This is right. This is wrong," though they are very close to each other. This is the sign of narrow-mindedness, as we say, in human beings. Perhaps the love of exactitude, precision, all these things come from a narrow mind.

For instance, a philosopher does not ask how far it is to the destination. His only intention is to know where the destination is, because however far it may be, we have to get there. So, why worry about the distance? It shows a weakness — that I will go only if it is near, and not if it is far. It is like a lover telling his beloved, "I will meet you only if you are at the gate, but not if you are in Moscow," for instance.

So for love, there can be no distance, no distance between the lover and the beloved. Because love shortens the distance and makes it possible for us to meet. When there is no love, the distance appears very great, and then the lover looks for a lover who is nearby. Now, a love which is dependent on the proximity of the beloved is not real love. It is like saying, "Oh, my beloved is in Moscow. I will love this beloved who is here, available to me today." This is what is happening nowadays, you see.

I remember a rather vulgar story I should tell you now! A young American soldier who had just been married was posted in the Far East during the war. And he was first writing to his wife about his longing for her, his separation, his pain. But slowly, he started writing about taking a walk with a girl, then going for a swim, then going for the weekend, until a time came that, though his letters were addressed to his wife, all that he wrote about was this other girl in the Pacific. His wife became very worried, and one day, she sent him a telegram: "What has she got that I haven't got?" And he sent

her a telegram back: "Nothing, honey. Only thing, she has got it here." Now, you can decide what is love.

Actually, in love, distance must increase the love, not decrease it. Therefore, you know, Mahatma Gandhi, during his lifetime, when couples wanted to get married because they loved each other, he insisted they should not even meet for one year. And if they wanted to marry even after that one year, he permitted it. But today, you have a marriage, a five-day honeymoon, and then another beloved. This is because the mind is so narrow about love, that between right and wrong, the difference is gone. You should all think about such things.

Then the idea came to me, that if the river becomes wider and wider, and we are in the centre, the right is as far from the left, but only in the centre the water flows fastest. So, I must not be attached to the right or to the left, but keep moving in the centre. So, for such a person, what we call a spiritual abhyasi, a *sadhak*, slowly ideas of right and wrong, left and right, good and bad, start to disappear. Now, where is right, where is wrong? If the river is so big that I cannot even see the banks, I can only keep to my destination by flowing with the current of the river, not by looking at the banks.

So, all these ideas of good and bad, moral and immoral — they are needed for the narrow-minded, prejudiced, stupid individual. But for one who is going on the path of the saints, let us say, they lose their importance, because his gaze is fixed only on the goal. Now, if he is on the oceans, where is right, where is wrong, where is destination, where is no destination? Now the centre becomes the destination. So, in Sahaj Marg, we have this idea of the centre. It is the centre of life.

Now, we have our life, which I think of as a river, in one sense, and this life must flow towards its destination. This body is like a boat which is swimming on the ocean of bliss, containing me inside it. The boat is not me. It is only a vehicle to take me to my goal. So, why this attachment to this body? Why our preoccupation with its pleasures, with its pains?

Because, if pleasure is the right bank, pain is the left bank. And remember, if I go towards one, I am moving away from the main direction, in a direction at right angles to it. So, I am moving away from my destination. My progress will be delayed, and I will be stuck only with what is right, or what is wrong. And the more I am moving towards one, the more I am moving away from the other. All these complications come. This is the mess in which religion puts us. We are like a boat going from left bank to right bank, to left bank, to right bank. Not even zigzag — sometimes only this way [motions back and forth in a straight line] — no progress, because he goes to the wrong, and moves back to the right, then moves back to the wrong, then moves back to the right, and so on.

Now, we must understand that the banks are necessary for the river, because otherwise there would be no river. But they are not for us. We have to move in the centre of the river. So similarly, for human existence, which is going purposefully towards a goal, we have neither to worry about being right, nor worry about being wrong. Each is as unimportant as the other. For one who is moving towards the goal of the river, the mouth of the river, the right is changing, the left is also changing all the time. So, our ideas of truth, of morality, must change as we progress, recognising that, for the ordinary human being, the laws of physical morality are, shall we say, absolute. But as he becomes evolved into someone more and more away from the physical, the moral laws become more and more subtle. And when he enters the ocean, all sense of values have disappeared.

Therefore, I found in my Master, Babuji Maharaj, an unwillingness to answer questions about values: what is truth, what is lie? He would say, "It depends on you." What is just, what is un-just? "Again, it depends on you." You see, if you refuse to give your child something which it needs, it is not justice to the child, but if you deny the child something which it wants when it is sick, it is justice. So, when is denial justice,

and when is denial injustice? It is clear there is no absolute standard for justness.

Like Solomon's famous judgement, when two women claimed one child. One was the real mother, the other was a false mother. He did not try to find out who was the real mother, who was the false mother. He said, "Bring the child before me." He called his bodyguard and said, "Cut this child into two, and give one-half to each of these mothers." The real mother wept and said, "No, please don't do it. Give the child to her." Solomon said, "Take the child. It is yours." Now, somebody can say, "What a stupid king he was! Is this the way of finding the real mother? Can Solomon order a child to be cut in two?" Such questions can come only from stupid minds, which don't see the intention behind the act.

So, what makes something good or bad, right or wrong, moral or immoral, is the intention behind the thought or the act. Now, the guru's intention towards the disciple is always for the progress of the disciple. If that is so, anything he does or thinks of about the disciple must be right — even though to the disciple, in his own small-mindedness, weak-mindedness, selfishness, it may appear wrong. Every child who has been refused a biscuit when it is sick, thinks its mother is unkind, and thinks that its mother does not love it. But quite on the contrary.

The same thing applies to the wives — if they really love their husbands, they should give them only what is good for them, and not what the husband wants. But when women make the mistake of giving what the man wants, thinking this is the only way she can hold his love, it is not only stupid, but they are going to lose that husband. Because something so easily given, so cheaply given, can be found on the streets. So you see, the value of love, the sign of love, the nobility of love, is in your ability to deny, not in your ability to give.

Today, you see in our society this stupidity. Children must be free. They must be allowed to grow as **they** like, and

to develop in **their** way. Such parents are either stupid and have no love for their children, or have inside themselves a wish that the child may destroy itself quickly. So, what do we think of such parents? "Daddy, I want a bottle of whisky," a six year old boy says. The father says, "Chariji, I must give it to him, because he must know what is whisky by personal experience!" This is what today's parents are doing. I have seen teen-aged girls being taught by their mothers how to smoke, how to drink. And when I ask the mothers, "What is this you are doing?", they say, "You see, in our society, my daughter must go and date a boy. She must know how to smoke. She must know how to drink." So I told the mother, "Why not give her a small knife, so that she can stab herself and be prepared for that, too?"

We must prepare our children for a good life, not introduce evil into them so that they can face an evil life. Today's society is full of such parents. They have no love for children, because they had no love for the women with whom they slept, and often, when the child was conceived, they left the woman and went to another woman for their satisfaction. And the women are conniving at this, because when they are willing to jump into bed with the first man who comes to them, in that moment they have destroyed their love and their future. Denial — denial is the secret of success!

You have all read about the good times before the Second World War, before the First World War, when there was no sex before marriage. The men did not run away. They followed their women like dogs, and they went on their knees when they proposed. How does today's man propose? He pulls her into the bedroom, and that is a proposal. It is not a proposal — it is a proposition, as the American says.

So you see, when you try to hold in the wrong way, it cannot be held. But, if this love is free of desire — no more desire for a husband, no right, no wrong. She loves him whether he is married to her, or not, because it is no longer a

love on the physical plane, but in a more elevated idea. Such a woman will allow her husband to go to work without suspicion, go to meditation without suspecting him, and so on. How many of you are here whose husbands don't like you to come for meditation? Because of the suspicion. Because when you are too freely available to a man, he thinks you are equally freely available to everybody else.

So, morality is nothing more than being available only to the beloved. You understand that? It has nothing to do with sex and freedom, and all this nonsense — bourgeois ideas! It is available only to the beloved. In spirituality, this is the relationship between the Master and the disciple. The lover sees only the beloved, the Master; listens only to the Master; reads only what the Master writes; follows only the Master. But today's abhyasis, they go to some other place, "Oh, your Master is like this?" "No, no, no, Chariji. I have doubts in my mind." So, they have given their ear to another person — their love is shattered. Doubt comes; there is no more love.

This is also constant remembrance, because when you are in constant remembrance, you are only with the beloved, and nobody else. Not even in your thought, because all mischief begins with the thought. So, when the thought is regulated and directed towards the beloved, it is like floating on the river — no right, no left. I am following Him whom I love. He cannot mislead me, because His interest is in me, in my growth, and in my evolution. So, what is the need to doubt? Of course, if he starts going like this zig-zag, then you have to begin to think whether you are following the right leader!

Therefore, Babuji said, "When you find the right guru, tie yourself to him, and don't let go." It is like my small boat being tied to his big ship — no more effort, because he is pulling me now. But if I cut that rope which is connecting us, he will float away and I will be left behind. At the grossest level this is physical contact, like a mother holding its child by

the hand and taking it into a busy market. At a subtler level it is love. At the subtlest level it is the spiritual connection. So, Babuji Maharaj always said, "I can never cut this connection with the abhyasi, because that is not my purpose. But any abhyasi can cut it at his or her choice." So, it is the abhyasi's determination, faith, and love, which must keep this rope between them uncut.

Now, if that connection is there, distance has no meaning. If distance has no meaning, time has no meaning. And when we have lost this space and time consciousness, we are everywhere and nowhere — and that is the definition of God. That is our goal, which makes it possible for me to be in my goal, wherever I may be. Because goal is not somewhere there; it must be where I am. Therefore, we have this funny thought, you see, that God **comes** to us. From where, to where? He can come instantly, precisely because he is everywhere at all times. We have to call Him and run towards Him and weep for Him, because we are only in one place, in one time. Now, to be with Him always, eternally, time and space consciousness must go. This is what happens in our Sahaj Marg way of meditation, and I hope Babuji will bless all of you with it.

Thank you.

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PREJUDICE

Minsk, Russia
4 July, 1993

I have heard several speeches now, and then I tell you the same thing — all that I have heard from different speakers — in my own way. You think it is my speech. So, in seminars like this, it is important to listen to all who are speaking. I say this because normally there is a tendency to listen to only what we think are important speeches. But remember, that when you have a vegetable — even your potatoes — without the skin, the potato cannot exist. So, there is always a covering of ignorance over wisdom, and manifestation of wisdom takes place when the ignorance is removed. This is the old Vedic idea of wisdom, where we have the example of a mirror covered with dust, and when the dust is blown away, the mirror can reflect the whole universe.

This brings the second idea: do we have knowledge? Or do we reflect the wisdom of this universe when we become clean? Obviously, it is just a reflection. So, for any man to say that he is wise is an indication of his stupidity. We begin our

existence with the idea that we have knowledge and intelligence, and if we progress in the right direction, in the spiritual way, we understand that we are only reflecting what is in the whole of this universe.

So, the first prejudice, as Jean Michel wanted me to speak about, is that, "I know." Nobody knows anything. In fact, we know all the wrong things, perhaps, which is nothing but the reflection from our samskaras. If you flash a flashlight in the dark, you see what is there in the light. It may be a snake, it may be some money, or just a piece of stone. Similarly, when we focus the capacities that nature has given us, and if we are still gross inside, this wisdom of the universe is filtered through this grossness, and that is all we see.

So you see, without cleaning the heart of all the samskaras, true knowledge and wisdom are impossible. Now, what is the barrier to understanding this? It is this feeling that, "I know." As Babuji Maharaj said, "When we think we know, we stop learning." So, this prejudice has first to go. It is also a sign of our egotism. So, we find this wonderful balance of nature, that at this end of the scale there is no knowledge, which we call ignorance, and at the other end we have God, who, having no mind, cannot have any knowledge, and that also we call ignorance. And between the two, there is this enormous fund of wisdom for which we long — at least the intellectuals want it.

Therefore, I believe that this idea of longing for knowledge is a barrier to progress. On the contrary, we have to penetrate through this enormous bank or fund of wisdom, to our goal, which is ignorance! But it is not the same ignorance. I think, if you read *Truth Eternal*, by Lalaji Maharaj, which is an extraordinarily confusing book, you will find the idea of difference between stupidity and ignorance. This is important to understand. And I believe that this original ignorance of divinity is true innocence. Innocence is really the lack of

understanding of anything. Especially, it is the lack of the knowledge of the difference between good and evil.

A child is innocent. For the child, there is no good or bad. You see children splashing in their own urine, for instance, or taking up dirty things, and the adult is horrified. So, by our attitude to our children, we pull them away out of their innocence, and bring into their innocent hearts this knowledge of good and bad, vice and virtue, and all these opposites. So, in a sense, every human adult is the snake that tempted Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden, because we are tempting them out of their innocence into so-called knowledge. In this sense, the shell of innocence is broken by the parents, later by society, a little later by religion — because all these are telling lies, consciously or unconsciously. "Your father is the best man." "Your mother loves you the most." "This country is the greatest country in the world." "Our God is the only God." All lies. Isn't it?

So, the children are being brought up with lies after lies after lies — prejudices. Every prejudice is a lie. Either all are good, or all are bad. Because we find this in all societies over this world. Russian children are taught that Russia is the greatest land in this world. Same thing happens in India, same thing happens in Africa. Only thing, some think they are greater than the greatest, even! And that they are so great that they don't even need God.

So you see, the family, really, is a corrupt environment. Therefore the need for parents to become abhyasis, so that by cleaning themselves, by receiving transmission — better late than never — they can start teaching their children in a new way. My land is great because this world is great. My language is beautiful because all languages in this world are beautiful. My God and your God are the same, whether he is the God of Christianity or of Islam or of Buddhism or of Hinduism. Since there can be only one God, which all

religions preach, it must be the same God who is presiding over all these people.

So, why do we tell lies to our children? Prejudice. Who teaches us this prejudice about God? Our religion. So you see, the family destroys the innocence of the child. Society introduces wrong ideas into the child. Religion corrupts the spirit of the child. What shall we do? So, the child has to learn by itself, which we call the process of growth. Really, when a child grows up in the true way — seeking not the knowledge which its parent gave, not the knowledge which society gave, not even the knowledge which its religion gave it, but wanting the truth, and nothing but the truth — it has a chance to come back to this original innocence, because now the true way opens before it.

So, the way to this infinite and immutable truth is to pass through all this enormous store of knowledge, so-called, into the original ignorance, which is innocence, and then seek not with the head, but with the heart — and then everything is wonderful.

I was talking to Dmitri the other day, and we had the same experience — that it is so dark now because of the clouds. But if you take a plane and fly above, the same clouds appear like silver below you. So, we don't have to try to blow away the clouds. We have only to pierce a small hole through it and go up. This is the need, to pierce through all this ignorance and knowledge which we have in this world, and come out into the brighter world above us. That is what is shown in our emblem — a small way through the grossness of this world, understanding that all this wrong knowledge is as bad or as good as stupidity.

Therefore, spirituality does not speak of good and bad, of vice and virtue, but only of grossness. We must understand that there is no such thing as good grossness and bad grossness. For a man flying in a plane, whether it was twenty tons of gold, or twenty tons of stone, it doesn't matter. If the

plane is in danger and the weight has to be reduced to save the life of the people in the plane, the gold has to go. Otherwise, you have to go. This is the real idea of renunciation. Renunciation really means liberating yourself from the hold that something has upon you. So, when our life is in danger, we are prepared to lose everything. But we recognise this danger only in worldly situations — floods, fire, danger — things like that.

But what about the real danger to our life — the danger of not finding spirituality? The danger of dying as ignorant, as stupid, as prejudiced as we are now. When this realisation comes, then that person is liberated in one stroke, because he does not have to renounce, item by item, or piece by piece. He renounces life itself, in his seeking for a new life. So, in that sense, Babuji Maharaj said, "We have to die before we die." Because people often ask, "Is one death not enough, that we have to die before we are really dying?" But one death is a conscious, willed death. The natural death is something we have no control over. So, this natural death, where our life ends, cannot be the door to liberation. We have to create a door into eternity in our lifetime, and we must walk through it while we are yet alive. Because only then can we be the living dead. Otherwise, a natural death is only a u-turn which brings us back here. Therefore, we go round and round in circles.

So, these are some important ideas we have to understand. That there is nothing good, nothing bad, because both create grossness. There is no vice, there is no virtue. Often, we find that the virtuous man is more arrogant and prideful than the ignorant man. This is the arrogance of the religious teachers, for instance — the priests, the priests of all religions, and they try to hide this under an artificial cloak of humility. They are all outwardly humble, but inside they are volcanoes of arrogance and pride.

So, we have to stay away from priests, from religion, from all these opposites of existence, which are after all, only

prejudices. Somebody appears to be a good man to you, and somebody else says he is a bad man. Now, what is he really? So, this good and bad are only opinions. In nature, God did not create anything good or bad — He only created. Unfortunately, with our stupid intelligence, we evaluate things as good and bad, which are basically selfish opinions. If I want a loan of five hundred million roubles from someone, and he gives me the money, he is a good man. If he says, "Sorry," he is a bad man. If potatoes agree with me, they are good. If they disagree with me, potatoes are bad.

So you see, all our judgement is based on our subjective self. There is no objective knowledge in this world as we see it today. Talking of World War II, Babuji Maharaj used to say, "The Germans are praying for victory to their God. The British are praying for victory, also. And so are the Japanese, the Russians — everybody. Now, which prayer would God answer? None. Because to God, they are all his children, foolishly fighting with each other, and he cannot favour one child over another child." Therefore, God is out of the picture in all human transactions. So, to call God into the picture is stupid. We have to reconcile our differences, solve our problems by ourselves.

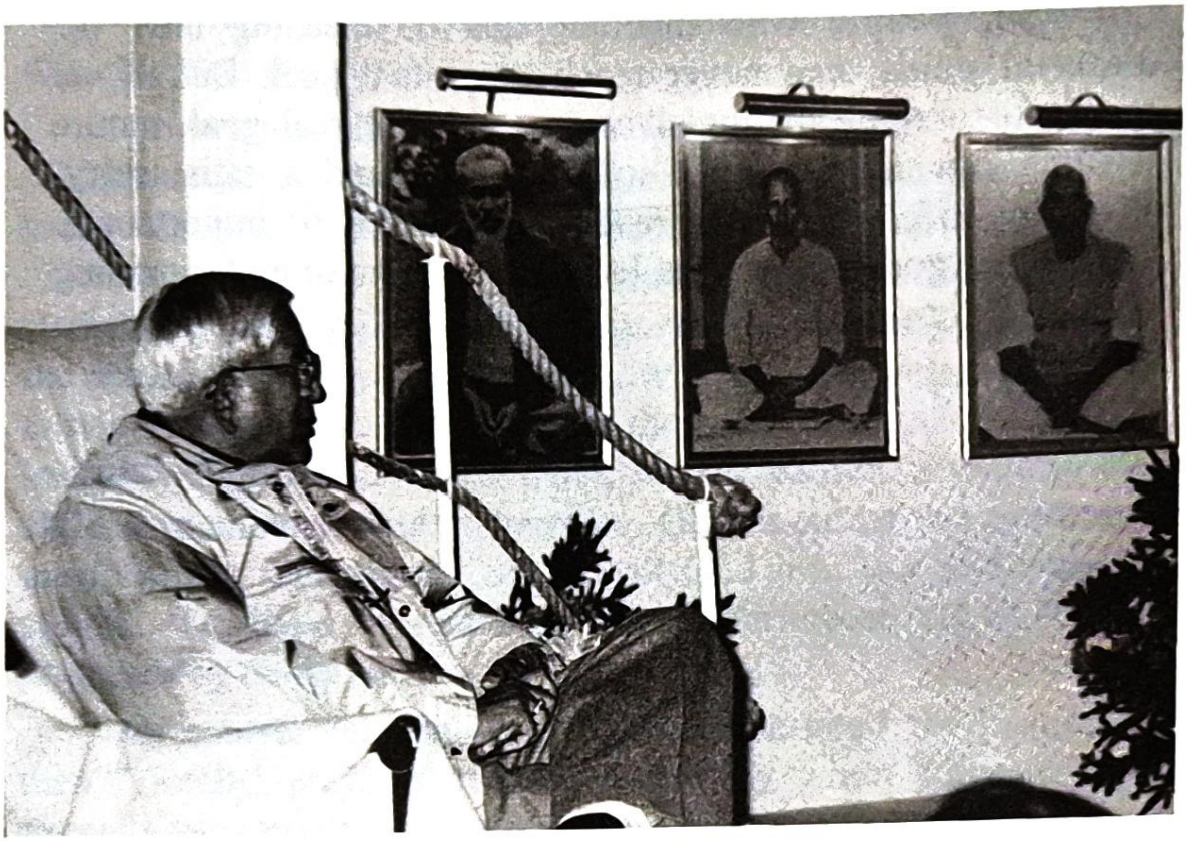
Of course, you may say, "What is the need for prayer, then?" Really, prayer should be done only when something exceeds our capacity to do something. If I have to take a chair and put it here, I cannot pray to God! So, until human capacity is at its limit, prayer has no meaning, it should not be used. Otherwise, it is either a sign of laziness or of a lack of understanding of God's place in this universe.

So you see, we have capacities in our bodies. We have to get the right knowledge to utilise these capacities. This we get through meditation, which is opening a door into the universal store of wisdom, and not to the book knowledge created by other stupid human beings, who appear great to us only because we are too stupid! So, real understanding — only

through meditation. To receive that real understanding, we need to clean ourselves — therefore, the importance of cleaning and meditation. And of course, then, as we meditate, we get into this 'original home' idea, and that longing comes to get back there, and that becomes the motive force. As this experience increases, by meditation after meditation, this longing becomes something enormous, and we can be projected like a rocket, straight into the goal.

So, people who meditate and do cleaning only for material gains, can never reach a spiritual goal. But, if we meditate and clean ourselves to reach our real goal, nature adjusts our material life to our needs, and a satisfactory, fulfilling life can be the result. Therefore, it is important to define the goal properly, at least to the extent of understanding that it is not material.

Thank you.



IV

EUROPE

July, 1993

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NOT DOING, PART I

Poliez-Pittet
8 July, 1993

This is supposed to be a seminar of sorts. I was wondering what we were supposed to do here. I mean, coming from India, it is often felt by Europeans that Indians don't know what they are saying when they say, "I am doing something." I often feel the Indians themselves don't know what they mean when they say they are doing something. I don't think this is because Indians are lazy, or because they don't know how to do something, or that they are not doing something, but because of a possible difference in understanding of the words 'to do'.

What does 'to do' mean? Maybe all of you have different ideas, concepts, but according to what I learned from Babuji Maharaj, my Master, when something is done, there must be a result. And that result must have been intended. So, when we have this sort of philosophical notion of work — because in the West doing and working are more or less synonymous — "I am doing something" means I am working, and the work is

supposed to be result-oriented, satisfaction-oriented, growth-oriented. But I don't think in the East we are so, what shall I say, self-centred about work. In the Occident, when we talk about growth-orientation and progress-orientation and result-orientation, you work from a self-centred basis. I think in spirituality, the work is from a centred basis — no more self-centred basis, but just centred basis — the centre, the spiritual centre.

So, when we meditate, when we involve ourselves in spiritual sadhana, spiritual practice, it is certainly a centred practice, and in that sense it is evolutionary — evolution-oriented. But it is not satisfaction-oriented. It is not growth-oriented. Nor is it self-oriented. I think I should ask all of you to understand this distinction between centred orientation and self-centred orientation very correctly, very precisely. Because then this often-met criticism that spirituality, too, is selfish — because after all, you are meditating for your own self — would cease to exist.

If all of us understand that our individual centres are nothing but the ultimate centre and, therefore, when we work in a centred manner, centred orientation, it cannot be self-centred in the sense of this self, or this self, or this self, this idea of selfishness would totally disappear. Also, I think, it would remove at one stroke this idea of satisfaction in meditation: "I don't feel happy in meditation. My experiences were not good. I made a *cauchemar* [nightmare] tonight." — I mean the French translation. All this would disappear, because we are not here for any idea of pleasure or pleasurable experiences or, for that matter, for pain or for painful experiences, because pleasure and pain are opposites. The experiences are by the way. It is the human mind which has been trained to categorise experiences as painful, pleasurable, desirable, acceptable, and so on and so forth, which categorises experiences. Experiences *per se*, in my understanding, are not amenable to categorisation, because what is a

painful experience to one can be a pleasurable experience to another.

Take the masochist, the sadomasochist, who finds pleasure in pain. It is not the same as Babuji Maharaj saying that you must find pleasure in pain. Obviously, he did not intend us to be masochists. But I was surprised, very agreeably, when a few days back, an abhyasi brother told me that he often has very severe attacks of migraine, from which he suffers for several days on end sometimes. He used to suffer considerably. I have seen him suffering. Now, we were together in Minsk for a period of two weeks, and he never had this headache. And when we came back he told me, "You know, I miss those headaches! I used to find some pleasure after that headache."

So you see, it is a fact that there is pleasure in pain. Unfortunately, the human being has learned to feel pain in pleasure, but has not tried the opposite experience of pleasure in pain, because we are afraid of pain. We are intolerant of pain. We close the door to pain. The whole idea of pain prevention, in fact, the whole idea of preventive medicine is, to my understanding, pain prevention. And when we effectively prevent pain, I think we effectively prevent pleasure. Whereas, when we don't effectively prevent pleasure, we don't effectively prevent pain, too. Therefore, humanity is in for a huge dose of what it calls pleasure, which is all ephemeral, transitory, transient, and for a substantial measure of subsequent pain, which is not at all transitory or transient.

Take, for instance, the simple example of a hangover. The pleasure lasts perhaps an evening, and what the British call the 'morning-after-the-night-before' syndrome can last, I believe, several days. This is a very common experience. Whether you indulge in the highest-valued champagne or in the cheapest brew, it doesn't matter. Alcohol is alcohol. Sex is sex. Pins and needles are pins and needles. That you prick

yourself with a golden pin doesn't make the pain any more pleasurable than if you prick yourself with a steel pin. Nor does the pain become of a higher value — "Oh, he pricks himself with gold pins. I wish I had a few gold pins, too, Chari. How wonderful it would be."

So, you see our total lack of understanding of the life process. I am not now implying medical understanding of the life process, physiological understanding of the life process, cellular understanding — all these we have in plenty, but a true understanding of a process which we call life. What the medical scientists, the doctors, mean by life process is a manifested process, where something intangible, imperceptible, unknowable, which we call life, manifests through us, through animals, through birds, through insects, through everything in this universe. But in spirituality, when we talk of the process of life, we mean something else. The trajectory that a flying plane leaves behind is not the plane itself. You have seen high-flying jets leaving the condensate in the sky — twin streams — they last for hours after the plane is gone, but that is not the plane itself. One puff of wind, and the twin plumes of smoke, the congealed atmosphere are just disintegrated. Our bodies are like that.

Life is there. How it comes in, we don't know. All that we know from medicine is that there is something they call conception, cellular growth, embryonic development, childbirth, growth, death, disintegration in the tomb. 'Dust unto dust.' That is not the process of life. That is a life process, not the process of life. The process of life is its origin from its first descent from the centre, its original home, through what can possibly be an eternity, until it finally returns to that centre, its original home. Now, everything that happens in between are life processes, whether it be in the form of an amoeba, or an ape, or a human being, or an angel, or through the lesser gods. It is all the same. It is like a passenger getting into a bullock cart in his village in India, coming to the main road, taking a rickety bus, going ten miles, getting off, getting

into a rickety train, travelling three hundred miles to Madras, getting off, going to the airport, getting into a not-much-better aircraft, flying to Boston, or to Birmingham, getting off, and then what? That I am in a bus, doesn't make me a bus. That I am in a bullock cart, doesn't make me a bullock cart. That I am in a plane, doesn't make me a plane. That I am in a body, doesn't make me my body.

Therefore, Babuji repeated again and again, "Give up this body consciousness. Do something about it." Now, what to do? We have always been fussing around, doing so many things in the Occidental world, and unfortunately, in much of the Oriental world today, due to Occidental, what shall I say, mentalisation of the Orient. Even Indians in America today don't know what they are doing there. They are doing something; they are earning dollars, and then I get letters saying, "I don't know what I am really doing in America."

So you see, doing something and **really** doing something — there seems to be a big difference. When a child is playing, it is really playing. It is lost in its play. But when a human being is doing something, is he or she lost in what he or she is doing? Or, as is very common today even in the love-making process, are they indulging in statistical analysis and comparing with Kinsey reports, and saying, "No, no, no. The performance is poor." No satisfaction, because the great Kinsey said such and such must be the standard of performance. It was not — then divorce.

So you see, I would even suspect that true pleasure is only when you are lost in what you are doing, not totally conscious of what you are doing, and trying to feel what you are feeling, or counting what you are doing, or measuring something, or skipping around. It's not surprising that it was an Englishman who defined a kiss, in some very funny language which I don't recollect. I think it was the juxtaposition of two muscles, or something like that — the lips impinging upon each other, exerting pressure and parting with

a smack. Perhaps it was Johnson. Only a scientific mind, an analytical mind. Not a curious mind, not an inquisitive mind — a suspicious mind: "Is this really what I am doing?"

You know, there is a sense of wonder in which you can say, "Oh, this is what a kiss really is? Wow! Wonderful!" There are songs in Hindi, where lovers meet and sing in Hindi, "Is this what they call love?", but in a sense of wonder, not in a sense of questioning. "This is all that is love, mama mia?" So, there is frustration, there is pain, there is failure, possibly loss of potency — impotence.

So you see, 'doing' is very different from what you people here in this part of this hemisphere, this hemisphere of this globe, think. Doing is really not-doing. Of course, most of you will say, "This guy is crazy!" At least the Americans will say so, because it's the language, you see — "This guy is crazy," appears in about every third sentence in the American language! They would probably be a little more polite in Europe, which claims more culture than the Americans. They would say, "Oh, take it with a pinch of salt, what Chari says." But in reality, doing is not-doing, in the sense that the body is doing, but the self inside is lost in its cosmic immensity, has no more time or space consciousness, no body consciousness — is in fact, somewhere, nowhere, you see, or nowhere, somewhere, no time, sometime. All these riddles which cannot be expressed by language. "Where are you?" "I don't know." "But don't you know you are here?" "Oh, am I?" "Yes, but Chari, don't you see yourself sitting in that chair?" "Yes, but you, too, are sitting in a chair. The difference is, you are here; my body is here." "Where are you?" "I don't know."

Therefore, to bring in another analogy, or an illustration: *Quo Vadis Domini.* A famous quotation, "Whither goest thou, Lord?" He goeth nowhere; He cometh from nowhere. Where can the Lord go? Where can He come from? If He is everywhere at all times — which is the real meaning of omnipotent, omni-pervasive, omnipresent, etc. — all the silly

languages that we employ without ever understanding them, or having understood them, or tragically, never having tried to understand them. How can He come? How can He go? Well then, if you feel His presence, did He come and manifest His presence for you, or was He always there and you never felt Him? If He was always there and you never felt Him, whose fault was it, and why did you not feel Him? You did not feel Him because — like we closed all the shutters and there was no light. We close all the windows and there is no air. We close our eyes and there is no vision. You become self-centred, and you see nothing but your silly little human self, this body.

Now, if you are seeing this concretised, what shall I say, human being, or an automaton which has ceased to move by the spirit, but is now moving itself by the samskaras which are embedded in it — a toy wound up by a spring, the spring being nothing but the stored up samskaras of the eons of the past — "Am I really alive?", comes the question. And if I am not alive, how can I feel? How can I perceive? How can I experience? So, when do we really begin to feel, to perceive, to experience? When do we really become, what in psychology we can perhaps say, sympathetic — empathy? When I cease to be a toy motivated by my samskaras from inside.

Like a flashlight is powered by a battery — the flashlight does not know that it is illuminating anything. The bulb does not know it is showing the way. When the battery dies, it does not know that it is dead. When it is full of power, it does not know it is powerful, yet it performs a useful function — useful for us. What about us, when we are powered by our samskaras moving us from inside? And as Omar Khayyam says, "It is all a play of nights and days, where destiny with men for pieces plays. And moves and mates and plays and slays, and one by one, back in the closet lays." This destiny is the samskara. Don't mix it with the

superior destiny of which we think all the time, but which doesn't really exist yet for us.

We, as creators of our own destinies, pretend we are Masters. In our foolish pride, we say, "Yes, but I made this life. It is mine. I built this life." With what? With thistles and thorns and poison, and possibly suicides. So, our life goes like a toy. You turn the toy around, it goes north. You turn it around, it goes south. You turn it right, it goes right. And we think we are masters of our destiny. We are thinking. We are conscious. We are self-motivating, self-fulfilling, self-satisfying structures. And we blame a God who knows nothing about all this. It is like blaming the owner of a toy shop for his toys. He is only selling the toys. Often, you go to a toy shop in Switzerland, and they don't know how it works. I had this experience a couple of days back. The lady at the sales counter was smiling beautifully, but she didn't know how the toy worked. She said, "Oh, I really don't know, but there must be instructions inside."

So, today you find a criminal in the court. He says, "My lord, I really don't know why I did it!" "Did you, or did you not kill this man? Yes or no?", the advocate says, and the poor criminal, he doesn't know what to say. He didn't know why he did it. He didn't know what made him do it. In a moment he lost his reason, and he either raped or murdered or pillaged or burned something down, and now he is faced with an awesome audience in front of him — the jury on his right, the judge behind him, the advocate plaguing him with questions — "Did you, or did you not?" No answer. "The knife was in your hands. Was it, or was it not?" "Yes, my lord, but..." "No buts! Yes or no?"

We are in a similar situation. It is not only the criminal in the judge's court, in the dock, who is unable to say yes or no, or why or why not. We, too, are in a similar situation. When we love, we don't know why we love. When we hate, we don't know why we hate. When we are happy, we don't

know why we are happy. When we are sad, we don't know why we are sad. If you do not know all these things, are you intelligent? Are you educated? Are you sensitive? Because, again, you are only reacting to a program. You go to send off your father at the bus stop, and there is the conventional weeping, the conventional hugging, the conventional kissing on the cheeks, the conventional parting, conventional wiping of the eyes with the handkerchief, or today, the modern tissues. And you go home and satisfy your grief with a beer. Four hours later, he telephones, and you say, "Hi, Dad!", or "Hi, Mom!" "Okay, you had a nice travel? Gee, I wish I was there." And perhaps a year later, perhaps two years later, the whole story is nauseatingly repeated. No feeling — only emotion. No parting — only separation. It happens even in the mating game, as they call it. The coming together, and the separation — nothing in-between, except nastiness and guilt.

So you see, 'to do' means much more than 'to do.' 'To do' means to **not** do. 'To do' means to let the body do, and isolate the soul from the sphere of experience, and plunge it into its immensity of its own, which is its eternal abode. So, the soul must activate and withdraw. Like I put on the switch for the light, and go away. I don't keep my finger pressed on the switch all night, and say, "The light is on as long as my hand is pressing the switch down," like some of these computer keys. Or they activate a pedal.

So you see, the soul has a purpose when it is in this body. To make it work, without itself working. To activate without itself being active. In fact, to make everything happen — not to do. To make things happen without doing. When we are able to do that, in one fell stroke, as Shakespeare would have said, we divest ourselves of all responsibility for everything. We are no more responsible for anything. We are no more culpable. We are no more rewardable. There is nothing now, because it happens. But then, to make it happen, not by doing, but by un-doing.

[short gap in tape] ... to watch without seeing — which is the secret of reading a condition for the preceptors, for instance — because we insist on seeing. "I see nothing, Chari." Yes, but are you watching? Or are you just seeing? Or, even worse, are you just looking? Or even worse, are you playing peeping Tom and prying? Voyeurism — "Let me see what this fellow has been doing. Who have been his past girlfriends..." No, no. That won't work. It is forbidden in social ethics, it is forbidden in moral ethics, it is absolutely forbidden in spiritual ethics. It will not work.

So, to make things happen without doing, to watch without seeing, to know without learning, to understand without seeking to understand, is a strange contrast to the biblical teaching: knock and it shall be opened unto thee, ask and it shall be given unto thee, seek and thou shalt find. Do you perceive the radical opposition between these religious and spiritual attitudes? That is why spirituality cannot be religion; religion can never be spirituality.

So, these are things over which I would request all of you to ponder. Get rid of this Occidental habit of always being busy — doing something, but nothing ever happens, really. People are married, but there is no marriage of the hearts. There is only union of the bodies, there is only frustration. No love. There is only suspicion. No faith. There is only parting, again and again and again. No joy — only misery.

So you see, we have to re-examine our lives, not be satisfied with being in Switzerland, in the richest country in the world; or in France, the most, shall we say, patriotic, nationalistic, liberty-oriented country in the world. Equality, fraternity — all words. We are only playing with words we don't understand. We are doing something we don't understand. We are trying to progress without understanding into what we are trying to progress.

We want our children to grow, without knowing how we want them to grow. Because when we don't know how we

want to grow ourselves, how can we know how we want our children to grow? "No, no, they must be nice children!" Oh, wonderful. What is a nice child? A cuddly teddy-bear? Soft, huggable — 18.90 Swiss francs. I bought one the day before yesterday, for my grand-daughter. That is cheap, even at those ruinous prices that we pay in Switzerland. But what about your children? Is it nice if they are in nice pinafore dresses, pink and blue, smelling fresh, whether bathed or not? Is it enough? Is that what you mean by nice, or do you propose for them something better than yourself? Because if your children are going to be nice, and if you are what you are today, they have to be much nicer than you are. Unless you are capable of becoming nicer. I think it is possible. But first, try to understand what you mean by the word 'nice'. Is it just softness of skin, you know, the pink in the cheeks, the golden curls, beautifully waved and combed and coiffed, a charming smile, well-balanced teeth — thanks to the dentists. Is that niceness, or do you mean something deeper than that?

Because today, I am horrified when I find a mother, you know, worried when her daughter of twelve or thirteen is not dating! "You know, Chari, I'm worried." Very conspiratorial and confidential discussion: "I am worried." "Yes, but why?" "My daughter." "Yes, she's a nice girl." "Yes, of course, but that's why I'm more worried." "Why?" "She has no boy-friends." — plural, mind you. She has no boyfriends, because this is a game in which, again, like you choose a toy in a toy shop, there must be a multiplicity to choose from. You can't just be happy with one boyfriend. There must be at least six or seven of them hanging along, so that you can have a choice, a selection. Yes, but what about the other party to the game? Those nice boys in their wonderful jeans, long shanks, tough-looking, joining the karate clubs, very manly on their motorbikes. If a girl wants six boyfriends, he wants sixty girlfriends! Heartbreak. Heartbreak again and again. Second boyfriend, heartbreak. Third boyfriend, drugs, prostitution, suicide.

So, I won't say, "for heaven's sake," because heaven doesn't need our prayers, but for your sake, for your children's sake, try to find out from here [points to heart] what is nice, what is good, and even though you didn't have it, ensure it for your children. Try to make your children understand what is niceness, what is goodness, what is happiness — what is contentment, most of all. Because today you have only restless souls, uncontented with anything — a manifestation of discontent. Today's human being can be described in three words — discontented with everything, including himself or herself. Bring back contentment into your lives. Learn to love what you have, rather than trying to have what you love. Learn to accept what you get, rather than trying to get what is acceptable to you. Because these are foolish conceptions, romantic conceptions, stupid conceptions, and I am not by accident bracketing 'romantic' between 'stupid' and 'silly', because they go together. "You are sixteen, going on seventeen" — looks nice on a screen. A nobleman's daughter falling in love with a postman who becomes her enemy, not very far from here, in Austria. And that song, you know, it is outrageous in its meaning. Men will want to write on the pages of her life — plural.

We must go from plurality, to singularity, to essence. From multiplicity, to unity, to essence. From the many, to the one, to essence. From the universe, to the world, to the centre. So, always come from there, in. It is really a contraction of the self from its universal consciousness, and slowly pulling itself into the ultimate centre, which is in your heart. Initially it manifests by going out. Now it has to come in. All our lives, we have been living with an outward orientation — eyes looking outward, ears listening outward, heart going outward, throbbing outward, you know, grasping outward. Let us now try to reverse this flow. It is what we try to do in meditation. Training the mind to come back into itself, teaching the vision, which is what really sees through the eyes — the eyes don't see. The Vedas put it beautifully when describing the self:

"That by which the eye sees, but which the eye itself cannot see. That by which the ears hear, but which the ears themselves cannot hear." He is the knower, the ultimate, the one within — the Master.

So, in meditation we go in towards the centre, look into the heart. To make this possible, we say, "Imagine a divine light," the presence of light there. It is a mere supposition. Why did Babuji say it is only a supposition, it's an imagination? Because it is something on which to focus my attention, and train my mind to look in. And when I have trained my mind to look in, it can plunge into the eternity without seeking an object. Because there is no object. The centre is not a place. It is not a thing. It is not a location in space or time. So, how to search for it? How to look for it? How to seek it? When? How? Why? All this is simple when we sit in meditation.

Now, what opposes this simple process? Ideally, there should be only meditation and nothing else. But we need, unfortunately, other processes like cleaning and constant remembrance. Why? Again, to make it possible that meditation succeeds, eventually, in our plunging into ourselves, and finding out that my Self is much more immense than any cosmic universe outside, or super-cosmic universe outside me. The cleaning removes what I have created for myself as samskaras, which have been pushing me and pulling me here and there, and makes me now do things by myself. Constant remembrance is to keep the mind employed so that it doesn't wander.

So you see, there is an immense body of sense behind what we are doing in this simple act of meditation and cleaning and remembrance. Let us not complicate it with the mental acrobatics of the so-called intelligent and refined thinking mind of the West, which is a disease. It is a cancer which is killing us slowly. Let us come to recognise the true fact, the true place, the true position of the intellect in our lives. It is a very minuscule thing. It is not at all important. It

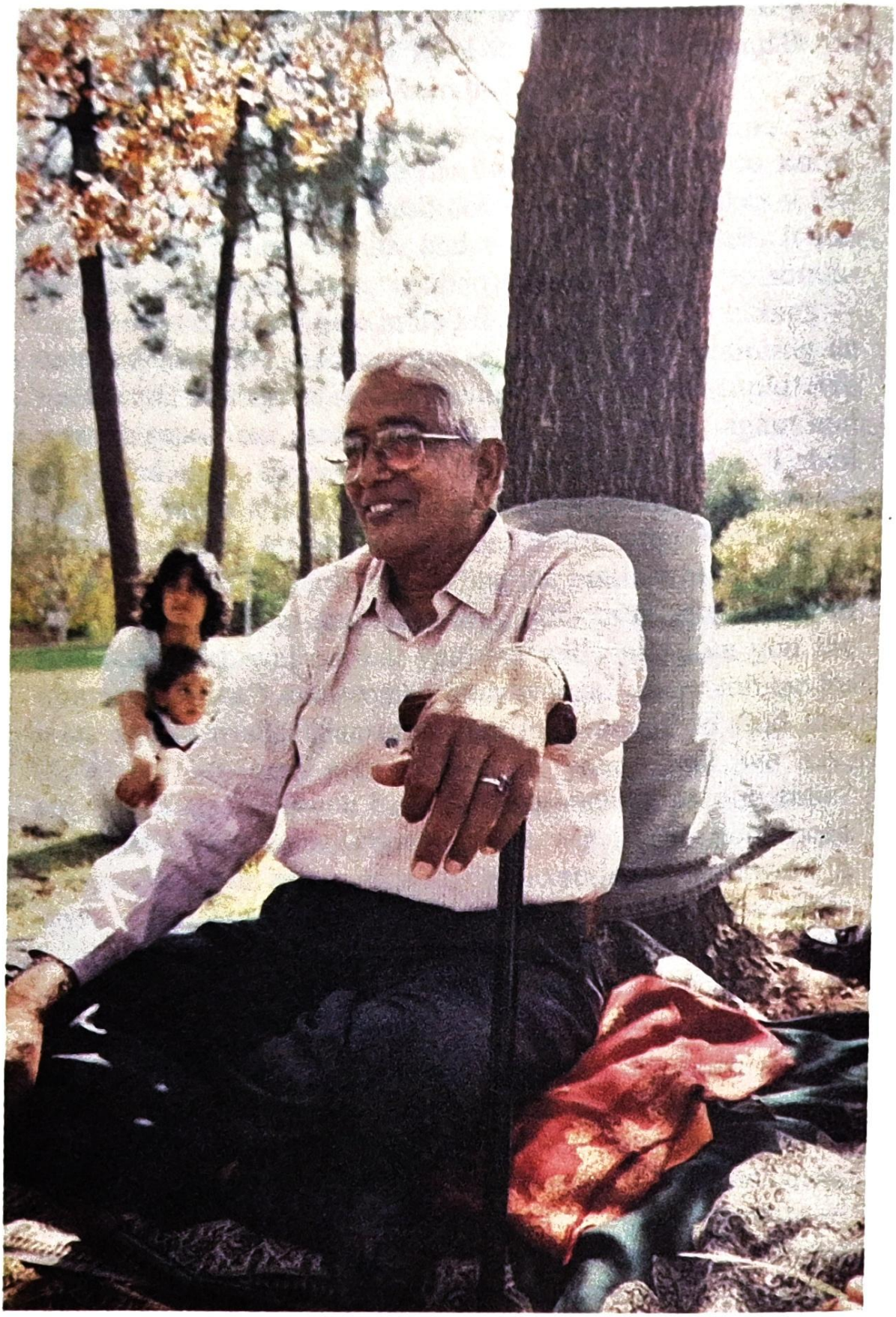
is important to know what to do when I have to do something, to know where to go when I have to go somewhere, to know what I have to eat when I have to eat something. But the animals learn this, the birds learn this.

Yesterday, we watched a video film, *The Bears*. You must all have seen it, where the little teddy-bear, you know, the baby, eats poisonous mushrooms. But it only takes a few bites, sniffs around, vomits, and walks off. You see, it has learned its lesson **once**. It didn't have to eat poisonous mushrooms a second time in its life. But we human beings — cultured, sensible, educated, and in the Occident claiming an intellectual heritage of several centuries — are yet stupid! We want to repeat our painful soul-killing experiences again and again and again, trying to say that, "No, the next time I shall succeed," when it is doomed to failure. Otherwise, you would have succeeded at the first chance. Bottle after bottle after bottle after bottle after bottle, to find the bottle which will not kill you? Drug after drug after drug after drug after drug, to find one which will not kill you, but will only give you the ultimate nirvana? And woman after woman after woman for men, and man after man after man for women, to find that ideal romantic hero portrayed in all your, shall we say, childish stories? Do you have to experiment a second time? Not at all. When animals don't need it, when birds don't need it, why do human beings need it? One experience is allowed in every field. Prick yourself with a needle. Prove that it is painful. Stop pricking yourself. You don't have to do it a second time. "No, no. This needle may not, because it is golden!"

So you see, all your much-vaunted intellectual and philosophical inheritance, where it has brought you today. Gilded lilies, as they call them — nothing more. So, learn to use that inheritance, if at all it is a worthwhile inheritance, fruitfully. Learn to use it for your growth — true growth — not selfish, self-centred, but evolution-oriented, centred approach to life. Don't indulge with life processes, but occupy

yourself with the process of life, which is the true yogic path. And may you all succeed in this.

Thank you.



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NOT DOING, PART II

Poliez-Pittet
9 July, 1993

I would like to start with a joke. I had a very great friend who was a great and prominent flutist. Supposed to be the best in India. He passed away several years ago. He was always drinking a lot before his professional performances. But he did not really like to drink, and he used to do like this, you know [grimaces], when drinking. So I asked, "Why do you drink if you don't like it?" He said, "Because, you know, when I sit before the microphone to play, I feel nervous, seeing so many people waiting to listen to my music." So, whenever I speak, I am also in the same situation. I cannot drink, of course. So, I would appreciate it if you all allow me to be a little nervous now and then, and listen patiently.

We were talking the other day about 'doing', and how the real way is not to do, but to let things happen. I am sure most of you would have questions on that, knowing the Occidental mind. How can things happen without somebody doing something about it? But if you look at the age of this

universe, and the age of the solar system, and the age of our own terrestrial life here — the *terra firma*, as we call it — it seems to have managed very well over a period of something like twenty billion years, which is the estimated age of the universe. And human beings got here — you know, they say if you think of a hundred years as the life of the universe, the humans got here about one and a half hours ago! That is the scale of time for which human beings have been responsible, or during which they have considered themselves to be responsible.

So, everything was done before the human being came. All that the human being or his predecessors, by whatever name you want to call them — *Neanderthal Australopithecus*, whatever it is — they only seem to have killed off everything that was antagonistic to them. And sort of allowed the hay to grow, instead of create. So, nothing really great has happened after the human beings have come, except that the human beings have taken credit for what we call civilising this world. So, it is my submission that the world has got on very well without us, before our arrival on the scene. And I am sure it will get on very well without us, too, should something happen overnight to obliterate the human race.

So, between the beginning and the end of the human saga, there is a great deal of arrogance and pride in what we think of as human achievement on a wide scale. On a narrower scale, European achievement. On a yet narrower scale, French achievement, German achievement, Swedish achievement, Danish achievement, etc. So, it is quite obvious, to one who is willing to think beyond the human situation, beyond the human time span of existence here, that things have happened without anybody doing anything. Animals have propagated themselves. Trees and plants and ferns, and everything else have propagated themselves. Gold has created itself — the earth managed to do it. Diamonds, gold, everything that you think of today as wonderful, were created not by human

beings. We are only mining the earth for them, digging them out.

So, when you go back to this idea of, "what has the human being **really** done?", we are slowly coming to the conclusion nowadays — thanks to this environmental business, and pollution, and the ozone layer — that the human being has really destroyed, rather than created. Which brings me to the sad, but perhaps unavoidable conclusion, that the human being has been interfering in the way of nature, has been an agent of destruction, by an unnecessary participation in the events of this world. We call it work, we call it planning, we call it achievement. So to me, it is very obvious. I don't know whether you will accept all this analysis, but to me it is very obvious. Scientists must accept, grudgingly or otherwise, that what I am saying is at least more than partly true. And philosophers know it to be true. Religious people know it absolutely, because for them, there is a divine agent who created everything. And the spiritualist says, "What creation? Which creation? Whose creation?" In spirituality, there is no creation, no destruction. Like there is no punishment, there is no reward. There is no sin, there is no virtue. There is no good, there is no bad. There are only samskaras.

So, I would like to repeat again that what we have thought of as our thinking processes, our mentation, our intuition, our work, our active participation in building this world, has been nothing more than the play of the samskaras that have motivated us in their own way. Very much like a seed that falls onto the ground from a tree when it is ready to fall. It is buried in the earth. The rains come. It dies to itself. The samskara within it pushes out a seedling, which is nothing but a repetition of the parent tree and the parent seed. Mango brings mango, apple brings apple, and so on. The same with animals, the same with the birds.

Here again, I believe we are set on a disastrous course when we talk of, for instance, modification of genes, which is a pet science today. Things like cloning — which is more horrible and more horrendous, and therefore even ordinary people understand that cloning could be disastrous. They only think of cloning, for instance, a Ghengis Khan, or a Nadir Shah, or a Hitler. But imagine if you were yourself cloned. What would you do about it? Another Chari, standing before another mike, before another set of clones seated all around him? It's better to look in a mirror and imagine that all this has happened. Cloning is more easily understood. Gene transplantation and gene interference is less understood, obviously less well-publicised, or shall we say, better hidden, because the consequences can be truly devastating.

So you see, our passage through this world, from the time when we were hardly *homo erectus*, some two million years ago, to *homo sapiens*, three quarters of a million years ago, to *homo sapiens sapiens*, which we are supposed to be today — if we would be very careful and truthful and honest about this exploration of what human beings have contributed, it is a trail of destruction and misery. All because we believe in doing, achieving, and changing the universe, without doing something **within** ourselves, achieving something **within** ourselves, and changing everything **within** ourselves. I am unable to conclude otherwise than to say, that as long as we continue to work externally, with an external orientation, with a self-centredness, this devastating, destructive trend towards self-destruction of this race is inevitable.

So, when we sit here and talk of these things — you know, this is not just a party club or a Saturday evening Theosophical Society's meeting — it is a very serious discussion on the possibilities that face you, your progeny, and your race. The alternative seems to be — spirituality. Which, as I said the other day, is not self-centred, but **centred** activity. Where we don't work because of our samskaras, but we clean them out. Where we don't look outwards any more to change

this immense universe, which we cannot by any possible means change. It is like your hairdresser changing the colour of one hair, and claiming that your head is coloured, or whatever it is — rinsed, platinumed, blonded. It is even less, what we have achieved in the destruction of this earth — its potentialities, its environment, its superb floral and faunal life. It is minuscule in comparison to what the earth could re-establish for itself if we did not interfere.

So, the obvious thing is — we have to look inwards. What can I **really** change? I mean, what has the human being been bestowed with as a distinct blessing in himself? We say, "My life." Is it your life? Does it belong to you? Obviously not. You came from somewhere. You are going somewhere — I hope in the right direction. In between this terrestrial existence, this human existence, the miseries, whatever it is, of human existence — it is like my travelling by the TGV from Paris to Dole, and saying, "This is my train." Or by Swissair from Zurich to Bombay, and saying, "This is my plane." It is not my life. It is life which has become encapsulated. Like air in a balloon, or in a soap bubble — looking beautiful, multicoloured, growing bigger and bigger — only to explode. I don't even have my life to call my own. Then what is yours? Well, yours is the responsibility, the job, of wondering why this life came into this bubble, how it came into this bubble, and what is going to happen to it when this bubble bursts. When air is entrapped in a soap bubble, and you prick it with a little pin, it is liberated at once. It mixes back with the air from which it came.

I think the Christians have very wisely formulated a formula at the time of burial: "Dust thou art, and to the dust thou shalt return. Earth to earth. Fire to fire. Water to water," all this formula. And perhaps wisely refrained from treating the subject of the return of the spirit. *Quo vadis domini.* The resurrection is so much spoken about. But what happened before resurrection? They thought he was dead. Crucified. And they put the body into a tomb. When the body disap-

peared, they wondered what had happened to this old man who was put in there, or a young man who was crucified and buried there, and they started asking questions. Not understanding that the spirit, if it ever left that body, had perhaps come back into it, to re-activate it, to only mysteriously disappear, so that people may wonder. And through wonder, find the answers, rather than through curiosity trying to find the answers.

My Master always emphasised the need to wonder. He said, "Curiosity is useless." And we have this ancient, or not-so-ancient, proverb in English: "Curiosity killed the cat." We are only curious. But when we say, "It is marvellous," it is wonder that speaks — the spirit of wonder in me, at having beholden something which is unsurpassable — what should I say, grandeur, nobility, beauty, divinity. Then wonder comes, and with that wonder, we are able to express. I repeat, children have the sense of wonder. Therefore, their life is full, and it is wonderful for us to see it. What does wonderful mean? Full of wonder. "The pizza is wonderful." Sorry, it is not. It is tasty. It smells good. Perhaps it may agree with the stomach, perhaps not. But for the nonce, it looks good, it smells good. Okay. How can a pizza be wonderful? No man-made thing is wonderful. We have to understand this first. It can be efficient. It can be effective. You may claim some sort of aesthetic value in it — like this is a pyramid, and that is an octagon, and there is the Pentagon in America. But they are only aping the forms crystallised by nature herself. We say we are crystallising a solution in our chemistry laboratories. But, are you crystallising it, or is it crystallising out of itself? I have never seen anybody grow a crystal. We talk of growing crystals.

So you see, nature creates in her own processes, taking time over it, perhaps, and we say, "Oh, but nature took a million years to create this diamond, and I am going to do it synthetically in my laboratory." Wonderful. But is it a diamond? So, let us leave creation to one who can create — to

Nature — whether with a minuscule or a majuscule 'N' — it doesn't matter, it is nature. Let us get on with the job of changing ourselves, because none of us has created himself or herself here. To our immediate knowledge, to our immediate scientific truth, we were born of our parents. But then, where did they come from? So you see, if you go back and back and back, it is obvious that you are never going to get an answer. Because there is no answer. The creator created when? It doesn't matter. When did you have your baby? Well, if there was a watch, and it was reliable, the nurse could probably tell you when the baby was delivered. But you know, in Indian astrology there are several times which they consider. The appearance of the baby, first, in the process of delivery. Or, if it was born and dropped — when it touched the earth. Or, if it was given a slap with its head held down, to activate its respiratory system, when did it let out the first squawk?

There is a similar confusion about death. When is a man really dead? You know, there is so much confusion about birth and death. Nobody seems to really know when a child is born, and when a person is really dead. Does it begin with physical death? Does it begin with mental death? Does it begin with spiritual death? If it begins with spiritual death, for all of us it has begun long ago. Otherwise, we wouldn't be here. It is only the spiritually dead who continue to live, because they have to come alive again. And then they will be no more born in the flesh.

So I believe, you know, that I can take this as an axiomatic truth, as a verified truth for me in my spiritual experience, that all that exists in the flesh and bones on this earth had become spiritually dead, sometime in the past. But yet, like the seed of physical procreation lies within — the seed of the tree, the sperm of the human being, the egg — the seed of spiritual life, the seed of spiritual, shall we say, floration is latent in every heart. Are we doing what every honest gardener does? Are we planting the seed? Are we watering it? Are we nurturing the seedling? Are we allowing it

to grow? Every one of us has known moments of horror, doubt, guilt — when the eternal voice says, "*Attention, s'il vous plaît.*" It is a respectful voice, you see. It says, "*S'il vous plaît,*" too, like good French people. It says, "*Attention.* Wait! Are you going to do what is right, what is good for you?" And we know we are not. Because, when the voice speaks, it only speaks to tell us to stop. It is like the red light on a railroad crossing or at a traffic junction. We don't stop and say, "What is this red light?" Everyone knows it means stop. Everywhere in the world it means stop. Even in Russia!

So, when this voice speaks, it is like the fire alarm, or whatever alarms you keep — burglar alarm — that is sounding an alarm. "Attention! You are on the course not destined for your improvement, not destined for your liberation, not destined for your future mergence with the Beloved." But we say, "Oh, I heard the voice, you know, Chariji, but I couldn't understand it. I didn't hear it properly, and it did not repeat." It never repeats. You don't need a warning a second time. You don't expect the red light to become extinct, and to light up all over again to tell you that yes, it **is** a red light. It speaks once. Next time you need it, it speaks again, but perhaps in a more muted voice. Because, having spoken several times and not having been listened to, it perhaps becomes a little shy of intruding into your consciousness, and it says, "What for? The fellow never listens to me. I have told him so many times. He never listens. But yet, because it is my duty, I whisper now, 'Please listen'."

So you see, as we continue on our self-willed, wilful course, self-centred course, the voice becomes weaker and weaker. Why we need a Master is precisely for this reason. The Master is one in whom the conscience is awake — for one whom the conscience speaks at every moment of his existence, guiding him. The Master is inside already — he doesn't have to find another Master and internalise him again. But for those of us who have lost contact, we have to find a Master to re-kindle this. You know, by himself going in and

awakening the sleeper. "The sleeper awakes." — H.G. Wells wrote the novel, but that is a different sort of sleeper who awoke to a different sort of environment. This fellow says, "You who are within him — please, before he destroys himself, awaken to my call, not to his call. Because you and I are one." Not a clone. Not a gene transplantation. But Himself, because through His immense love, His divinity, He who is everywhere cannot avoid being in the heart of every one of us. I don't think, if He had the privilege of deciding, He would be in most of our hearts. But He has no choice.

I have told you several times that in spirituality we face a choice-less situation. And it is not unfair, because he, too, faces a choice-less situation. We have become encapsulated within this fleshly body of ours, by some sort of a choice which we have made in a previous existence. We have created the samskaras by ourselves. We cannot say, "I didn't choose to create my samskaras. I only wanted to enjoy myself." It is like saying, "I only wanted to put my hand in the fire. I didn't want to burn myself!" That would be really silly. So, we have got into this choice-less situation through ignorance, through desires, and through an unwillingness to progress onward, because we may lose this enchanting world of ours, where we think there is so much fun and pleasure.

Perhaps I should tell you a joke I heard today, which is wonderful. About a man who was, perhaps, going to face his future and his Maker, and decided he should try, which is the better place to go to: Heaven or Hell. So he went to the doors of Paradise, knocked, and the *concierge* came out. He said, "Look. I have to make a choice between Heaven and Hell. Is it possible to try out this place for a few days?" The angel said, "Go ahead. Find a vacant cloud, sit on top of it and enjoy yourself. You can take up to one week to decide, and then come back and tell me whether you want to stay on here forever. I will register you. Otherwise, you can go back." So, he stayed on cloud nine, as they say in America. But he didn't find it on cloud nine. He found it boring, so he came back to

this angel who was the *concierge*, and said, "No go, mate. I am afraid it's no go at all. There's no fun. There's no company. There's no jollity. I don't want in here." So the angel said, "You are the boss. You decide." He said, "How do I get to the other place?" He said, "The door opposite, not far from here." He went and knocked. The Devil came out. He repeated his story of wanting to try. The Devil said, "You're welcome! One week is all you get to decide. You go in." And he found it was full of, you know, wine, women, dance, etc. A whole week he spent there. Rollicking fun he had, as the British would say. Then he came out and said, "Quick! Prepare my contract. I want to be here forever." The Devil said, "Are you sure?" He said, "For heaven's sake. What is there to be sure about? I have found the place. This is the place for me. I don't know who created it, but it's right down to the 'T'!" So he said, "Okay, sign." He signed. The Devil said, "Go back and open the door, and go in." He opened the door, and it was a burning furnace — smell of sulphur, burning flesh, tortures, screams of pain. He was backing out. The Devil said, "Where are you going?" He said, "No, no. This is not the place I came to!" He said, "Yes, but mate, you have signed the contract. There is no way out now." He said, "But, I didn't come here. This is not the place." And the Devil told him, "Don't confuse between immigration and tourism! You are now an immigrant."

So you see, this was probably that hell of which that fellow was speaking, where we are still within, where we are still thinking we are rich and educated and wise, and having happy lives. And we don't want to get out of this place. I wish some of you would try to get out, and come back again into this world and see what it is. Because I have heard really stupid statements from abhyasis, saying, "But Chari, why don't you want to come back again to this world. It is so beautiful. Look at the mountains. Look at, I don't know, Mt. Blanc. Look at Toblerone!" Yes, of course. It's all there. But heaven is not made of Mt. Blancs and Toblerones.

So, we have to find out, what is this we are enjoying and suffering? Is it real? Do I suffer? Because so long as I am self-centred and I have body consciousness, and I think, "This is me," of course I am suffering and enjoying everything. But if you remember that what is inside — life, the Self — was existing before this body came into existence, and will exist after this body ceases to be existing, what is 'it' doing? What is 'it' enjoying? What is 'it' suffering, if at all? That is the way of spirituality. Then we understand that the spirit, or the soul, or whatever it is, has neither enjoyment nor suffering. It is beyond both. It has neither life nor death. It is beyond both, because it is eternally existing. "Living" is while I am alive here. Before and after this life of ours, there is only existence. Is there time there? I believe not. Because, space and time being, sort of, interdependent — one cannot exist without the other — and when I am out of the flesh, I am out of time, I am out of space. I am beyond both. So, in some way it is also stupid to say, "So and so was reborn after four hundred years, or four thousand years," because for him there is no four thousand years. For that soul, there is no four thousand years. For us, yes. It is like space travel. You go off at the near velocity of light, travel for a year and come back, and one hundred and sixty years have passed here. And your parents are dead, your children are dead, your grandchildren are dead, even your great-grandchildren are dead. You are only one year older.

So, you see what a mystery we are really facing, without knowing that we are facing a mystery. And what is the greatest mystery of all? It is the Self. Is it worth investigation? Well, do you not look at your face in the mirror and admire it? It is a self, of sorts. It is a superficial self, a fleshly self. Don't you bulge your muscles and say, "By Jove, you know!" It's also this self speaking. You sit in the beautiful chair and say, "My chair." It is also a manifestation of yourself. Only a manifestation.

Now, how to make things happen without doing? This is the fundamental question. I come back to that question, because the Occidental mind is full of this doubt, that without doing, how can something happen? "By Jove, you know, you can't cook food without **doing** something about it." Yes, but your doing really begins very late in the sequence. Nature grew the lettuce for you. You wash it, and say you made a salad. Nature grows the grapes. You cut this thing, and put it in a barrel; fermentation takes place automatically, by the chemistry of the product involved, and you say **you** made the wine. Château Mouton, or whatever it is. Château Chattillon — 2,000 francs a bottle. Who made that wine? I mean, if you had left it to itself, it would have soured and become wine itself.

You know, I was watching a film about animal life in Africa. A tree gives a particular kind of fruit which ferments on the tree. And these elephants and monkeys — they are all eating it, with terrible lust — they love the fruit. And two hours later, you know, the monkey cannot stand, the elephant doesn't know what it's doing. They are all drunk. And the tree made that for them. No human being made it. The monkey did not make it. The elephant did not make it. So, it is really absurdly arrogant to say we made anything, we created anything. You break stones, and put that stone one on top of the other, and make a tower and say, "I created this tower." I mean, the original idea of the Tower of Babel is perhaps that. Who are you to create? Who are you to destroy? "Vengeance is mine," sayeth the Lord. He also said, "Creation is mine. Destruction is mine."

So you see, do we really do something? My humble submission is — we don't. We interfere everywhere. We are active, but we are not doing — there is a big difference. Then how is it everything is happening? Think over it. Brood over it. How have you grown? "Oh, because my mummy gave me good food." Yes, but the people of Africa, the children of Asia, you know, and the Russians today — they are still

growing — they are not eating well. How do they grow? The sparrows — how do they eat? The animals in the jungle — how do they eat? They don't cook. They don't grow. They don't cultivate. They don't farm. They don't fabricate. "Yes, but Chari, there are only two thousand elephants in this world, and two hundred and fifty lions, and well, millions of cows." "Yes, but we feed them." With what? Beautiful Swiss grass, specially grown to make beautiful Swiss cows eat, to make especially beautiful Swiss milk. Yes, but who grew the grass? Not you. Nature did.

So you see, we must try to understand with all our hearts this business of interference, versus doing. And then we will understand that we are interferers. We are not doers. Therefore, we cannot be achievers. Interference only destroys. Perhaps we can claim with humility, "Yes, we have destroyed," and then earn some respect from our creator, from our maker — some degree of compassion — "Yes. He has confessed." I believe this is the true confession, you know. Not to go to the confessional and pray to the priest, and say, "I had a bottle of wine this morning. I went to a girl yesterday evening." That is not confession. That is history. That is some sort of, you know, nauseating repetition of what you have done in verbal speech, and pretending you have got over with it, only to clean the slate with a wet rag, and to write all over again on it. A confessional must end with one confession and must change your life forever. Confession cannot be done every Friday for the sins of that week, and start all over again on Saturday morning, with the weekend well begun.

So you see, the true confession is farther. All these worldly sins are silly. They have no meaning. But I have sinned in thinking I have done something, when I have not done anything. Even the sins which I have confessed to you are not my doing. They were the doings of my samskaras. They pushed me into these situations. Now, in my newly awakened wisdom, I disclaim all responsibility — plus and minus, good and bad, creative and destructive — everything.

Then he will say, "Good. Now try to make things happen." And, he says, "Sit down and meditate." Babuji has emphasised that it is a passive thing. People often ask, "What do we do in meditation?" Well, we meditate. "But what do we **do** in meditation?" We meditate! "Yes, but for heaven's sake, what the hell do we **do** in meditation?" I would say, perhaps we are creating a heaven, a paradise. Try it! And then he says, "How?" Sit down. Empty your mind. Clean it of all its contents — good, bad, desirable, undesirable — everything. Open the door. Be patient. "Yes, but what do I wait for?" You will know when he comes. "How should I do this?" We will help you. "What about all this blah, blah you are telling about, what did you call that, 'some scary monster'?" Yes, they are very much within you — samskaras. Don't worry about them. You stop creating them. I will remove what is inside you, and make you fit as a vehicle for that which is to be put into you, to emerge and occupy its rightful position — your heart.

So you see, we are really making things happen without doing anything. I don't call God into myself. He is already there. I don't even have to clean myself. The preceptors and the Master will do it. Only, I have to submit. I have to be patient. I have to be receptive. As Babuji said, "Living death." Like a man who is facing surgery is made to look as if he is dead by being anaesthetized, and then the surgeon can operate. Here, we are not anaesthetized, but we are made to go into a condition where we feel the ultimate bliss of existence. And all the time the working is going on. Or to put it in better language, things are happening. What was inside is floating out. What was full is becoming a vacuum, and what was but a seed — very strangely, very surprisingly, still alive within me, over the millions of years that I have been stupid, disgraceful, truant — it starts to flower again. You may say, "How is it possible?" Well, if the grains of wheat in Tutankhamen's tomb were still alive after four thousand years of entombment, and could germinate again, I don't see why this seed within me

cannot germinate after four to the power of infinity million years. Surely it is so.

So you see, the only way of making things happen without doing anything, is by meditation. There is no other way. And then what happens is what He inside me — which is really 'I' inside me — which is the real me, desires. We are really many persons in this body. The body is only a single fleshly person. But inside are seething within each one of you, multiple personalities with multiple sorts of desires — some awake at one time, some awake at another. That's why Babuji said, "The seeds are latent. When the condition is favourable for their germination, up they come." Like seeds in your pocket don't germinate, but if you throw them on the ground, a little wetting and they flower.

That I am not yet evil, does not mean we do not have the seeds of evil in us in the form of samskaras. Nor, fortunately, does it mean that I cannot be ever good again, because the seeds of goodness are also latent in me. Which germinates and which does not, depends on us. When we go into conditions or environments favourable for the destructive, for the bad, for the evil tendencies in us to overpower the better half of us, they come out. Therefore spiritual wisdom says, "Don't go to such places. Avoid such environments like the plague." It's not enough to go to India with six bottles of vittel, vitamins, six rolls of toilet paper, and mosquito prevention. There are bigger dangers lurking in Switzerland, in France, in Holland, in Denmark, in all the beautiful places here, of which we have no knowledge. Avoid them like the plague.

So, what should I do? Well, go to work if you must, because you have to earn your money. Sit at home, meditate, read the literature conducive to your development and growth, and see what happens. But what about the fun in life? Opposite door! All over again! So, this is the problem of existence: that as long as these things are latent in us, desires come out, and we feel compelled to respond to those desires

and for their fulfilment. Not knowing that when I sow one seed and one tree comes up, millions of seeds are scattered from that single tree. Not just one. So, every act of desire fulfilment leads to hundreds of seeds of that desire fulfilment seeking again in you. And this is growing, you know, like some of these rhododendron bushes without control, thorny bushes without control. So, we are multiplying our samskaras. We are multiplying our terrestrial existence beyond imagination. The only way is, as Babuji said, to burn these samskaras — but then you need a Master for it. You cannot do it by yourself, ever.

So, you see the wisdom in not responding to the samskaric pulls and pushes from within. Good and bad is our interpretation, our imagination. There is arrogance in every man who gives money to the beggar. There is even more arrogance in the man who puts money in the plate in church on Sundays. Let us avoid these things. Let us know that pride is in every action of the human being. Desire is there rampant in us. Let us just surrender to the inner Nature — majuscule 'N' — and say, "Take over, because I am useless. I have lost all sense of proportion, of values." Because values, as we know them today in society, are human values, self-centred values. This *matelas* [mattress] is comfortable; this is uncomfortable. It is self-centred.

Unfortunately, in Europe, you know, we live in a civilisation with a set of values which are praised even in your fairy tales. The princess sleeping on seven mattresses with a single pea hidden underneath the lowest one, and yet spending a restless night because the pea was pinching her bottom, perhaps. Next morning, she looks grey and ashen, and they say, "Why?" She says, "Oh, I was disturbed by something in my back." And they say, "How sensitive! A true princess."

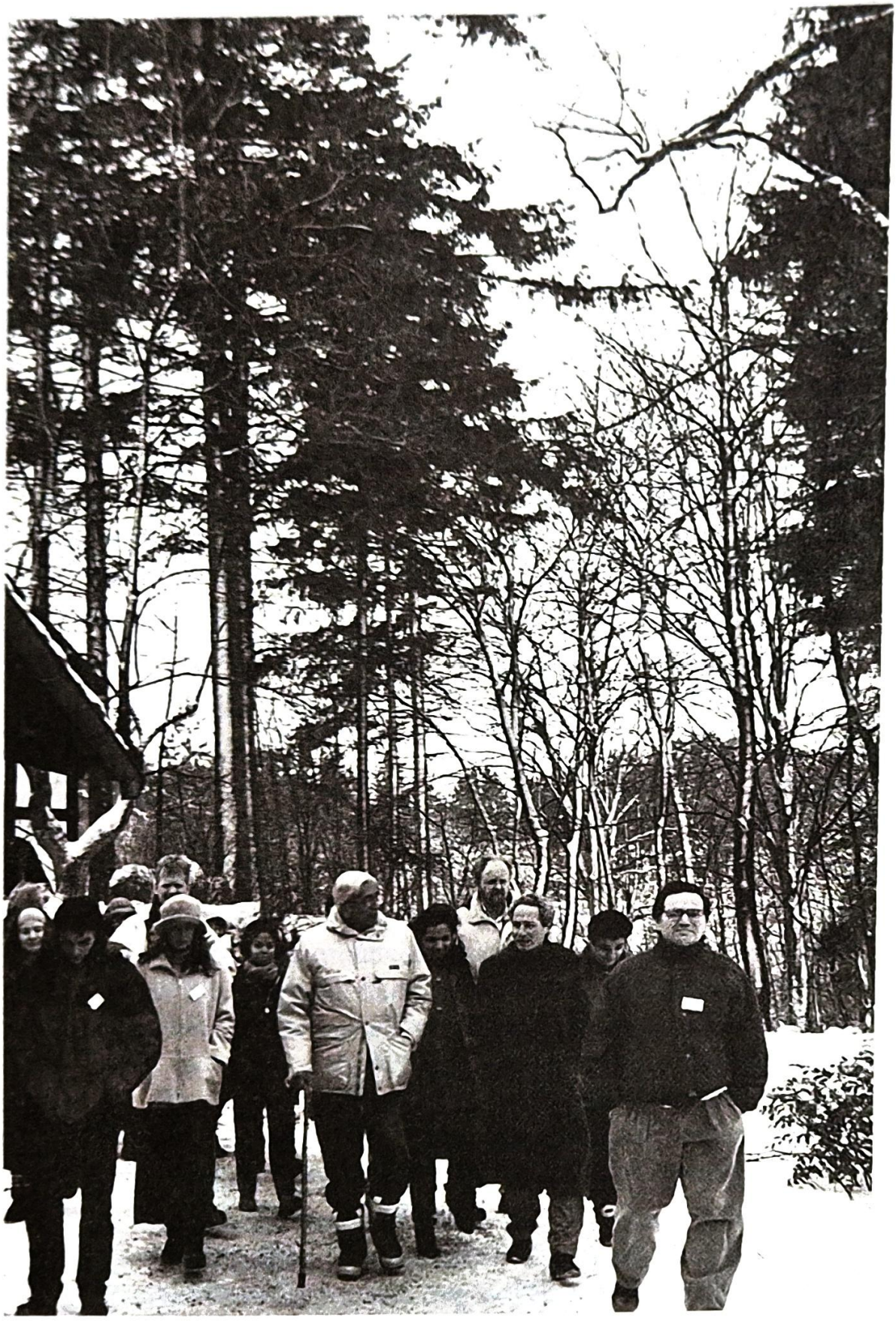
So you see, our sense of values has been totally lost. It is better to have no sense of values at all. Because what is value? Is gold valuable when you can buy nothing with it? You go to

Russia and you see the shops there — there is nothing to buy. What will you do with your gold? I mean, all the preceptors who went from here took money, and they didn't know what to do with it. For once, most of them had to give it to the Mission, because there was no alternative! [laughter] Nothing to spend it on. What is the value of money in such a society?

So you see, these are all artificially created values in a society which has become totally artificial. And it has become so self-destructive and deceptive, that it now believes in those values totally. So, we have to destroy these values. Re-establish a new creation, a new civilisation, a new, what shall I say, universe of transcendental values, where there are no more opposites. Transcendental values does not mean good and bad transcendental values. It means values which transcend the values here. By allowing it to happen, without doing, without studying, without interfering.

I could go on and on like this for hours, but I think you have all understood what I am trying to say, and we are rather late for meditation. If there is need to speak again, I may. But, remembering that I should also follow what I preach, I try not to interfere too much in your lives. **And it will work** — provided you are willing to sit, and let things happen.

Thank you.



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NOT DOING, PART III

Poliez-Pittet
10 July, 1993

I am afraid, it's going on like the story in *Alice in Wonderland* — a long tale! You know, when we think and prepare a talk and speak, it's easy to talk like that, with somebody translating by your side. Because you know what you are going to say in advance, and you know where to stop, and you can wait till the translation is finished. Then you start speaking again. Very much like a train — halting at stations, moving on, halting again, moving on. But when you speak without the ability to think and to plan in advance, then it becomes difficult, because I don't know where I am going to stop and where I am going to begin again. Very much like an Indian train! You don't know even if it is going to start sometimes.

I will try my best not to try your patience too much, but this question of making things happen without doing something — I think it is a serious question. And since it has been buzzing around in my head, I think I should share these

thoughts. Because even to me, it seems quite incongruous that something can happen without somebody doing something, sometime, somewhere. But it seems to be like that, and that is a mystery. And all those who are interested in mysteries would no doubt like to share in these thoughts, think over them, and perhaps spend sleepless nights — not because we think about them, but because the thought keeps us awake.

I wish to draw a fine distinction here. There are occasions when we are sleepless because we are thinking about something which is bothering us — maybe a problem in our business, maybe something to do with the family, somebody's illness — that is not really thinking. That is worry. I don't think anybody spent sleepless nights thinking about something. We only spend sleepless nights worrying about something. And Babuji Maharaj's classical definition of worry as 'misdirected thought' should be remembered. There is some process, which we call thinking, behind it, but it is all misdirected, mis-oriented. Like somebody in a car who is driving, having lost the way, going north, going south, going east, going west — misdirected motion. So, like misdirected motion, misdirected activity, misdirected thought. Why? Because the one who directs is absent, perhaps, or is lying supine, not referred to the sleeper inside, or the one who is almost asleep.

So, there are two forces by which we are, should I say, directed or misdirected. One certainly directs. The other, perhaps, more often misdirects than directs. The samskaras pushing us each in their own direction, giving a direction which is not perhaps right. Therefore, it is misdirection. Then the inner Self, the cosmic personality resident in ourselves, in our heart, with its own still presence, silent presence, trying to direct us to its purpose. Now, until we have access to this still and silent presence within, and have developed the capacity to listen to that still voice, and have developed, more importantly, the courage to abide by its directions — courage,

because we do not know where it is taking us — it is an unfolding of a plan which is not revealed to us.

We are always depending on plans of which the final purpose is known to us, or of which we are confident, or which we think we have planned. Like we take a car, and we think we are going to Zurich. I know I am going to Zurich so it is easy for me to trace my route. Take out one of these wonderful maps and follow it. But when the purpose is unrevealed, perhaps because we cannot understand that purpose, perhaps because we cannot have faith in that purpose, perhaps because we cannot have confidence in that purpose, then we must understand that we have to blindly obey this inner guidance.

You find a trace of this wisdom in all the old mythologies and stories, where we find somebody is blindfolded before he is led into the secret chamber, or into the holy chamber, the holy presence. He is led blindfolded. He cannot see. Seeing is not permitted. But we are always anxious to see. What is there to see? And do we see what is real? Do we see only what is apparent? Or do we see what we wish to see? When we see the cross in the church, what do we see? Is it a cross? Some people see the gold and the jewels studded in it, and they covet it. Some people see only two bits of wood laid at right angles to each other. Some, in their imagination, see something else — space and time intersecting at one point. Some see a miracle — that such a high soul could yet be crucified on a cross. Some see eternity in it. So, what do we see?

So you see, seeing is not easy. When we say, "Seeing is believing," it is a totally silly statement. Because such people only believe what they see physically — the glass of beer in their hands, a cow in the field eating its grass. As the English say, they cannot see beyond their nose. So, seeing is not important at all. And it is not also surprising that many people of great genius have been handicapped. Either they have not

been able to see properly, or they have lacked the auditory faculty, not being able to hear anything. Great composers, great artists. Helen Keller — who had no sense, in this sense, and yet became a great figure, a personality in her own right.

So, when we want to be guided by our senses — "I must see where I am going," yes, but can I see Zurich until I get there? If I get there, ever. So you see, this big 'if' — what I will see **if** I get there is more important than what I see **when** I get there. Because the 'when' is dependent on the 'if'. We forget that. We imagine, in our human arrogance, our pride, our estimation of our own capacities and abilities, that we shall always get to where we are going. But a time comes, when somewhere on the way, the journey stops. It is for that moment that we prepare all the time, you see, that the journey may **not** end there. Physically, yes. But life-wise, it does not end. We have to realise that after that moment these five senses are no longer available to guide us. I cannot see. I cannot smell. I cannot taste. I cannot touch. I cannot feel. I cannot plan. Perhaps I cannot think. Now what shall I do? Because, as I have tried to explain to you, life is there before we are born, and life will be there after we are dead, and that life must continue. It is only when that life, burdened by its samskaras, is truly blind and deaf and feelingless, that it comes back into a body with senses again, and tries to seek its way through the senses again.

So, I would venture to suggest that this business of rebirth, for those who believe in it, is only the blind soul — I am using the words 'blind soul' carefully; it is not the soul which is blind, but the samskaras accompanying the soul after death, which blind it, which render it senseless — it is only such a soul which turns back to occupy another body and seek afresh. But if we have taken care to equip ourselves in other ways, in transcendental ways, the soul can blissfully go on, not being even, perhaps, aware that it is no longer in a body. I am convinced that when such a person dies, he will not know he is dead. It is just as if he gets out of his car and gets into his

house. He will feel free. He will stretch his arms, perhaps, in a moment of relaxation, take a deep breath, stretch his legs, and say, "Thank heavens that journey is over!" Such should be the end of our existence — our terrestrial existence. And to make it happen — can we do something, or should we make it happen? Again, the same question.

Somebody told me yesterday about, "To be or not to be, that is the question." But here, that question doesn't arise. It's all right for Shakespeare to have written those words and to be quoted for several centuries. But here there is no choice. 'To be' is absolute. 'Being' is absolute. I have no choice of whether I should be or I should not be. To be or not to be is **not** the question. To do or not to do — that is the question! Yes, because this is the question that faces us every moment when we are troubled.

I am fasting. Stella says, "Dinner is on the table Chari, if you would like to eat it." "Yes, but I am on fast." "Well, I leave it to you," and being a polite host, she goes to the dining room. Trying to be a polite guest, though not a sensible guest, I follow her in. I am tempted by what is on the table. "Well," I say, "just a glass of orange juice." That's how it begins. Then, as if unconsciously, the left hand reaches for the *baguette*, the right hand for the butter. Unconsciously, the right hand butters the *baguette* in the left hand, and unconsciously we eat. And then we say, "Oh, I didn't intend to eat, you know." Yes, but you have. And Stella says with a sweet smile, "But Chari, you know, having gone so far, why not eat the rest of it?" So I say, "Well, okay. I'll fast tomorrow. We can always fast, you know."

So, 'to do or not to do' is at every moment of time the absolute dilemma that faces us. It is a dilemma, and rightly it has been said, "We are on the horns of a dilemma." There are only two horns: To do. To not do. It is a difficult decision for those for whom the samskaras are awake in their full flush, in their full blossoming capacity. There is no choice. We say,

"Oh, it's okay. A fast or two doesn't matter. A *baguette* or two doesn't matter. A pound or two extra weight doesn't matter." And then we rationalise: "I am staying with somebody. I must be a polite guest who should appreciate the host, and all that is on offer." We rationalise. Rationalisation is the enemy of the spiritual life. I am saying this with the fullest confidence of conviction, notwithstanding what intellectuals, psychologists, wise people, so-called, will have to say. Rationalisation is the enemy of the spiritual life. Because really speaking, rationalisation is only creating excuses for having done what we should not have done, knowing that we should not have done what we have done. "I should not have eaten it." Two hours later, you know? And then my host will kindly say, "Yes, but I didn't insist that you should eat. I only told you that the dinner is on the table."

So you see, it always comes back. Anything that we think or do inevitably comes back to us. Comes back in what sense? It's not as if it is thrown back at us by somebody. But life comes back to live here on earth again and again and again, because of its dependence on the senses, without which it cannot move. Like I cannot see without my glasses. Somebody cannot hear without the hearing aids. Contact lenses lost early in the morning, washed down the washtub, and then groping blindly for the towel.

These are all examples of what is going to happen to us after death. We are taking care of our contact lenses and my spectacles and your hearing aid and somebody's crutches and somebody's wheelchair. Translate these into the post-mortem existence, where you are not going to have anybody to offer you a pair of spectacles, or bring a wheelchair for you. What will you do there? There is no more 'doing' there. Nothing to 'do' with. Doing is physical. When I have no more body, no more senses, what shall I do? Bewilderment, horror, frustration, pain, loneliness, suffering. If you read *The Tibetan Book of the Dead*, you see all these beautifully illustrated. The moment of death is the moment of liberation. If you miss it,

"Bye-bye to liberation," that book says, because up to the day of forty-one days after death, according to the seers of Tibet, the visionaries of those days, there is always a possibility that you can still be pulled out from this well of rebirth into which you are falling. But forty-first — today it is over. Babuji said the same thing: "The moment of death is the easiest," and he said, "I just take the soul from here and put it there," as if it is a bottle of condiment!

So meditation, when we sit and we meditate, what is it that really happens? Yesterday I said, we sit, we clean ourselves, we prepare the heart to receive or welcome its transcendental occupant, its real owner, the divine essence in us which we call the soul, the *atman*, with the *paramatman* inside it, I suppose. So, what we are really doing is creating a proper environment and waiting patiently for something to happen.

So, the crux of the matter seems to be perfecting an environment in which He can appear, and waiting for His appearance, because He is not at the beck and call of every one of us. Nevertheless, when we are able to perfect this process of purification, preparation of the environment to receive that august personality, it seems that He cannot escape coming. He has no choice, as I said yesterday. He, poor fellow, is in a choice-less situation. We think we are in a situation where we have a lot of choice. But that is our foolishness. That is our blindness. We, too, have no choice. When we are in this samskara-ridden world, subject to our samskaras, slave of our samskaras, we have no choice. A beggar has no choice — he has to beg. A philanderer has no choice. A businessman has no choice. A burglar has no choice. A prostitute has no choice. None of them have a choice. They are going round and round this big catherine wheel, and when it stops, they get out. If they are afraid, they get right back in, pay the ticket, and go round again.

In between, we have this possibility: that we realise that there is a purpose to our existence which we don't know about, which is not revealed to us, nevertheless it is there. It is human foolishness to imagine that what is not revealed does not exist. On the contrary, I would think that all that is revealed really does not exist, because it is a transitory phenomenon. The bodily existence which we see so well, feel so well, are so content with, in which we glory so much, in which we exult, out of which we derive so much pleasure, ecstasy — is a myth, really speaking. Soap bubble, again — beautiful colours. The bigger you blow it, the more beautiful the colours, the more close to destruction. A small bubble with only grey on it may have a chance to survive longer, but the big, beautiful bubble with all the beautiful colours reflected, you know, is on the verge of extinction.

So, I would presume to say that all that is revealed is transitory. It is revealed only to be hidden again. The wave rises in the ocean only to collapse back in the ocean again. The stars appear only to set again. The sun rises only to set again. These are transitory phenomena. We can call them predictable phenomena — rising and falling, rising and falling. Therefore, human beings have been able to predict tides, to predict eclipses thousands of years ahead. Because in a sense, they are not really revelations. They are condensations. They are petrifications, doomed to go round and round and round, perhaps for eons of time.

This universe of ours is supposed to be aged about twenty billion years, as I said yesterday. Now, that is only a computation. Yet, when you look at this and we relate it to the Hindu thought that the universe is nothing but the breath of the eternal Personality, who breathes out universe and breathes back the universe into Himself, we find this idea of a universe which expands to its ultimate limit and then collapses back, and then expands again, recurring. Science, too, seems to think in that way, though there are people who say, "No. It must go on expanding forever." But most scientists seem to tend to this

opinion that eventually it will collapse back into what they call the mighty atom — a speck of matter. Even to call it a speck of matter is wrong, because there is nothing to see. A dimensionless, spaceless, timeless origin from which, in its explosive force, life exploded. I can only call it life. And we have this universe. But, it is there in me, too; in you, too.

What prevents this individual dimensionless point of origin in us from exploding and merging with this universe? — I am not talking of the physical universe. Because we are keeping it tightly compressed by our desires, thoughts, actions, our egotistic idea that, "I am the doer." When I am the doer, my doing is limited to my capacities. Even those capacities, no human being utilises fully. It is a well-known fact that even the wisest human being has hardly used, as they say, seven percent of his full intellectual potential — the wisest. We can imagine what the stupidest is using. It is well-known that none of us have expressed our physical capacities even, fully. Moral capacities lie latent. Spiritual capacities lie dormant.

So, we are puny beings who have not even expressed our physical capacities to the limit, who have no possibility of ever utilising our mental and intellectual capacities to the limit. Because we don't know how. We don't know how, because we are dependent on this idea that, "I must use my capacities to achieve." That, in this physical world, I must use my body. In this mental world, I must use my brain and my intellect. But the man who meditates — my Master says, "Sit down. Prepare the environment within." Forget the outer environment. Let the scientists and the intellectuals of the Occident take care of this, cleaning up the rivers and the air, and polluting it in the process more and more.

We are more worried today about external pollution, about the ozone layer, about the forests in Europe dying because of pollution, about the rivers not being fit even for fish to live in. What about this universe **within,** which we have polluted over millennia of existence from the moment we

were first created, and thrown out of our original home by our ego? Have we cleaned it up? Have we ever thought that if we cleaned this up, it will automatically become clean? Is it not this inner greed, lust, that is polluting the outer universe of mine? Is the outer universe anything other than the reflection of my inner universe? Therefore, is not the possibility of cleaning the external universe only latent in my cleaning up my inner universe? Otherwise, I am only cutting the grass and, you know, gilding the lily, as they say.

If this wisdom dawns, then who will **not** come to meditate? Who will **not** subject himself or herself to the cleaning process? Now, you may ask a question, "But Chari, you are talking about not-doing. But are you not **doing** cleaning?" Yes. But am I doing it? Babuji Maharaj said, "The merest suggestion, supposition of light." It is what we call a *sankalpa.* The difference between thinking and *sankalpa* is about just thinking and putting your will behind that thought. "I **will** do it," means I have willed myself to do it. "I will do it," does not mean that "I shall do it," or "I must do it." It does not mean anything of that sort. It means I have willed myself to do it, and it shall happen.

Now, I have been thinking about this will. Babuji Maharaj says, "Apply your will." Whose is this will? Is it my will? If it was my will, I should be able to use it. You say, "He has no will power." "His will has failed." "Her will has failed." Is it really our will?

I have been thinking of this for some time. I was once told something by Babuji Maharaj in 1972. I think we were in Washington, D.C., in the house of one brother there. One morning, Babuji called me, and he said, "You know, your will is becoming enormously developed. It is now very much approaching the Divine will." He said, "I congratulate you. But I must also caution you, because with **this** will in you, anything that you think can happen." Can happen! He did not say, "Anything you want to do, you can do." I did not realise

the significance of those words twenty years back. Anything you think, can happen. So, don't have bad thoughts. Don't curse anybody, even in your thought.

So you see, the potency of the thought is not in the thought, but in the will behind the thought. And if that will is a weak, insignificant, undeveloped will — because it is my will — nothing happens. We think and think and think, and nothing happens. "Nothing is good or bad, but thinking makes it so." That is another story again, thanks to Shakespeare.

How to develop this will? Only by meditation, remembrance. By exposing our inner selves to His presence, His will becomes merged in my will. It is like the Ganges merging into a small stream, instead of the opposite. Normally, we see small streams merging into big rivers. Here, the big river merges into the tiny stream and makes it a powerful flow which is now invincible. Now we don't have to do. The will operates. Let the sun be there, the sun is there. It has no choice. It is a speck of matter, trying to become very big like the sun, glowing on, on, on, through millennia, and upholding life in its solar system. Had it the ability to think and to feel, it would probably think, "I am great, because without me all these planets would not exist. Life on them would not exist."

It is a good thing that all nature's forces lack this egotistic facility of self-approbation, of praising itself. The wind would say, "Without me, nothing can happen." The fire would say, "Without me, nothing can happen." And they would become extinct. So, the truly immense, the truly powerful forces of nature are thoughtless, are mindless — but not powerless. Because they are moved by the will.

So, I seem to tend towards this conclusion: that as we surrender our lower will, the cosmic will comes into play. Things happen because the cosmic personality wills it so. He does nothing. I do nothing. Things happen. And then we have this mysterious and miraculous process — there is really no

doer, but things are happening. "God cannot be blamed for anything," Babuji Maharaj said, "Even for a person's death, there is always an attributable cause. Somebody dies of cancer, somebody of AIDS, somebody of suicide, somebody by drowning." Nobody says, "God killed him."

So you see, there is a great mystery, a great secret, a great wonder, in this element, in this understanding of there being no doer at all anywhere in this wonderful universe of ours, yet things are going on, things are happening. Because there is a divine will which started the whole thing, and that will continues to act. It is my submission, that for such people who are able to develop that will in that manner, they may be dead, but their will will continue to act. Babuji Maharaj has given a hint when he said, "Develop your will in such a fashion that even when you are asleep it must continue to act." Death is only a big sleep, looked at in one way. If it can work when I am asleep, why cannot it work when I am dead? It depends, you see, upon me.

Like a man puts a seed down in the ground — five years later he is dead, but the tree continues to grow. And twenty years later, it yields fruit, and somebody eats it, and they say, "Well, blessed be the man who planted this seed, for today I eat the fruit of that plant." When we thank our creator or maker in a similar fashion, we must say, "Blessed be the Lord, my God. For he created something at the beginning of this creation, the fruits of which I am today enjoying, millennia and millennia and millennia after that." **That** is the true sense of gratitude, not thanking somebody for a glass of water, or for a fountain pen, or for a lift in the car. Because even these events are unfolding out of that cosmic intelligence's super plan, cosmic plan, where things will happen, must happen — if we don't interfere.

So, this idea of interference, you see — all that I have said yesterday was to draw your attention to the fact that human existence has perhaps done nothing more than interfere

with the unfolding of the cosmic plan. Perhaps *avatars* and cosmic personalities like Christ, Buddha, Mohammed, and all these people, came only to try to set the machinery of the human existence in order — like a mechanic comes to repair a broken-down car. They came, they did such repair as they could do, and went back. Perhaps, in a well-ordered spiritual society there would be no need for God or Masters, because the unfolding of life itself is the divine mystery. Can there be a God apart from life? Or can there be life apart from God? I believe not.

So you see, this transcendental miracle becomes possible only through an act of surrender. Surrender is not the giving up of your personality or your ego, or things like that. Those are commonly understood, improperly understood, incompletely understood ideas. Surrender means sitting in meditation with this idea that, "I am preparing the environment for you, my Lord. I wait for you. I wait for you with great love, with longing. This self of mine is useless. This body is not used. It is the most physical thing, yet I have not been able to use it properly. This mind of mine, this superb intelligence that you have given, I have used hardly 0.0007 percent. This equipment that you have bestowed me with, I have misused, or I have left it lie unused." The parable of the talents, all over again.

So, take charge. You can act, with or without a body. You can act, with or without an intelligence. All that you need to act is the will. "You have given me that, too, but it has not served any purpose. Because at every juncture where I have to decide upon a fork, which to take, I have failed. To do or not to do, still remains my question. I leave it now to you. May things happen as you wish."

So you see, surrender is the final answer to the unfolding of the cosmic or the divine plan. Otherwise, we continue to interfere, and like anything which interferes — I don't know what is the alternative, except that we shall be

removed from the scene of things. When a child interferes with your work, when you try to tell it playfully, when you try to tell it lovingly, then gently you put it away. When a fly interferes, you chase it away. If it keeps coming, you chase it away again and again. Otherwise, I saw one beautiful fly-swatter in Denmark, made by this wonderful Karl Jensen, in solid silver, costing, I think, two thousand six hundred kroner. All horsehair tail, and easy to swat a fly with. But a fly, when it is swatted, does not care about the price of the swatter!

If we believe that there is a future for the human race, if we believe there is a future for us, and that future will unfold in the lives of our children and grandchildren, and into the future of the human race, we must understand that we have to stop interfering with the cosmic plan. We must understand next, that having stopped interfering, we must surrender to that plan. Next, we must understand that, if we are willing, perhaps some of us will be chosen as the media for the unfolding of those plans. Such media are the great Masters, the great Personalities, the *avatars,* through whom the work unfolds, through whom things happen, but yet they are not the doers of that.

Finally, I would like to say that when we give up this idea of doer-ship, we at one stroke remove the idea of self-responsibility. *Mea culpa* is no longer possible. Of course, with the other side of the coin goes the other side of the coin, too. No heads, no tails — no coin. No blame, no praise. No punishment, no reward. You see, it is always the temptation of praise and reward that makes us claim doer-ship. And when we face loss and punishment, deprivation and punishment, we blame God. "Why has this happened to me? I did my best." Anybody who says he did his best is a liar. It is not possible. Why? Because we lack the will. We lack the intelligence. Or rather, I should say, having the will and the intelligence, we have not used them.

Surrender is the easiest way out of this mess into which we have got ourselves. Sit and relax. I don't do anything. I think nothing. Truly speaking, I think nothing. Where do the thoughts come from? Not from the brain cells. Not even from memory, because memory is only what I have put into it. Not even from instinctive memory, because that is the memory of my past, of my race. Where do the thoughts come from? We say, "I had a thought," or, "A thought came to me." Where from?

So you see, in the beginning they come from samskaras, which we call thoughts. In the middle, when we understand the role of samskaras, the role of the human being, the role of the Master, we begin to try to think. But then, when we slip into this meditation business, clean ourselves, wait patiently for His appearance, now thoughts descend into us — inspiration comes, inclusion comes. Inspiration means having something breathed into you by the cosmic breath. To such a receptacle which is empty, which is waiting, which is fit — the Divine pours itself into it, uses it as a medium of its action, of its thinking. Then comes the great revelations, which in the wisdom of the ancient Vedas, have no authorship. The Vedas have no authors. They are revelations. To whom shall they be attributed? You cannot write, "The Rig Veda, by God"! It would be crazy. Or, "By God: the Rig Veda." Reverse it and it appears stupid. So, nothing is written. The Rig Veda, the Sama Veda, the Atharvana Veda, the Yajur Veda, you see — divine revelations. No authorship, because even the Divine cannot say, "I taught, and I revealed."

So you see, this cosmic mystery — no doer-ship, just a will. And I believe if that will is perfected, divinised, that will will last forever. In such a lasting forever is perhaps the immortality that we have been seeking in the fleshly body, mistaking fleshly existence for eternal existence. Knowing that the body is buried, is corrupt, will be eaten up by the worms, or destroyed by fire, or eaten up by the vultures.

So, what really transcends human existence is the will. No longer my will, no longer your will, but **the will**. So, with **this** will, we have to bring **that** will into existence. We have to let it happen, by using this will in the only possible way that it should be used, by following the only path we should follow — the path of surrender. And having done that, we shall see this majestic miracle unfolding in our very existence.

Thank you.

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NOT DOING, PART IV

Poliez-Pittet
11 July, 1993

Babuji Maharaj said, "Surrender to God means surrender to everything in this universe." Now, I think even people who read his books attentively don't understand the significance of this. We are always talking of surrender to God. Surrender once, to one person. Of course, it is only once. We cannot surrender twice. But then, what does this business of surrendering to everything in this universe mean? I have felt that when the surrender to the Master is complete — for me, it continues to be surrender to the Master — then everything in spirituality seems to work two ways.

People confuse spiritual progress with going up. But we have a famous statement in the Hindu tradition, where the yogic idea of seven worlds is actually clarified as being fourteen worlds: seven upper worlds and seven lower worlds. Each world has its own governor, shall we say — one who governs that region — but the highest is in charge of all the fourteen. And the true Master is one who goes not merely up,

but is able to go down to the lowest levels, the seventh and lowest, and bring people up from there. I mean, to elevate people from here is not difficult. But suppose somebody falls into the well, you know, as an example. It is more difficult to go down and bring him up. If there is a mine disaster, it is even more difficult to go into the mine — several thousand metres, perhaps, full of water, explosives, poisons — and bring him up, bring the miners up. Imagine what it would be like to go down to the lowest of the seventh low region.

So, surrender in this sense means, in serving the Master to whom one has surrendered, one has to surrender in the sense of willingness and ability and love, to serve the lowest. We find in our societies today that people are willing to serve people in their own levels. I am not criticising, but you will find in the white societies there are doctors who will not take a black patient, for instance. Therefore, much is made of a doctor who is going to Africa, who is a great man. He gets a Nobel Prize when he comes back, because he served Africans, you know, black people whom, normally, white doctors would not serve. Now, what is a black man? What is a white man? Often, I have found in societies other than the Occidental, that there are so-called low, primitive people who have an inner spiritual stature, a grandeur, a nobility, far in excess of anything you can see out here in the West.

So you see, when we look at things superficially we see the white and the black and the yellow and the brown. We see the blond and the blue eyes, we see the black hair — the raven. We see nothing else. And this is some sort of prejudice, that white is better than black. It is **your** prejudice, not my prejudice. It is a prejudice from which the white races suffer. This prejudice makes Europe support itself on the labours of the not-so-white, including Yugoslavs, Turks, Northern Africans. So-called menial work, given to so-called menial people. And where a white man would perhaps get, I don't know, fifty Swiss francs per hour, a man from Turkey or Bosnia, or some such place, would probably get ten, if that.

But the labour is the same. In fact, I would think they work better; otherwise you would be working instead of them.

So you see, when we look at these superficialities, we are only exposing our ignorance of the true values of life — our inability to penetrate into the heart of the matter, the heart of the being, the heart of the person. And when we fall in love with such colours, we are only exposing a total ignorance of what love means. It is only a love of the white — not of the white **woman** — love of the white. Often we find, you see, that people fall in love with colour. But you can have a white curtain on your windows if you are so keen on getting something white — white bed sheets, white curtains. Why a white woman for a black man, or a grey man, or a brown man, just because she is white? If you love her, yes. If her heart is pure, yes. So, these colour prejudices, these prejudices of judging from the superficial aspects lead us into the mires of misery, despond, bitterness, shame, vulgarity, separation.

So, I am beginning to believe that this business of the seven higher and the seven lower worlds really represents the human condition. We have these beautiful points, you know, the higher points, starting from the heart. But we have also the lower points below the heart, starting from the *muladhara* of the yoga system of classification on the spine. So, I think in one of his talks, either Babuji Maharaj or Dr. Varadachari, I don't remember, said, "When we start meditation on the heart, the power of the Master goes this way, you see [pointing downwards] — not just this way [pointing upwards]. It goes this way." That is surrender. There is no more ugliness. There is no more dirt.

The more you find beauty in the external, perhaps the more you find ugliness in the internal. They are all co-existent. White skin going with a black heart. Superficial manners and etiquette going with an inner ugliness of behaviour. Superficial intelligence corresponding to an inner total ignorance of what life is, what values of life are. Therefore,

we find drunken professors, professors who are drug addicts, scientists having AIDS, doctors suffering from AIDS — even doctors! I mean, people who should be teaching society what to avoid, and how to avoid it, are themselves suffering from these diseases — mind you, not before they became doctors. I can understand a man getting AIDS and then saying, "I dedicate my life to medicine, so that at least I can prevent other people from getting AIDS." No, it's a doctor who gets AIDS.

And of course, crazy psychiatrists — the world has many of them. It is astonishing now — the psychiatric profession insists that every psychiatrist should undergo analysis once every so often, I don't know the frequency. It is like saying that the soap which washes the cloth should itself be washed before it is used again. What is this business of cleanliness? What is this inner mental cleanliness? What is this doctor who can heal others, but not himself? You know, the old adage, I think it is from the Greek tradition: "Physician, heal thyself!"

So, surrender really means surrender to my own inner Self. Of course, it also means surrender to everything in the universe, because the universe is nothing but a reflection of myself. Therefore we, each one of us, see the universe in a different way. Now obviously, a fixed physical universe should appear the same to all of us. Yet we don't see the same thing. Put ten people around one person, and they see ten different persons — not one person. Obviously, you see something reflected of yourself in that person and you say, "This is that person." No. The right thing would be to say, "I see myself in this person." Another person says, "Yes. I, too, see myself in this person." Third person should say, "You are right. I see myself, too, in this person." So what we see in this person is not this person, but myself, yourself, herself, reflected in him. And by this we judge people. "He is cruel," somebody says, because his cruelty is shining out and being

reflected. Another man says, "He is kind." He sees his kindness reflected.

Or, as Babuji used to say, "I see nothing." Because there is nothing to see. What is it, except — you know, you see a piano keyboard, it is the same keyboard everywhere. The music may be different. And therefore, we are all like piano keyboards, with every possible samskara latent in us, because having passed through millennia of existence, I don't think any of us is free from **any** samskara. Only thing — the music is different, depending on which keys are pressed. And this music we admire. I am not talking of the real music which the pianists play. I am talking of the music of our life. How one is a music of distress, of pain, of suffering. Another, a music of joy. A third, a music of so-called creation — an architect, for instance, or an artist. Nevertheless, conditioned from inside. Great art is not produced like this. Great music is not produced like this. What is your evidence? Well, when a so-called great artist goes crazy, cuts off his ears, commits suicide, I don't see how he can be great. When a philosopher is insane, he could not have been a philosopher. No suicide can be a moral person, let alone a philosopher.

So you see, we have to judge the life by its totality, not by stray incidents of goodness or badness. And now, this is the problem, you see — when we all have the same samskaras yet we appear different, it is because I am playing my inner keyboard differently from yours. How is that possible? It is like, you know, this beautiful children's movie, *Tom and Jerry*, where the mouse is running on the keyboard, and this cat is playing away like an orchestra pianist or a soloist! What is producing the music? Kuranng! and the mouse produces a tone. What is the equivalent of the mouse, in our case, are the external things in the world which appeal to the samskaras inside, depress them, produce the music — which is what Babuji calls "flowering of the samksara," when the condition for the flowering of that samskara is appropriate. I have already spoken about this to you a couple of days back.

So we are different, not because we are different, but because, at the same instant in time, we each respond to some particular thing, and this response may be different in each one of us. And therefore apparently we are all different. Spirituality says no two human beings are different. Now what happens? When do we really begin to become different? When our cleaning process starts, when samskaras go off. It is as if some of these keys of the piano keyboard are removed one by one. Now, true differences begin to crop up. Previously it was a difference in **response**; now it is a difference in **being**. We start like this, and balloon out into differences, but the beauty of it is, when the process is completed in all of us, we are again one. Now there is no longer any difference. All are the same again, but this time 'same' in a **real** way. Not in a burdened, not in a samskaric fashion, but in that there is nothing in us, therefore we are all divinised, all divinity is one. There can be no differences. Now, the differences, if we still continue to exist in the body, are the superficial differences of the form, the skeleton, the hair. And the wise man ignores them. He says, "What does it matter? A small mouse or a big mouse — they are both mice!"

So in reality, it would appear, you see, that at one end of the stick, as it were, the Master has to be prepared to go traversing these fourteen worlds up and down. Going into the well, pulling out one fellow, putting him on the ground. Going in again, pulling out one fellow, putting him on the ground, like that. We have to surrender to our samskaras in this sense, that we have to accept that we have samskaras. There is no point in saying, "I am a good man," or, "I am a good woman. I never did anything bad in my life."

The silly statement I hear every day in the corridor here, even this morning: "If God is so wonderful, why is there so much cruelty in this universe? Why is there so much unhappiness, so much misery, so much disease?" Obviously there has to be. It is not God who creates. It is **we** who have created. And unfortunately, we are going on creating more and

more. And we use superficial things to eradicate these symptoms of the latent samskaras inside. It is like a damp wall. The cement is peeling and the plaster is falling — you will re-plaster it without checking the erosion inside due to the dampness. So, we have the medical profession, the psychiatric profession. The artists to colour and paint the face, to blond your hair. To dress you properly, the *couturière*. But the inside remains what it is.

So you see, true transformation cannot come by dressing up the corpse. It is a tradition in the West, I believe, that when a man dies, and he has to wait for burial for two or three days. On the day of the burial, the people in charge shave his face, pomade his hair, put rouge on his cheeks — make him presentable. Even a corpse has to be presentable. So, we are only gilding the lily, painting the wall, trimming the hedges, putting copper sheet on our roofs, excellent china on our tables. The more we seek these external things, the more we are reflecting our, what should I say, anxieties — no, our anger — not so, our inner **need** for **inner** beauty. And from what we produce, we can see what he really needs inside.

I believe even products of an artist — paintings, sketches — can be used in some sense to evaluate his inner condition. When you find a tortured drawing, you know, what is called modern art: an eye here, a leg here, a pair of lips here, a fish in-between, all in cubes and circles and triangles, it's a sick mind. Excuse me, I am an Oriental talking about Occidental art. Many of you might be quite shocked at my outright condemnation of such art. But it is dissection, not art. Just because something is put on paper, it doesn't become art. That it is put on canvas in oils, doesn't make it greater art. It shows the tortured mind. It would be fit for a psychiatrist to study, perhaps. And when somebody buys this for two hundred thousand Swiss francs? "*Mama mia*!" we have to say. One sick mind buying the products of another sick mind, because it sees itself reflected there. It likes it.

So, please don't be shocked, but this is how it works in reality. What is it that I am seeing? And then when I hear critics talking very knowledgeably about the need to understand art — people who have never understood a human heart. Who, like the Frenchmen, prefer to understand the art — minus the 'H'. What understanding of art? I can understand that we need to appreciate art, but when it cannot possibly be appreciated? A cacophony of notes becoming music — again, tortured minds, lustful minds, minds on fire, bodies on fire, souls on fire. And you have these Graminy awards, or whatever they are called — awful! If I see it at night, I can't sleep for three weeks after that. They are ghosts, with their hair-dos and their funny-coloured skins. I mean, it is frightful! And today, you see more and more pictures dealing with ghosts, dealing with, I don't know, from *Psycho*, to whatever it is today — *I, II, III*, getting worse and worse.

What is this society producing today? Fright, menace, misery, vulgarity, obscenity. It is all the product of the human minds of this society. How to correct? Change the mind. How? Raja yoga. Inner cleansing. We are talking so much of *nettoyage*, and, you know, all these things. Does it show in our life outside? Good. If it does not, clean again.

So you see, to do all this we have to understand the role of spiritual practice in our lives, the need to create spiritual values in our life, and work for it. And without surrender, it is not possible. When I say, "work for it," it is again this question of sitting, allowing the transformation to occur, not interfering.

So, the Master whom we must find, must be one who is capable of not only going up to God, but descending down to the Devil, catching him by the horns and shaking the blighter, you know, until he runs screaming! Then you say, "Out!" "No, no, but the Devil!" "Yes, yes. Run away. Come." This is true exorcism. Not *Exorcist I* and *Exorcist II*, where a priest is afraid, you see, and commits suicide. What is this priest who is afraid of exorcising a man who is possessed, and who

himself becomes the victim of that possession and commits suicide, cuts his own throat? What is the church coming to? What are priests coming to,? When a psychiatrist needs to be analyzed so that he is mentally sane, what is the profession of psychiatry coming to? A healthy mind in a healthy body — *mens sana in corpore sano* — not the other way around.

But today we have healthy bodies with sick minds in them. Therefore, it is the time for raja yoga *par excellence.* Not for hatha yoga, not for energy fields, not for Tai Chi, and things like that which will only deepen your misery. It is the mind which has to be regulated — not destroyed, but regulated. And like a watchmaker alone can repair a watch, only the Master of the mind can repair the mind, regulate it, set it functioning on its proper course. So, we don't want masters of bones, and masters of flesh, and masters of spirits — in bottles or otherwise. We want Masters of the mind, therefore, a raja yogi.

So, avoid like the plague everything else. Every day I get requests. "Should I do this? This man is wonderful!" I don't know whether they go to him for Tai Chi, or because he is wonderful. Women are so gullible. So, what should we do? Find the Master of the mind. Judge him by the way he reacts. Does he crack under pressure? Does he go to a psychiatrist, for instance? Does he go to a psychiatrist for lunch, but not for analysis? [laughs] I mean, I am just trying to keep a way for escape, in case somebody attacks me! Not that I claim to be anything, but still.

It is like rock. When Jesus Christ called this fisherman, Petros — that is how he got his name, because he said, "Your faith is as firm as a rock — *petros*." It became Peter in the English language. Is our faith unshakeable? Are our minds so strong that they cannot be shaken. Like today — the merest puff of misery, and off they go wailing into the jungles.

I am always amazed, you know, that people in Augerans walk off into the jungles at midnight, in our ashram. "Where

are you going?" "I am going walking." Midnight? What on earth for? Why this search for loneliness, for isolation, to be in the jungle? Because, in some ways, your inner self is more in tune with the atmosphere in a forest than in a château. It is reflected, you see, in the way of your life. There is more of the animal, therefore you feel like prowling alone, walking on four feet into the jungles, until you are able to shake it off.

I remember seeing a picture by Lon Chaney long ago, called *The Wolfman*. Something made him, every full moon — suddenly, you know, he is sitting in his chair — "Aaaahhhhh!" you know, and he becomes a wolf. "Oooooh!" and off he goes loping. One murder, two murders. Next morning he is back in his bed. Nobody knows. He himself doesn't know, but people begin to suspect. They put him in a big, strong room, but he breaks the bars and is off to another murder.

That is latent in us. Therefore, at night these people, girls, boys, go off into the forests — alone, mind you. We should always be suspicious of people who want to be alone. I am very suspicious of people who walk off alone like that, and say, "I can't stand company. More than five makes me nervous." Why? Why are you nervous with more than five people? What is it that is wrong with more than five people? How is the sixth person bad? The seventh worse? The eighth even worse? How? I believe, like when you have too many mirrors, you see too many angles of your face and it makes you frightened with yourself. Too many people reflect too much of your insides to you, so you prefer not to have people who reflect. I am very sure of this. It is not just something I suspect. I mean, it is unnatural to want to be alone. Meditate, yes. Sit down and meditate in your room, you are alone. But to be alone, isolated, going off into a forest — no fear of ghosts, no fear of wolves, no fear of wild dogs, no fear of snakes — of which it is natural to be afraid! Because in you there are worse things, perhaps, of which the wolf would be afraid, the wild dog would be afraid.

So, please try to cultivate — you know, the human brotherhood does not mean an abstract brotherhood where we are all isolated in different jungles and we are all brothers and sisters. It cannot be. Brotherhood means ability to mix — to sit together, to talk together, to eat together, all loving each other, all confident of each other, each one seeing himself reflected in a resplendently new fashion, therefore everything beautiful. White is beautiful, black is beautiful, brown is beautiful, grey is beautiful, yellow is beautiful. Which is not beautiful? Don't you wear yellow dresses, black dresses, blue dresses? Haven't some of you loved black men? Or black women? So, where is the solution? You are fresh inside, and everything outside is fresh. Clean the inside, everything outside is clean. Beautify the interior, everything outside is beautiful.

So, until you become capable of this, you are not really abhyasis. If, after fifteen years of abhyas, I still find some people here who are afraid to be with people, who prefer a single room in a hotel somewhere, seventeen miles into the forest, and no other room occupied, for me, that is a ghostly existence. It's not a real existence. Such people are not really alive. They are what the Americans so beautifully call zombies. To me, they are dead. Their samskaras are activating them. They go hither and thither, like dolls. Is a doll afraid of being alone? Throw it into the ocean, it is happy. Bury it in the ice at the North Pole, it is still happy, or unhappy — whatever it is. The doll has no feelings.

So, whenever you tend to be alone, or want to be alone, don't be alone in future. Go to your brother. Go to your sister. Go to your parents. "Yes, but I cannot get on with my parents." Why not? I don't find this phenomenon in the East, you know, that every daughter has problems with her father and mother, son has problems with father and mother. And today it is getting to be something of a fashion, you see, that every girl imagines that she was raped by her father when she was three. I don't know how she could be aware of it. Bizarre. And the psychologists are promoting this, the so-called re-

birthing nonsense. "I think you must have had a strange experience when you were three." Suggestion. "Perhaps you were raped." Second suggestion. "Yes, yes! I remember waking up screaming at night." "Who was in the house?" "Only my father." "Oh, I am sorry. I am very sorry for you." Implantation of the suspicion that it was her father. You know, in the US, this is rampant today. Child abuse, so-called — I mean, there is enough real child abuse without the psychologists having to promote imaginary child abuse. And why do these adults want excuses of having been raped by their fathers or by their mothers, or uncles or aunts, or whatever? Because they are dirty inside. They want an excuse.

Don't seek excuses. Confession means my opening myself to my inside, whatever it may be, and saying, "Lord, here I am. Accept me as I am." Not to navigate through an ocean of filth, and itemise it — "*Mea culpa*!" This is confession. No more hiding, no more excuses, no more justification. "I did this because..." No more 'because'. The *parce ce que* must go out of the language. How to do that? Again, surrender. It means my willingness to accept myself as I am, knowing that I am no better and no worse than any other human being. That if in my behaviour now, I am different from you all, it is because only a different set of keys of the keyboard are being played. Therefore, there is nothing to be ashamed of. We share a common misery, a common heritage of nastiness, filth, ugliness. Therefore, this need for brotherhood. Therefore, this need for someone among you to rise up, to become capable, and say, "Yes, I will help the others." "What about your own inside?" "Doesn't matter." Even a leper can reach down into a well and pull out a sinking man.

Today we are afraid of going to the toilet — we want these paper things to put on the toilet seat, in case we get AIDS. But suppose you are drowning, and a man with AIDS who could swim properly came to help you, and you say, "No,

no, no, no, no!" I mean, when we are dying, we need help from **any** source.

So, let us build up noble thoughts. He is sick? I, too, am sick. Everybody is sick. And because we are all sick, we don't know we are sick. Therefore we say, "In the land of the blind, the one-eyed man is king." The blind people don't know they are blind. If a society were totally blind for a hundred years, they wouldn't know what blindness is. Like when we went to Russia, we found the people there were really wondering, you know, how they could have been so ignorant of their miserable condition. They said, "We have been happy. We never knew we have been in some sort of a prison. Or that a thirty square metre flat is small — we have never seen bigger ones. We did not know that roads had to have hundreds of cars." So you see, it was a satisfaction based on total ignorance of the outside world. Therefore, the communist overlords did not give out passports, did not permit people to go out of their country, because if they saw what was outside, they would come back and report inside.

We are worse. We, too, think we are happy, wealthy, and wise! And there is no one to tell us that we are not happy, we are not wealthy, we are not wise. Therefore, we continue to live in this imaginary, dreamy, semi-romantic world of Occidental greatness, wisdom, technology, science, continuing to fool ourselves that we are really great people. Kipling, the *Jungle Book*, where the monkeys dance around and say, "We are great! We all say so, so it must be true." And we laugh at those monkeys, poor things!

So, look inside — meditation. Don't be afraid of what you see there, because it is your own creation. Otherwise, you are like the man, you know, who created this picture, *Jurassic Park*, and goes to the movie, and runs out, frightened. He cannot see his own movie! It can happen sometimes, you see. We cannot be afraid of what we have created ourselves. God cannot be afraid of His creation, and we are part of His

creation. So, there is no need for fear. Since we are responsible, we have to clean it ourselves. The help is there from someone who can give it to you. Co-operate. Learn to see without fear, without judgement of, "This is good samskara. That is bad samskara." There is no such thing. As I said, in a plane which is flying and about to crash, even if there is twenty tons of gold and it has to be thrown overboard, it has to be thrown overboard. The pilot will not retain it and say, "It is gold. How can I throw it out?" He will die. The gold will survive. He will die.

So, all this magnificence, all these wonderful things which we create, some reflection of something inside us which is good — retain it. Try to see the goodness in others. Try to see the true beauty in the others with inner eyes of perception. Not by judging them by white and black and blond and blue, and things like that. This can only happen through closing your eyes and trying to stimulate your inner capacities, your inner awareness, to see without seeing.

Today, we wish to see everything. "Let me see." Therefore, this need for miracles. Babuji said, "Christ was a failure, because he performed miracles when he should not have performed miracles." For what? Were the people convinced? They condemned him. "Lazarus, arise." What for, when people still don't believe it? So you see, miracles are useless. Miracles never instilled faith in anybody. Miracles never made anybody change. Babuji Maharaj said, "The true miracle is the transformation of the human being." Let us try to create **those** miracles. Let everyone here be a miracle for the future.

I am often asked, "What can one man meditating do to change this world? Assuming, Chari, that you are right, you know, that you close your eyes and sit and meditate. You are passive, and you are waiting for things to happen without your doing anything. How can it change the world?" Why not? I have heard of avalanches in these mountains of Switzerland,

where a single stone thrown somewhere set off an avalanche. Sometimes a single handclap set off an avalanche. Why not my meditation change this universe? Tell me. The strongest bridge in this world will not sustain four hundred people marching on it in step. Therefore, people who have been in the army know that when they go on a bridge, they break step. Now, they walk randomly, not left-right, left-right. If they walk left-right, left-right, they are in the water, as they say, in the drink. This is the power of vibration. The walls of Jericho, crumbling. A musician singing, and the bulbs shattering. These are all known phenomenon, accredited phenomenon, accepted phenomenon. And the latest — what they call the 'butterfly effect' — the scientists, you know. A butterfly flies off in California, violently fluttering its wings, and there is a snowstorm in Siberia.

So, don't denigrate your capacities. When we depend on our physical and mental capacities, they are puny, however big we may be, however strong we may be. That is why, in the biblical and other myths, like David and Goliath, for instance, you find the big beaten always by the small. The small is never losing. It's the big which is losing. It is a reminder to humanity: don't think the big will win over the small. "Behold how the mighty have fallen." It is the small which is beautiful. Not only beautiful, but it is the small which is powerful. The atom bomb is more powerful than any other known explosive, precisely because it is composed of atoms,

So you see, when we go down into matter, what is it that holds two people together in love? It is love! Love is such a strong bond that it can hold two people together for an eternity of time. Not merely for three days and three hours, or three nights — this is not love — lust, yes. If there is love, the couple never part. And you read stories of that, too, where the couples are reborn because their love for each other was so strong, it became a samskaric bond — again and again and again they are reborn, until they are able to break that human

love — merely human love. Not lust, mind you, but love. Even love has to be divinised.

Why this exhortation of Babuji Maharaj that one must love one's Master? It is not in the physical sense, of course, that everybody knows. It is not even in the emotional sense. "Oh, Babuji, I love you very much!" Stupid. Emotionality. Then, what is this true love of the Master, which will bear separation, not only in space and time, but perhaps of eternity? Where you feel his presence all the time. Not in this, you know, maudlin way, as they say in English, occasionally, when we are in need, but as a living presence in me, within me. That is spiritual love.

It is like the bond between atoms, which is so powerful that when you break that bond, immense energies are released, which is the atom bomb, nothing more. Now, imagine if such a couple were to be forced apart by some interloper. What would happen to him? If there were real love between such a couple, of course nothing could break them apart. But for anybody who tried it would be a disaster.

So you see, strong is weak. The Goliaths of this world, the dinosaurs of this world, have all come up and gone. The races of giants are no more. The Cyclops don't exist except in myth. Nature is trying to bring the business down to smaller and smaller forms, finally encapsulating it into the heart, and saying, "If there is a strong heart, that is a strong person. The world in which he is living is a strong world. The world in which that universe exists is a strong universe." *Courage,* I believe — in my own stupid French way, I try to analyse these words — it must mean putting heart into yourself. Encourage, *en courage* — put heart into that blighter who lacks heart. It is the heart that matters. And yet we talk of broken hearts. How can the heart break? I don't think any heart can be broken. It is invincible. The Lord is within, whether you know it or not, and He will not allow His fortress to be shattered by any stupid thing you call a human being.

So, what is it that breaks our emotional life? And why do you allow it to be broken? Because if you had no emotional life, but only real love, I don't think any heart could ever be broken by anything on earth. So, we have to come down to the essence, always. The essence always survives. So, go down to the essence of yourself — He who is within you, who is really you. Create him. Embellish him. Beautify him. Worship him. Not some fool outside, you know — this is a mating game, necessary for the purposes of Nature, to multiply, into which we must unwillingly succumb. That is Nature's demand. But it is not a necessity, it is not a commitment, there is no compulsion behind it. But powerful forces oppose celibacy, and these powerful forces are the five senses coming together all at once, enslaving you. I have often spoken of this power of sex, because it is the single thing in which all five senses participate at the same time. Now, you cannot master one sense after the other. "No, no. I have mastered the sense of touch. Nothing soft will attract me any more." Something hard may attract you next.

So you see, these are not battles won by giving up one by one. The whole structure has to be demolished at the root. So, we sit comfortably, close our eyes, meditate until we are so deep, there is no more feeling, there is no sensory feeling, there is no auditory feeling, there is no tactile feeling, there is no visual feeling, and we are merged with that immensity of bliss which is inside, which is my own Self.

So, in a sense it amounts to our ability and willingness to surrender the senses. But people want meditation music. It is a modern craze. "No, no. I am used to meditating with music on." How can you do it? "I like to sit meditating with a nice girl dancing in front of me." Wonderful! And a third fellow or couple says, "We like to meditate when we are making love." You see how ridiculous it is, all this nonsense. Please, always examine these things. It is lovely to buy a cassette — I am being presented with cassettes, too. But I am sorry to say it, because people who gave them to me might be

upset — I never listen to them! The voice of the Siren, you know, one myth speaks of it. If you listen to it and you get out onto that island, Circe, she turns you into pigs. So, that something is **nice** to hear does not mean that it is **fit** to hear. It does not at all mean that it is **necessary** to hear it.

So, all the five senses negated at one stroke — only in meditation, only through surrender. Surrender to the Self, surrender of the body, surrender of the senses. What else do we have to surrender now? The mind, our intellectuality. "No, no, but Chariji, how can I do something about which I know nothing? I would like to understand." Yes, can you understand that which is unknowable? Can you imagine the unimaginable? Can you suffer the insufferable? The language itself says it is not possible.

So, don't seek to understand. This is the most difficult surrender for the Occidentals, because they put such enormous faith on their puny intelligences. "I am a PhD in science. Can you explain to me, Chariji, in scientific terms?" So I tell him, "No, no. I have no education, you see. My Master was not educated. I am not educated." "Yes, but then how will you explain it to me?" I say, "Perhaps you can tell me something about it. Why don't you tell me what you think of meditation?" And then he starts off. I listen patiently. Two hours later, you know, I have him in the right position, and with one single thrust of the poniard, he is out! You have to get him into the right position, you know, in the right attitude, open. And now a single thrust, a single hairpin will do the job. He has surrendered his intellectuality. This we have to do by allowing them to talk. We cannot say, "No, no, no. Stupid science!" It's all right, among abhyasis we can say these things, because in some way you will understand, or at least you will try to understand.

But imagine the president of the US coming to see Babuji Maharaj, and saying, "You know, I have this problem in the White House. Can you solve it for me?" "Ah, I will pray

for you!" And this fellow says, "What is this old man saying? I have all the churches in my immense American continent praying for me. Every church is ringing its bells, praying for President X. Nothing is happening. And this guy is sitting on his torn mattress, in his old, rickety chair, in a dirty, filthy place. He is going to pray for me! When can we decently leave?" he asks his aide. And he says, "Oh, you are the boss. You can go whenever you like." Power — final surrender, when all is surrendered, because behind each one, what you are really holding to is power. Men hold onto money because it is power. Women hold on to beauty because it is power of another kind. Sex, because it's another power. If you are able to forsake the idea of power in the very beginning, total surrender can happen at once. If you try to do it one by one, like a chain smoker saying, "Yesterday, I smoked forty, Chari. Today, only thirty-nine. I am making some progress! Yeah, thanks to Master!" He will only go and buy a new Ronson lighter and a new pack of cigarettes, and count. People count cigarettes by day, and then they have to count sheep by night to sleep.

So you see, surrender has to be a single stroke — *coup de grace*. And grace is involved in it. Without that grace we could not exist. Even to give myself up, I need His strength from within, saying, "Throw it away. I am here. What are you lacking? What are you afraid of losing?" It's like a mother telling its baby child, "Throw away this toy. When I am with you, why do you need a toy?"

So you see, this is a very profound system of practice. It is not profound in its philosophy — it has none. It is not profound in psychology — it has none. We use them as tools, like a pianist uses the piano keyboard as his instrument. A piano is an instrument. It may cost one hundred fifty thousand Swiss francs, but nevertheless it's only an instrument. One may produce the most stupendously beautiful music on it, the other may only produce noise. It's not depending on the instrument.

So, when we surrender, and the Master says, "Okay. Now you leave it to me," then we become what Babuji Maharaj said we have to become: instruments. Now it is for him to do what he likes with us. If you don't want to become an instrument, you have the privilege of not being one — you can say, "I opt for liberation." Okay, off you go. But, if the idea of brotherhood, the idea of love, mutuality of the human race, comes into existence, then, like the Buddha, you will say, "Not for me nirvana now. I shall wait till the last human being is liberated before I go to my place in the brighter world." That is true generosity. That is true love. That is true dedication to the human race. That is true dedication to his Master. Such a person does not say, "Boss, I have finished my job. When can I go home?" He knows that as long as he is there, more work will come. You don't go to look for work in spirituality. Work comes to you. In every other field, you have to go hunting. 'Job hunting', they call it. Here, there is no job hunting. The jobs literally hunt you.

So, those who have the guts, the spine for such jobs, for such an existence — they should consider, you see, that they are part of the human race, that some blessedness, some divine destiny, some, shall we say, very compassionate being you call the Master has pulled you out. And if you are true to him, you cannot escape from binding yourself to his service and saying, "I am yours. I, too, wish to pull out people from the well." And he will throw you in! Now, you swim or you sink. It depends on you! Of course, he is there always to pull you out, if you are in danger. But you have to do it.

So, even in spirituality there is this limitation of those who seek for themselves, saying, "No, no. I am fed up of this life. I wish to be liberated, Chari." Yes, come along. Perhaps they get liberation, which is very good. But there is this higher purpose, which is incumbent in all progress, which is incumbent in society's rules, which is incumbent in religious laws, which is highest embodied in spiritual existence — that he who is helped, must help others. He who receives, must

give. The more he gives, the more he will receive, but not to keep — but only to go on giving. Such a one becomes the conduit of divine grace, and when the source sees the rapidity with which this distribution of grace is taking place, the conduit becomes wider and wider, until it embraces the whole universe.

This is the true miracle of transformation. This is the final goal of emancipation, or whatever you want to call it — of becoming one with Him. Union, you call it. *Laya*, we call it. Where now, the source, the conduit, everything is one. So, from small beginnings, to the universal end, is the promise of Sahaj Marg. Through not doing anything, but being totally co-operative, passive, willing to clean yourself, become a fit instrument of what you are going to receive, patience, we can become a fit vehicle for this. When we realise the immensity of what we have got — not because we did something for it, but because of His grace — our gratitude must flood our hearts and say, "Lord, may I, too, participate in this miracle." Not in any sense of arrogance, or pride that I can do something. Not at all. But like a son who is going to his father, who is doing carpentry, and saying, "Dad, let me do something," because he loves his father.

So, that is the ultimate secret. It is love alone which can make service possible. Through service, growth possible. Through growth, love possible. You see, they are all interrelated. And a love which will not serve others, which seeks seclusion, isolation, loneliness, is not love. It is suicide. It is fear of the self, manifesting itself in its most ugly form, wanting to imprison itself in a cage of its own construction. So, avoid it like the plague. Try to start loving in this real way — becoming love, until there is no distinction between the Master's love, and your love for him. And then, there is another potential Master.

So you see, I repeat: small beginnings, to an end which can embrace the whole universe — not just another person,

not just another society, not just another world — but the whole universe. This is not a challenge. It is a promise. Who is the giver? No one, because there is no God waiting to tell you, "Come, my son. Here is the universe. Take it." Not so. But to one who has the courage, which means the heart, to say, "Yes, for I and my father are one," okay, to him it is given. So, we should all aspire for that, work for that, in the way that I have tried to explain to you, I don't know how successfully. And I pray that this miracle may take place in each and every one of you.

Thank you.

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NOT DOING, PART V

Poliez-Pittet
12 July, 1993

Today I shall really conclude! Yesterday after my talk, my brother Ivor Brown was a bit disturbed, I think, about what I said about the psychiatrists and the profession. I don't intend to recant anything I said, but nevertheless I have some remarks to make. I was reminded of this fact that we have the physics of Newton, for instance, which is what we deal with in our normal world. And the physics of people like Einstein, Heisenberg, etc., which are very real and true, but do not seem to apply in the Newtonian world which we occupy. Now in science, perhaps, that is true, that the realities of the sub-atomic world do not translate themselves into similar realities on the super-atomic world, our mundane world. But is it true of the same? Is it true of the spiritual and the material lives? I believe not. I believe even in physics, someday we will find that reversal of time is possible, for instance. How can I say this, not being a physicist? I can hear voices raised in consternation: "Chari, for heaven's sake, what do you know of

physics?" Nothing! But that is precisely the point. When Babuji said, "There can be causes without effects, and effects without causes," what is physics doing to either prove or disprove this? It is not possible. I can believe that there are causes which have no effects. We see it all around us. Maybe that is the equivalent of the Newtonian physics, applied to the material world, where we do so many things and nothing happens, in the sense that nothing happens as we want it to happen.

Effects without causes is what I have been speaking about for the last four days — very much a reality, very much what we should try to bring about. So, in that sense, if you look at psychiatry — of course, I am a great lover of psychiatry myself. You know, Ivor knows, Ferdinand knows, I have probably read at least one-third of what Ferdinand has read! Doesn't make me a psychiatrist, but certainly I am interested in the phenomena of the nervous system, the brain. But you find today that, more and more, we are indulging in speculation concerning this problem of mind over matter. Which is what I have been talking about: spirituality is nothing other than mind over matter.

So, I have only been trying to suggest that in every field there is the crude, or the gross, field of performance, activity, penetration, technology — cause. And there is the subtlest, too, in every field. For instance, in the field of conveying instruction, it can be a mere suggestion, as Babuji said, the merest suggestion. Merest suggestion to mere suggestion to suggestion. Then to gross suggestion, which is instruction. And something which is even grosser, which is an order, and even grosser than that — a command: "*Achtung*! *Halt*!"

Now, there are situations where we need the gross. I mean, I cannot stop the traffic in a junction by mere suggestion! I would like to try it some time in the busiest junction at Frankfurt, for instance. I assure you it can be done. Let not the people who have only been living at the gross

levels imagine that subtle action is impossible. When Babuji said, "A planet can be thrown out of orbit by a mere suggestion," he was not joking, he was not speculating, he was not even suggesting. He was saying it is possible. When he said, "I can spin the universe like a top," again he was not suggesting or fooling around or playing with us. He was telling us exactly what he could do, or exactly what he has already done.

So, my contention is that in any field — psychiatry is an example — there is the spectrum of the grossest to the subtlest. You take the lasers of today. What is there in a laser which can drill a hole? I mean, suppose you woke up one of the engineers of the past, say a hundred and fifty years ago, and you showed him a machine here, and a hole being drilled there. He would not relate this source of light to the effect that is taking place there. He would say, "Light drilling holes? Come on!"

So you see, the whole thrust of spirituality is in going from the gross to the subtle. I can assure everybody present here that Babuji Maharaj has performed absolute miracles of transformation in my presence, in a few seconds. I have known a man coming insane — raving mad, as we say in English — Babuji just looked at him, like that, you see, and it was finished. So, that is psychiatry at the highest level or at the subtlest level. You can call it psychiatry, you can call it magic, you can call it miracle, you can call it spirituality, you can call it human endeavour, you can call it mental lasers. You can call it anything you like, because at that level, every science can claim it. The psychiatrist can say, "For heaven's sake, he has healed the mind of this man. What else can it be but the science of mind? Psychology, translated into practice — psychiatry." Along comes another man and says, "Yes, but he has used a technique similar to laser technology. It is the field of physics." The chemist says, "By Jove, he has done something with the anions and cations, this and that — the proteins of the brain. Properly speaking, this must be

chemistry." And you have a host of scientists around Babuji, each one trying to pluck from him the precise technology by which he did it, so that that field of science can claim it. Who should it really belong to? Physics? Chemistry? Physiology? Psychology? Psychiatry? To whom?

As I was trying to explain to Jacky the other day, at the North Pole, which is south? Any direction you walk towards — that is south. Isn't it? At the South Pole, everything is north. For us it would be bewildering. Suppose Babuji said, sitting at the North Pole with his hookah, "Wherever you go, you are going south!" "*Mama mia*!" you would say, "This fellow from Shahjahanpur, you know, he is upsetting geography! Everywhere, wherever you go it is south? Or to put it another way, whichever you go, you can only go south?" Is it possible to think of a situation like that? Yes, when you are where everything meets, in whichever direction you go, you are only going in His direction. There is no other direction.

So you see, we have always to understand that the tree is not its leaves, or its branches, or its trunk, or its roots. Everything put together is the tree, but the tree needs none of these things. For, had not the tree already been in the life which was expressed in the seed which contained it, that seed would have become something else — a chicken, perhaps. So, the tree exists independent of its manifestation. And I am stating what is a fact. A manifestation is only the crude, gross thing that we see, feel, touch, taste, sniff at.

So, the manifest world is not the real world. When scientists write about this profoundly, with mathematical equations, and call it the Heisenberg principle of indeterminacy, it looks nice — bound in black leather, title in gold, released at the International Academy of Sciences in Moscow. Party by the President of the US, and the Pentagon waiting for the details, so that they can convert it into the next generation of warfare. Looks nice, you see. What is this indeterminacy principle? It is only saying that you cannot say anything about

anything! Isn't it? I mean, I hope the scientists here will at least agree with this pronouncement by a non-scientist about science. If you know **where** it is going, you do not know **how** it is going. If you know **how** it is going, you do not know **where** it is going. What is this nonsense? Translated in the modern world, it would mean that a plane flying from Copenhagen to Madras would not have a route, but somehow it would get there. And if it had a route, it would never know where it was going.

I remember reading one of the short stories of Thurber, you see, that great American, about a fellow like me — bewildered Indian walking into Grand Central in New York, the place lined up with trains, all puffing and blowing with steam and smoke. And he wants to go somewhere — let us say, Chicago. He goes to the first engine driver, because there are no markings — modern days, you know, you don't need markings — everybody knows everything today. He says, "Hey, where are you going?" He says, "What do you mean?" He says, "Where is this train going?" He says, "I don't know." He says, "I want to go to Chicago. Do you know which train goes there?" He says, "I wouldn't know, matey. Wait till the train starts!" Nice instruction — wait till the train starts! So, he goes to the next man and says, "Do you know where you are going?" He said, "What did Phil there say?" "He said he doesn't know." He said, "I don't know, too!" He said, "How come, there are so many trains here, none of you know where you are going?" He says, "We never know where we are going until we start." Which is very true. I don't know where I am going when I start. I was going to talk about spirituality; I end up speaking about Heisenberg. And you think I am speaking about Heisenberg, but I am really talking about spirituality. And you are confused. I am even more confused, but out of this confusion some truth emerges. And then the psychiatrist was wondering whether I should be analysed or he should be analysed! You know, it's a big jumble. Now, in all this indeterminacy, there is a determining principle.

Today, the more of science you read, the more bewildering it is — chaos theory. Chaos theory is even able to explain heart attacks. Can you imagine physics indulging, or shall we say, like a bull in a china shop, blundering into the domain of what should be really cardiac medicine, and saying, "Heart attack is not really a heart attack. It is a chaotic situation." I hope some of you have read those books on chaos. And this is not speculation — it is real. Heart attacks **are** caused by unpredictable perturbations in the electrical fields, which is called chaos. When something is out of control, it is chaos. You go to the science of fractals — a huge bay, let us say sixty-seven kilometres long, but every small bay is the same. Every identical thing is being transformed — small bay, small village, small river, small cloud, everything — fractals.

At the human level, everything is genes. Or if you wish to go down below that, it is those four famous original proteins, or whatever you call it — ACTG: Adenine, Cytosine, Thymine, and Guanine — the building blocks of the whole of this immense creation. What is there behind those four? I would say, nothing but the will.

God said, "Let there be light." We have also tried saying — you know, even when my wife is there and I say, "Let there be light," she says, "Get up and switch it on! God said, 'Light,' so Chari says, 'Let there be light,' is it? Don't be stupid! Get up and switch it on!" It doesn't work. Why doesn't it work? Because the will is not there. This mechanism needs a switch. I dare say, even if God came, He would have to switch it on. Because this is crude, and He cannot be crude. An existence which is not in the body, which has no mind, which has no sensory apparatus, which cannot discern — nothing, how can it operate machines? But yet, when you read of this fellow who was in the Soviet Union, I don't remember his name, who could bend a crowbar without touching it. You put a recorded cassette in your player and left it in the car, and when you came back you found it was erased. Doors opened when he

entered a room. I mean, not mechanical doors — when he walked, the doors opened. There is a big book on him, this fellow of the Soviet Union, one of their — they don't know what to call him — clairvoyant, mystic, magician, a bit of everything, put together — nothing. Another human being, drinking beer, going after his girlfriend in the evening, yet able to do all these things. Mind over matter. Babuji looking like this, and an insane person becoming sane.

So you see, it is not only God who can do these things. The whole idea of this creation is that He created so that creation can become like Him. It is as if God is growing with our growth. It is as if, you know, when every cell in my body is functioning perfectly, and more and more cells are being added and destroyed — I am growing. You know, this is the truth of the ancient Vedic statement, that the whole thing is a *purusha* — a person. In terms of psychology — you see, I am now wanting to essay further into psychology, probably attract more anger (I hope not) — what is this business of the personality? You see, you call Babuji a Personality. He calls Lalaji a Special Personality. We all have personalities. Why are we not **personalities**?

So, there seems to be a difference between **having** a personality, and **being** a personality. We have, in fact, multiple personalities, which is the problem. Many personalities — *Three Faces of Eve*, for instance, one of those old novels describing a woman with three different characters. And a character is nothing but a personality, again. And, as I said, it is nothing but a reflection of the whole pattern of samskaras that we carry.

So, I had started speculating on this problem in Denmark two months ago when I spoke about attitudes. Here, it has been a different thrust, though the same subject matter, about not interfering, but making things happen without doing anything. And we come to this problem, you see, that it is our personality which makes us act. One is supposed to have an

aggressive personality, one is supposed to have a passive personality, one is passio-aggressive, and the other is aggressio-passive — all sorts of combinations and permutations.

Where do these personalities come from? You know, a personality is always false by definition. I am not defining it. Your wonderful Greeks defined it, from the word for mask — *persona*. So, we are all parading under different masks, and I dare say, the professional mask is one of them. When a doctor comes home, he is no longer a doctor. He is a husband to his wife, a father to his children, and a son of his father. Where is this personality of the doctor? It is left at the doorstep, you see. When he goes out, putting on his Burberry and his top hat and his briefcase in hand, he is the doctor again. It is like the stage — you know, a man walks onto the stage and he is strutting. As Shakespeare said, "All the world is but a stage, and men and women nothing but actors."

What is it that makes us act? Again, this problem of the samskara. Why does an intelligent man, as intelligent as another intelligent man, become a physicist, whereas the other is a chemist, and the other is a, I don't know, philanthropist. Philanthropy is not a profession, of course, but yet it rhymes with physicist and chemist, you see! I like these words! But **why** does he become? It is the thrust of his samskara. And when, in a deeper way, you delve into these mysteries, you find there is always the law of compensation. You know, I have speculated on this for the last, perhaps, fifty years, and even before I came into Babuji's presence. It was always my thinking that in each life, if we have no health, if we have no, shall we say, thrust towards elevating our lives, somehow in that life, through being beaten around like a tennis ball on a court from side to side, we work off one dominant aspect of our personality. That is, we clean the slate. That is, we take off a section of the piano keyboard. Like this we work off dominant personality traits, which are nothing but dominant samskaric pushes, pulls. It may take one life; it may take

several lives. Aggressive life after aggressive life may be for several lives, until the whole idea of aggression is given up — useless, it's a waste of time. Money-making after money-making after money-making, becoming very rich, losing your family, multiple divorces, AIDS, cancer, everything, you see, and saying, "God, anything, but no more money for me." Pleasure after pleasure after pleasure after pleasure, followed by sickness after sickness, until you go through the whole gamut of the repertoire of sicknesses. And at the end of that life, the final life of that thrust of samskara, you say, "Lord, anything, but not this." Like this, you see, if you have to get over these samskaras one by one by one — a great many lives are necessary.

It is not strange that we have many imaginative novels of persons being born again and again in the same way. Same life pattern, same lovers coming together, same interloper in that love affair, another boy or another girl coming and murdering this one and falling dead, the tragic scene closing that life, born again two thousand years later. Rider Haggard's *She*. Read it. Because it is also one of my submissions that all of imagination has to be based on fact. There is no imagination which is free imagination. It is absurd to think I can think of something which has never existed. The human mind is not capable. God can say, "Let there be light," when He himself did not know what it was. But for us, every act of imagination, however weird or out of this world it appears, yet it is based on the fact of human existence — whatever we have seen, what we have experienced, somewhere, some time.

So, when these people write, there is some sort of basis even for the wildest fantasy. Even the fantasy unicorn must have some basis in reality — and that is, you have seen a hawk somewhere, a bull somewhere, a cow's tail somewhere, the talons of the eagle somewhere — put these together, you get a picture. You call it a unicorn, you call it a bullcorn, I don't know — anything. So, that being the case, is imagination ever possible? No. Then what is it we are doing when we say,

"I am imagining things." What is it that we do when Babuji says, "Just imagine the divine light"? It is a supposition to ourselves — just suppose. So, we are proud to suppose sunlight, candlelight, tube-light. And the immediate warning is given: don't project a tube or a candle into yourself.

So you see, to suppose without supposing, to imagine where imagination is not possible, because all imagination is based on fact. To know that several lives have to be taken sometimes to work out a dominant trait or a dominant relationship — marrying the same person again and again and again, the same tragic sequence. A very small, beautiful book shows this again and again, *The Strange Life of Ivan Osokin.* One of the disciples of Gurdjieff wrote it. It is called 'eternal recurrence' in another language. Cyclical, going round and round until something gives you a push in a tangential direction, and you go into another sphere. That is the function of the spiritual life, and since it cannot be done from inside, it has to be done from outside. Therefore, the Master! Therefore, spirituality. Therefore, meditation, cleaning, constant remembrance, nine o'clock prayer, etc.

So, my submission, my prayer, in fact, to all of you — in any field, you see — I am not decrying the need for engineering or technology or for copper sheets on roofs — I would put gold sheets on my roofs if I had the money. Why not? Gold lasts longer than even copper. Gold never tarnishes. I would suggest that to the Swiss! Why are you content with copper sheets on your roofs? It will eventually green and go. Gold, after a thousand years in sea water, is yet gold, untarnished. That's why it is called the noble metal. Let us make our lives noble, untarnishable. We cannot protect ourselves from every element that can tarnish us and corrupt us. You don't see any gold in plastic and tin-foil and throw it into the ocean. It is noble because it is incorruptible. Isn't it?

So, cleaning is not enough. All right, somebody cleans. But along comes an Indian, opens his envelope, throws it on

the pavement, reads the news and goes. Somebody has to clean it again. We are doing it with our insides all the time. Somebody is cleaning, and we are creating. Again this idea, that when we try to create, we are only creating grossness — inside and outside. Which engineer is there who has created a miracle in my heart — a bridge between me and my beloved in my heart, one of these spidery, beautiful things on Lake Geneva which looks hardly capable of sustaining the load of one car. Where is that engineer?

So you see, the ultimate, perfect, divine worker works without working. And for him, all fields are his fields, though he belongs to no field. He heals minds without being a psychiatrist. He heals bodies without being a doctor. He heals plants without being a botanist. What is he? He is nothing. How can he be all these, being nothing? Only he who is nothing, can be everything. Only he who has nothing, can have everything, because for him, everything is his. Now, these scientists, at any level of authority and performance and capacity, are limited to their fields. But He is unlimited. So, by definition, a field limits. "No, no, my field is planticology." Wonderful! PhD in planticology — I don't know what it means, really, but he is a PhD in planticology. Limited. Soil chemist — limited.

Do we want limitations? No. Then what have we to do? Being what you are, rise above what you are, to that which you must be. This is the truth. Applied to religion — you don't change your religion. If you are a Christian, rise beyond Christianity, transcend Christianity, and work from a different level — now all religions are your field. If you are a psychiatrist, rise beyond psychiatry to that level of psychiatry where **all** minds are yours to work upon, not just your patient's. The mind of the devil — that's why I spoke about this priest business yesterday — exorcism, and he was afraid and he had to be exorcised. My intention in criticising the psychiatric practice of one psychiatrist being, shall we say, cleaned by another psychiatrist, as Ferdinand put it later, is not

to decry the profession, but to decry its possibilities. I used the example of soap. Do we wash soap after we wash our clothes with that soap? It would be stupid to wash that soap. So, at the ultimate level, the physician can never be a patient. The priest can never be a penitent. You get the idea?

So please, don't get into the wrong conclusion, that I criticise. I don't criticise at all. I love everything. I had an abhyasi come to me yesterday, and she was very upset. She said, "Do you love me?" I said, "Yes." But she said, "You love everybody else, too!" I said, "Yes, I have to love everybody!" Then she said, "I don't want somebody who loves everybody. I want only somebody who loves me." I said, "Look for him. If you are lucky you will find! Somewhere, some when, such a person may exist." This is also a matter of the ego, you see — "He loves only me. How wonderful! The beloved and myself!" This is not a honeymoon on the Caribbean. This is a honeymoon as exemplified by Lord Krishna in one of his beautiful, divine dances in the full moonlight of the forests of Vrindavan, surrounded by thousands of his *gopis*. None of them jealous, all lovers of the beloved, all loved by the beloved. Yet, all the same, all different. This is the cosmic dance. If one nucleus had only one electron around it, there would be only one element. You would not have Mendelev's tables in chemistry. You would not have all this magnificent universe — molybdenum steel, tungsten steel, chrome steel, etc. You would not have gold and silver.

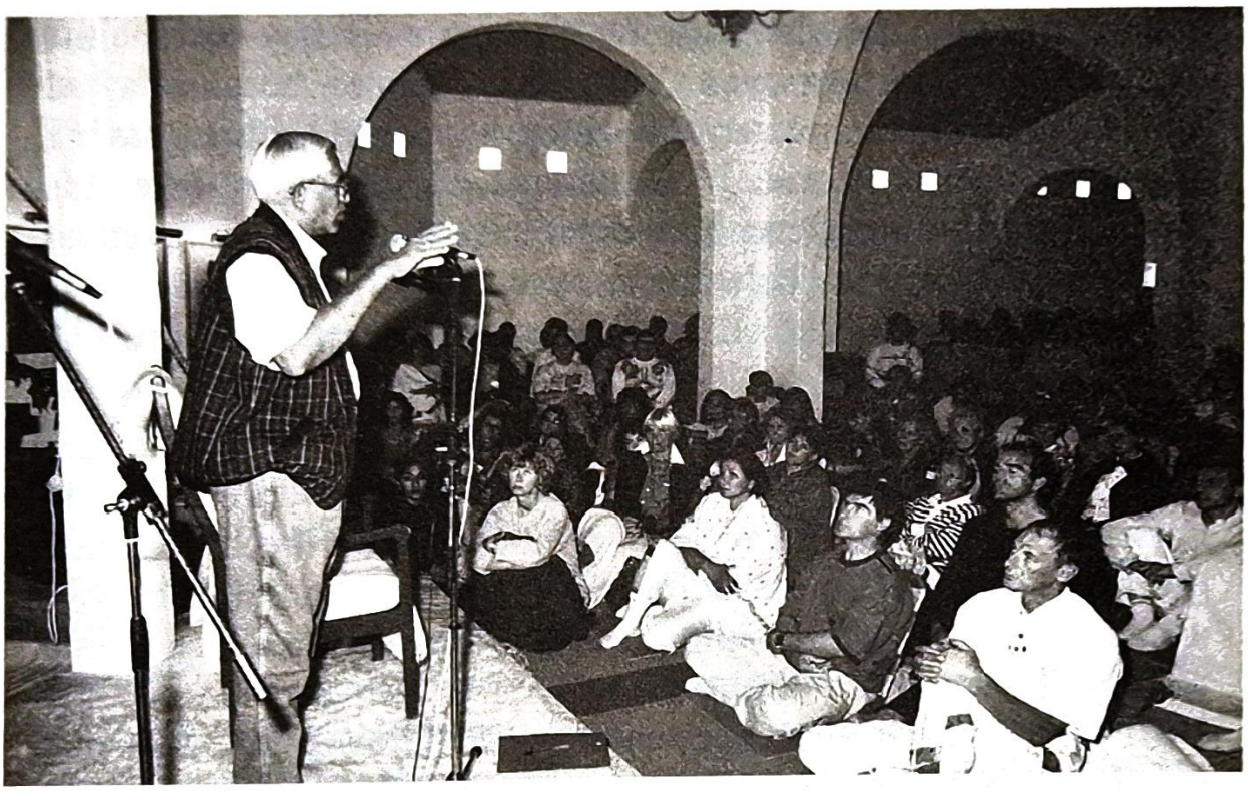
So, the nucleus is essential. The number of electrons around it only shows its place in the chart of atomic weights. For the nucleus, the more the merrier! Isn't it? I'm just trying to translate the reality of love with the realities of chemistry, for instance. There is a chemistry involved in love, they say — hormonal influences, things like that. Occultists speak of the sap rising in the body when the moon is full, as if we were trees! Romanticists think, you know, the waving of the leaves in the beautiful evening breeze. You know, even I tend to

make poetry like this: "The waving of the leaves in the evening breeze"!

So, what is it that really triggers love? We don't know. Can anybody say — I mean, when people are really in love with each other — can they say **why** they are in love with each other? If they could, it is not love. In such a situation, everything may alter, but love does not fade. The young may become old, the toothed may become toothless, the strong may become weak, the one with the piercing eyes may become the one with the glazed eyes. Yet love continues, because it had no cause. Which means, that thing happened without having anything being **done**. You understand? Even in love this principle must be there. You don't have to **do** something about love — it happens. It happens by itself. When you force it to happen, it is not love. It breaks, it breaks even the heart, as I said. But it doesn't really break the heart; it only breaks the emotional shell around it.

So you see, everything nice in this world seems to happen by itself. That is why there is so much romantic poetry, so much romantic music. Romance is possible only in a causeless situation. Where there is a cause, there is no more romance. And the highest romance is between me and my Beloved, which just happened — a miracle! So, it is that miracle for which we should aspire. Not for the solid facts of science, not for the students of professions, not for the glitter of gold, but for this highest romantic ideal of something happening way beyond this world, and transforming me from my humble, silly, stupid self, to He whom I love.

Thank you.



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REVEALING THE PERSONALITY

Vrads Sande, Denmark
16 July, 1993

Every time I have spoken, the last two or three times, I said, "That is the concluding talk." But unfortunately, this subject doesn't end. But today I hope it will end, finally! Because if it doesn't end, well, it will be incomplete.

I've been trying to analyse the role of the abhyasi, the role of the preceptor, the role of the Master. I have spoken about attitudes, behaviour, character, personality, all stemming from samskaras. I have tried to show how samskara is the basis for our existence good and bad, for our habits good and bad, for capacities good and bad. In fact, everything that we express in our human existence is nothing but the expression of samskara. This is something I am compelled to say, let us say. It is a good finding, because we have neither to be proud of ourselves nor to hate ourselves. There is no need to be proud, because if you are a good engineer, it is your samksara. If you are a good scientist, the same samskara is working. And if you are a failure in life, it too is a samskara. So, if I have no

reason to be proud, why should I have a reason to condemn myself for failure and hold my head in my hands and weep?

Then what should we do? We have to come into the yogic path, of course. Do the cleaning, because as we remove the samskaras our personality changes. I don't mean that from inefficient we will become efficient, or that a bad scientist will become a good scientist, or that a bad gambler will become a good gambler. Not at all. We will approach more and more what Babuji calls human perfection. What that is, we have to find out. The whole problem comes when we think of perfection as a perfection in action, perfection in achievement, perfection in production, things like that. But what is perfection in action? Because in the Gita, yoga is defined not as perfection in action, but as **skill** in action. I think it's a very definite and necessary distinction we should make, because skill in action is different from perfection.

Perfection is always a result. Perfection should not be used, at least in my opinion, as a verb. Perfection is a state we achieve, like contentment, like happiness. It is a state. Happiness we express in some ways, contentment in some ways. Perfection must be expressed in some ways, too. There is no such thing as a perfect product, not in my opinion. Because if there were perfect products — we have been reading about perfect products throughout the history of human existence. I think even the prehistoric human beings must have had their weapons which they thought were perfect — shards, bits of bone, something to throw at an animal. I mean, when you think of the enormous junk that the human being made in his evolution, from living with bare hands to the ability to throw something and kill a prey — it was a tremendous jump. But was it perfection? I am sure the Neanderthals thought they were perfect. They survived while their enemies died. The survivor always considered himself perfect, superior, stronger, more intelligent. But even your own Western ideas of evolution speak of survival of the fittest, not of the perfect. I think this distinction between the fittest

and the perfect, skill in action and perfection — these are very necessary to remember, because otherwise we make this foolish mistake of trying to achieve perfection, whereas we have to **be** perfect.

So, I don't think anybody on earth is ever going to be a perfect worker, or to produce a perfect product, because as needs change, products change. There is no such thing as a perfect knife. You walk into any shop in Denmark and you see different products — Georg Jensen, Holbergsgade, and this and that, you know. Finska forms, and then form and function. Different forms, but the knife is always the same. It has a cutting edge. It can be sharper, it can be less sharp. But a perfect knife? Who on earth ever imagined that a knife could be perfect? It cannot be. A perfect car doesn't exist. Better cars, faster cars, glossier cars, more expensive cars, roomier — yes. No such thing as perfection.

So, perfection is a state we have to achieve, and when we have achieved that state, then perhaps we would be able to see whether our words are perfect, whether our actions are perfect, whether our products are perfect. I don't know.

Some people question, that if God is perfect or can be considered as perfect, why is His creation imperfect? It is not merely a theological conundrum. It is a matter of concern to every one of us. We have all wondered how God could create such a silly universe, such silly human beings. Isn't it? But instead of blaming ourselves for the silliness, understanding that God created — full stop. We are silly or not silly, we are strong or weak, we are happy or miserable, we are moral or immoral, for two reasons. One, because in an evolutional universe where everything is changing all the time, perfection is perhaps only an ideal at which we can aim, and nothing in existence can ever be said to be perfect. So Babuji said, "At that stage, we shall cease to be alive." When there is no more any samskara, when there is no more any grossness, we cannot

exist — which automatically means, perfection here on Earth is impossible.

The second reason is, we are always trying to judge from our own standards prevailing in our time. And when we see, like today, computers being changed every three months, and everybody claiming that this is the best, this is the perfect. WordPerfect — there's even a program, you see — WordPerfect. Then we see today that, whereas in the past changes took place over sometimes millennia, then over centuries, then over decades, then over years, today they are taking place over months. Not **in** us, unfortunately, but outside us. Trains are running faster, work is changing faster, quantums of knowledge are changing faster. Yesterday's knowledge is today obsolete. We have to learn again everything. Yesterday's computer is obsolete. Today we have to start learning all over again. How to keep pace with this idea, with this change? The external change is easy to bring about, yet it is not perfect.

So, yoga is skill in action. And the skill in action will only reflect in the production of whatever you are aiming at, depending on what materials you have to use, what tools and instruments are available, and what the market needs, let us say. But when we turn to the inner world, the inner universe lying within us, then I dare say we can look with more optimism to the skill in action producing the perfect being.

So, it is only through the action or lack of it, whichever way you want to understand it, upon the inner being, upon our inner selves — closing our eyes, negating our senses, making ourselves immobile, fixed — in a sense opposing nature. Eyes meant to see, but eyes closed. Ears meant to hear, but we should not hear. All the senses put at, let us say, stand-by. Even the body must not move. Then in some fashion we are able to look inside ourselves and see what we really are, in a sense. The samskaras coming up, changes in our behaviour, changes in our existence, changes in our ideals, changes in our goal. And as Babuji said, the inner change comes about by the

yogic practice. The superficial change we have to do, we have to create. We are responsible for creating the right character, the right attitudes. The problem is that even when samskaras are removed, the attitudes seem to remain, because they have become in some way part of our personality. So, personality has to change, but we are afraid to change our personality. The aggressive man wants to remain aggressive. He says, "Otherwise, nobody will respect me."

So you see, we are holding on to negative tendencies, thinking that they earn us respect, whereas behind our backs people laugh at us, people sneer at us, people perhaps even vent their hatred on us. So, all this problem with respect, with love, is related to **being**. I have not found that any child of any father respects his father less because he is not successful. On the contrary, if there is a problem in the family, and if there is love in the family, that love grows. Troubles in the family, problems in the family must make love grow, not love diminish. If a son likes his father only because he is a successful achiever, as they say in America, or a successful provider, then you might as well love your automats, from which you can draw money with your credit card. They are good providers.

So you see, when people love, they love for what **is**. That is, for what is expressed in the state of **being**. When you say, "He is a good man," it is referring to quality, not to success. Rich people may be bad people. They generally are. Successful people ignore everything else except their own success. They ignore their families, they ignore their children. More and more divorces. Especially in the West you find successful men have had multiple marriages, one after the other, because no marriage can keep pace with their success. It is like a man taking the TGV and leaving his wife behind on the platform. She is left behind. But there is a way of sharing success. Not by loading your wife with jewels and your children with motorcars and whatnot, all the gadgetry, but by allowing success to humble you, to create in you a humility,

where you are able to say, "This success is not mine. It is my samskara which is producing it. I have no right to claim the success as mine. If my samskaras were different, I would be unsuccessful." Such a wise man rarely exists in the modern public fields, because they like to aggrandise themselves and say, "Oh, I have achieved."

Like so many times I have said, when you see these Wimbledon matches — I am really nauseated when I see this Wimbledon winner trying to behave as nearly as possible — a gorilla! Yes, you look at Bjorn Borg, you look at all these — "Oooh, oooh, oooh!", you know, they go like that, "Oooh, oooh, oooh..." This is not human. This is not at all human. It is animal! We are behaving like gorillas in the jungle. A big gorilla defeats the small gorilla and goes around thumping his chest. Where is the humanity in us? Where is the humility in us? Are you not nauseated, some of you at least, I hope? I am! And the loser falling down on his knees, weeping. What for? For the six million dollars that he is losing? For his reputation? Or because his girlfriend will switch now to the winner? What is he really weeping for? I don't know. Tennis!

Yes, it is a laughing matter, but you should laugh after thinking seriously. Why are we laughing? It is stupid, this business of sports and games. And as I was telling my sister, I blame the Greeks, from whom you are descended. Your philosophy is descended from them, your body beautiful, your body shops, your lust for games and scores. You have only to see these bicyclists, you know, "Varoom...", like that, pedalling away. How can you enjoy yourself like that? I can't for a moment believe they are enjoying themselves! Forty kilometres, fifty kilometres, furious pedalling, gulping water out of a bottle here, loaded with packs. It's pleasure on a holiday?

So you see, you have derived, unfortunately, all this nonsense, this stupidity from our Greeks. The body beautiful, the Olympics. The idea of tragedy, platonic love, which I

believe to be the origin of today's homosexual tendencies. So, you see how much you have to pay — and it is a samskara. It is in your blood. You ought to get rid of it.

So, you have to un-Greek yourself, un-Europe yourself, un-Dane yourself, in some sense. That is what character transformation means. If you are holding onto your personality in the form of nationality, you are being tied down to one small geographic region. The Dane may think Denmark is great. One thousandth of the United States, perhaps less — that is all Denmark is. And much of it is arid land, useless to you. And what are your products? "Oh, but Chari, we produce the best milk and butter and cheese! Lurpak." Yes, the package moves you, no doubt. But the cows produce it, not you! Isn't it? And the cows are the same everywhere. You cannot say, "The Danish cow is special, God given. Something, you know, from Jove." The Swiss are proud of their cows, and their milk, and their cheese, and their butter. So are the English. And yet, it's only the cows which give milk!

So, what is human creation? "My apples are the best. I grew them." When did you grow them? You planted a tree. You watered it and the tree did the rest. "My children — you know, I have seen to it that they grow up wonderfully." What have you done? What can you do to make your children grow up wonderfully? Nothing. Because they express their tendencies. Most of it is derived from you and your wife. What can you change? The genes and the chromosomes cannot be changed. The physical history, the physiological characteristics, the physiological heritage is fixed. Nothing can change it. The colour of your eyes, nobody can change. You may dye your hair, but you cannot change your hair. Women know this!

So you see, there are things which we cannot change. At the physical level we can change absolutely nothing. You have a right to say, "I am what I am," and it is true. At the mental

level, the intellectual level, it is easier. That is why there is education — otherwise education would have failed. Physical culture can only give you a certain degree of improvement of your capacities — marginal. But education can make you very intelligent, very capable mentally. So, it is wiser to think of mental improvement, intellectual improvement, than physical improvement. Therefore, the philosophers neglected their physical lives. They said, "This is as it is. It cannot be changed. Why try to change it?"

But, beyond that with the spiritual person, he says, "Even the mental life has a limit. I can only know that which is knowable." The limits of science, they say — modern expression. "We have reached the frontiers of knowledge." Every Nobel Prize winner seems to say it when he receives his prize. Galileo thought so, you see. Everybody thinks so. Frontiers of knowledge, but the frontiers are expanding like the universe is expanding. Can anybody go to the end of this universe? In the fastest train or the fastest plane? Not possible, because you can never touch those velocities.

So, the mind is also limited, though it is much more unlimited than the body. But it is in the spiritual way that we have the immense possibility of becoming like what we were originally, when we descended from our original home. Therefore, the sages say, meditate. It's not a joke that we sit here and meditate. Now, what is this yoga business? What is the true purpose of yoga? People say, "Oh, I want liberation." Some people say, "I want happiness." Some people say, "I can't sleep properly. If I meditate I am able to sleep." They are not purposes. They are benefits. I don't walk to gain a purpose. I may become stronger, my muscles may relax. They are benefits of walking.

So, what is the purpose of yoga? I have been thinking over this for a long time. Of course, obviously when we do the cleaning and we remove the samskaras and our different personalities fall off bit by bit, which we call change in

character — aggressiveness goes, for instance, greed goes, lust goes. One by one, all these samskaras go and our personality changes. It is as if peeling an onion. You take off skin after skin. You can say it is the peeling of the personality. What is the result? When everything is taken from the onion, what is the result? We can say, nothing. But when we take away everything from ourselves, what is the result? I think we reveal what is within.

It is like the famous example of a lamp, where the glass chimney is covered with soot, blackened, and you cannot see the light inside. You clean the chimney, you clean the glass, and the light comes. The light has always been there. So, all these personality changes — it is not for liberation. We may be liberated, of course, but that is not the purpose of yoga. Babuji Maharaj said, "Liberation is a child's play in our yogic Sahaj Marg system. It is not realisation." Merger with the Infinite — what is this merger with the Infinite, with the Master, with God, in whichever way you like to say? We are always thinking of it in terms of plunging into a pool and becoming one with the water. But we have not become one with the water. We are still there in the water, as ourselves.

Kabir gives the beautiful example of a mud pot floating full of water in a river, and he says, "Break the pot, and the inside water and the outside water are the same." That is true merger. So, there is something inside which has to be revealed as nothing else but that which we have been thinking of as God, as whatever it is, and at that moment, light merges with light. Why cannot you see the head lamp of a car in bright sunlight? Because this light and that light are merging. In the darkness, the lamp is beautifully illuminating the street. You can see everything, illuminating objects, because it shines by contrast. The darker the night, the more bright the lamp and the light that it casts. But in a stadium full of illumination, your poor lamp is not going to work. Not because it doesn't work, but because it is merging in this light.

So, to my mind, the true purpose of yoga is to reveal this personality which is inside us, which has always been inside us. Some people may say, "But you are talking of personality and having to change, and having to drop off altogether. You said that personality is based on the Greek *persona* — mask. Now you say there is a personality within. Is it also a mask?" A famous author, Joseph Campbell, I think, wrote a set of books called *The Masks of God.* When I think of this in this way, that by removing the various masks which we call personalities, which we have adopted as defensive strategies, mostly, **these** are the masks of God, because the God within is masked by so many masks. They are our masks. I don't know whether it is our mask, or God's mask, or whose mask, but the masks are there. They are hiding the personality within. So, when we remove these masks the true personality emerges. And I took the privilege of saying that, whereas we **have** personalities, He **is** a personality.

So you see, such a personality is a state of being — no more a behavioural matter, no more characters, no more tendencies. So, the ultimate truth, to my understanding of this yogic business, is that, as Babuji Maharaj put it beautifully, "He removed himself and exposed his Master." Babuji's life was dedicated to the purpose of revealing the work of Lalaji Maharaj. He always said, "This is Lalaji's grace. This is Lalaji's blessing. This is Lalaji's work." So, like it is the duty of every lamp to reveal the light within, the lamp may be made of just clay, or gold — it doesn't matter. But if it blocks the light, it is no more any lamp, though the light is still within. But if it is clean, totally transparent, holding nothing back that is within itself, the secret manifested because of its purity, such an existence does nothing but reveal the inner reality of the true person residing inside.

Therefore, the objective of the abhyasi should be to reveal the personality within, to suppress ourselves in all possible ways, to eradicate ourselves, remove ourselves. Which is what we do when we take away all tendencies,

because our true self doesn't exist. Who is this person who calls himself Tom or John or Chari? It doesn't exist. It is the body. It is the tendencies of the body and mind. It is the samskara. So, the body, the tendencies, both working through the pressure of the samskaras, is what we call 'myself', in the process forgetting my Self. So, when 'myself' goes, my Self comes out, and that is the culmination of the yogic process of revealing the personality.

Thank you.

V

EUROPE

December, 1993

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RELIGION AND SPIRITUALITY

Vrads Sande, Denmark
24 December, 1993

We are going to celebrate Christmas, and I wish all of you a "Merry Christmas," as they say. But you know, my head goes on working when I am asleep, and this afternoon when I was resting, I had this thought somewhere inside me, to try and find out why, when, and how, spirituality becomes hardened into religion — petrified, solidified. I was thinking about this because many abhyasis have expressed their concern that the same fate should not overtake Sahaj Marg. I mean, this question has been asked even from the time when Babuji was there, when I joined the Mission. "Babuji, how are you sure that Sahaj Marg will not become a religion?"

To answer this question, of course, you must know the profound difference between religion and spirituality. We are always going by analogies, examples, comparisons. The fear is voiced mainly by those belonging to the Christian religion, or who belonged, let us say, to the Christian religion, who had faith in the Christian religion, and have lost it today. They ask

this question very often, because it is a reality that what Jesus Christ did, or spoke, or taught, **has** become a religion. Nobody can deny it. I have often thought that if Jesus were to suddenly appear on earth and visit, for instance, the Vatican, he would be the most shocked person. He would say, "What is going on here? Is this what I gave as a responsibility to my disciple, Peter?" Petros — Petros means also, stone. 'Petrification' comes from 'Petros'.

So, as Babuji Maharaj used to say — when we have suggestions, and you suggest to somebody that your name is Petros, because he was solid in his faith — when the faith left, I suppose the solidity remained, and everything was gone. So, in the very first generation after Jesus, I think his teachings lost, not the possibility of helping humanity, but, in a sense, also the possibility of helping humanity, because of this solidity that set in, the rituals that came between reality and non-reality. Words became substitutes for the subtlest thoughts, orders became substitutes for the most subtle suggestions, and miracles, of course, took over. We must always remember what Babuji Maharaj said, that the greatest miracle is the transformation of the human being. But we have lost that hope, that ability, even, perhaps, that need.

Today, I don't know how many human beings want to be transformed. They want to become richer, more powerful, have a better standard of living. But do they want to be transformed into that holy spirit about which Jesus spent his life speaking? And what is that holy spirit? Where is that holy spirit? And what did he promise? Did he promise riches? Did he promise standards of living? Only today I was telling Jacky that the Jews of those times — especially the Essenes, from whom Christ was supposed to have come, to whom he was supposed to have belonged, the secret part of Christianity which was hidden later by the Popes — they lived on soup, wheat cake, and olives. It was a standard diet, day after day after day. The holy men ate it, their disciples ate it, and the

general public ate it. 'Breaking bread', they call it — not cutting. Bread must be broken by hand.

So you see, the holy spirit, as Babuji once laughingly said, has become the intoxicating spirit which is bottled and on sale. It is not holy by any means, because it is only an intoxicant. In fact, it is totally unholy. And yet we have this business of the body and the blood of Christ, the sacrament, the wafer, and the wine, in church. Now, if you go on thinking like this — what is it that happened when Jesus left, and Peter started the church? What was it that was lacking between the spiritual founding of a great teaching, the offering of a tremendous possibility for transformation to human beings all over this earth, the ultimate sacrifice that the founder of that system made, and the establishment by Peter of the Christian church? What happened in between? I believe it was the missing link.

We are always talking of the missing link in, for instance, evolution. Where did the monkey end and the human being begin? There is a missing link somewhere, which evolutionary scientists are not able to find out, to pinpoint. Similarly, here there is a missing link. What was the missing link? Perhaps it was the lack of a person who could do what Christ did. In other words, he left behind a teacher, and not a representative. There was the problem. From there came the Bible, the Old Testament, the New Testament, the Commandments of Moses, etc., the whole bag of tricks! It is like an old family which suddenly stops because there is no more a child to carry on that family, its name, its tradition. We know many families have died out like this. A tradition also dies out when the vitality, the vital spirit behind it, is cut off, and instead of one Master leaving a representative who can do everything that he did, he only leaves a teacher behind, a shepherd to look after the flock. One does not hear of a shepherd transforming sheep into human beings. I don't think it has ever been done.

So, all that we have done, and all that Jesus Christ achieved — I say this without any lack of respect for him, because I have a great deal of affection for Jesus — love and regard and respect, because I did study Christianity over a period of many years at school. I have often said that I am a better Christian than almost all Christians in this world, because while they just genuflect in church and behave hypocritically even in church, I at least have love and respect for that man who started the whole business of Christianity.

So, one who teaches is not always able to make you practise what he teaches. We know that, because we have teachers in school, we have teachers in colleges. They teach us something, but they have not been able to make us do what they have taught. This is the fault of education, and Christianity has become just an educational institution, where it has its dogma, its ritual, where priests are trained over many years to be dogmatic, to enforce a teaching upon their flock, so-called. And therefore, as Babuji Maharaj said, the twin instruments of religion — fear and temptation — come into being. I don't think Jesus frightened anybody with the fear of hell. On the contrary, if Jesus is to be admired for anything, it is for his tremendous compassion and love, even for the sinners, so-called. His business was with the sinners.

You all remember the story of the adulteress who was about to be stoned to death, and Jesus comes and says, "Stop! Let him throw the first stone who has not sinned himself." That does not show the tendency to punishment. It shows an absolutely human tendency to forget and forgive. Because, without forgetting and forgiving, we do not offer a second chance to anybody. The door to opportunity, to develop, to evolve, is closed forever. I don't know if Ferdinand Wulliemier is here, but if he is, he should think over this, because it is a psychological problem, because the moment a human being becomes afraid of punishment, I am convinced that his possibility of development is considerably reduced. One who is subject to fear cannot love. "What shall I do? If I

do this, this may be wrong. If I do that, that may be wrong, too. And if I do anything wrong, I shall be punished."

So you see, when religion starts using temptation and fear, it is very much, you know, like today's Mafia, or I don't know what else. "If you give me a million dollars, I shall protect you; otherwise, I will kill you right now." So, what is the difference between such a religion and an organisation like the Mafia? Again, I mean no disrespect. Because, if I am going to church and to worship God because of fear of God, I am not a devotee, I am not a lover, I don't even believe in what I am doing. I go there because I am afraid, and I want to be **not** punished. "Forgive me, my Lord." I mean, this is absolutely a shame to human beings. Christ could beg forgiveness from his father. That was his business, in fact. "Father, forgive them," he says. Because when he forgives, and this man as his representative on earth could, in turn, say, "I forgive you in His name," fear was abolished. It is as if the past has been erased. And therefore, you know, a new life comes, like after every winter you get new grass, new daffodils, new buttercups, even after a severe winter when you have snow on the ground for six months. And how can a God — who is said to be love, compassionate, merciful — how can he punish?

So you see, the trouble was, the problem was, that this great personality — which undoubtedly is a very great personality — did not leave behind someone who could **do** what he **did**, but only **teach** what he **taught**. So, that great potential for liberation, the possibility of offering liberation to everyone — saint and sinner alike, it does not matter — was lost, because the ability to work on human beings and transform them went into books, went into pages of paper, went into ritualistic reading of the Bible, chanting — all very beautifully done in church.

You know, I was also very impressed when I had to go to church in my school. The whole atmosphere is so beautiful.

Everybody quiet, apparently in an attitude of holiness — only apparently. Rising on command, kneeling on command, hearing the psalms being sung by well-robed choirboys, beautiful organs playing wonderful music, and behind everything, those wonderful stained-glass windows. You see, the atmosphere is built-up beautifully, charmingly, enticingly, but in the human heart of those people who are sitting there in prayer, there is only the idea of fear and of punishment. When the idea of fear and punishment is too long continued by a teaching, by a system, hope is lost. And when hope is lost, everything is lost.

So, when can Sahaj Marg become a religion? It depends on all of you! "Well," you may say, "It depends on you, doesn't it?" I would say, "No!" Because if, from among all the abhyasis of this world, eventually one does not come up who is willing to do the Master's work — not to teach, we have enough of teaching — if we don't find a human being who is prepared to sacrifice his time, his family, his health, everything, in this grand endeavour of transformation of humanity, then perhaps Sahaj Marg will become a religion.

So, whether Sahaj Marg will ever degenerate into a religion or not, I don't think Lalaji could have said, or Babuji could have said. Nor am I in a position to say. It is like the dinosaur; there are no more dinosaurs today because the last dinosaur died. Yesterday, I saw on the plane that there is a danger that the last tiger will be killed very soon. No more tigers after that. Beautiful mink coats, tiger-skin coats for the magnificent ladies. But no more tigers, no more mink, therefore we go to the synthetics. We don't buy synthetic stuff because it is cheap; we buy synthetic stuff because the natural is no longer available. It is not available because we have killed it off. And, if society and the culture that is dominant in the Occident prevails for too long, you will kill off the line of Masters, too. We have seen many Masters come and go. Where are they today?

So you see, it is very much a responsibility of the abhyasis all over the world, not to try to become a Master or anything nonsensical like that, but to be true to yourself in the practice that you have selected to practise, in the path that you have chosen to pursue, and be dedicated to your spiritual progress. Because, one does not become a Master by wanting to be a Master. He becomes what he is when he is capable, when he has created in himself the capacity which the Master wants in him, and says, "Yes. This fellow will continue where I have left off."

So, we have to work very hard on ourselves, and for this reason we have the Master, the Mission, and the method. The three 'M's, as I call it — not the Post-It, but the three 'M's of Sahaj Marg. We have to use the Mission for the right things. The Mission is, after all, an institution created by the Master as his instrument through which to spread his practice. Please note — not his teaching — the teaching is only for the intellect. No amount of reading will make you a saint, or remove your grossness, or bring love into your heart. You should not mistake admiration for love. We admire many things without loving them. You admire a diamond. You admire a Picasso painting. You may even admire a beautiful girl without loving her. It is possible, you see.

So, we have to stick to this business of practice of Sahaj Marg very, very, very, carefully. At the same time, reading the books, not to enjoy the literature, or to be benefited, or to become more intellectually stimulated, but to find out how we can use this system to its best, absolute, potential for human re-generation, transformation. We are here not to be stimulated by our literature. Our literature is beautiful, it is wonderful, it is sublime. But it is not the purpose of that literature to be admired, or to be propogated as literature. The purpose is for people to make use of it in their practice. If you are given an opportunity to choose, or if you have to choose between reading and meditation, you must automatically choose meditation. I am concerned somewhat when I find

abhyasis carrying books in their small *pochettes* on the plane, and reading the literature instead of sitting in meditation. Every opportunity to meditate should be used as an opportunity for self-advancement. We need books only occasionally. We must read when we have a doubt to be cleared, like you look up a word in a dictionary when you don't know its meaning or its proper spelling.

So, this fascination with literature can be, like all fascinations, a diversion away from the path. You may ask me, "Then why are you publishing books?" Precisely so that you can read, understand, and put away. But if the practice is sacrificed for the reading, then you will only become a scholar. Perhaps you may become even a master of Sahaj Marg literature, but not a master of Sahaj Marg.

So, until you all practise with dedication — dedication to yourself, because there is no dedication to the Master or the Mission or the method — you dedicate yourself to your own improvement, to your own evolution, to your growth, to the ultimate possibility that Sahaj Marg offers for total transformation of the human being into a divinised person. We should not rest a moment until that objective is reached.

I was reading the latest book from Steven Hawking, where he has had an interview from the BBC, and it is based on six records which he would take, or anybody would take, if they were to be stranded on a desert island. "Which six records would you take with you?" What a subject for the BBC! I mean, this is how we waste our taxpayer's money! And an intellectual like Steven Hawking, who is supposed to be the successor to Newton and Einstein, goes for that interview and answers those questions. I don't blame Hawking, because he needs popularity. His books must sell. But what a fall, let us say. "What a fall there was, my countrymen," like Shakespeare says, when a man like Hawking has to go to the BBC to answer ridiculous questions

on which six records he would take with him if he could not take anything else with him.

We should think, "What are we going to do? Suppose I am to be stranded on a desert island. Which book would I take?" Don't even think about it. Not even *Reality at Dawn.* Not even *Efficacy.* Because, sitting on a desert island, you will have the absolutely free time that you need to sit and meditate in peace, and perhaps a three month incarceration on a desert island would be a good formula for every one of you, because you can do nothing else! But should we meditate only when we can do nothing else? I find, very often nowadays, people from the Occident meditate only when they have nothing else to do — no parties to attend, no music to listen to, no conviviality — and then they sit. "Okay, let us meditate. For heaven's sake, there is nothing else to do!" That is not the spirit. That is not dedication to your own evolution. That is giving the last place to meditation in your life, saying that, "When I have nothing else to do, I shall meditate." If all of you did that, if all the abhyasis all over the world did that, let me assure you, Sahaj Marg is lost, for us and for the future.

Remember what Babuji Maharaj said, that eighty generations or something, before Raja Dasharath, which was perhaps another hundred generations before us, Sahaj Marg was a very living, vital force in the service of transformation of human beings, but it was lost. We had to wait something like five thousand years before Lalaji rediscovered it. You all know how difficult it is to find something when you have lost it — even your passport, even your money — what to speak of a system. And we have the living example before us, the most potent examples before us, of all the religions of this world, where the founder, who could not leave someone like himself behind, died, I think in misery, in frustration.

And when Christ said, for instance, "Why hast thou forsaken me?" to his Lord, perhaps he meant, "Why did you not permit me to make somebody like myself, so that this

would become a spiritual stream, an evolutionary stream, pulsing with the life of spirituality? Why have you denied this possibility?" Because, let me assure you, it is dead. Whatever he could have achieved died with him. Only the teaching remained, only the Bible remained, only the Old Testament and the New Testament remained. Nothing else remained. Therefore, we have bishops, we have priests, we have cardinals, we have Popes. And it's interesting that even a soothsayer has said that we are having presently the last Pope.

Not only has the practice died two thousand years ago, but over a period of two thousand years, the teaching has also died. And when the last Pope goes, the church would have died, too. Spirituality does not die very easily. But it is like the convulsion of a man in coma. Somewhere in his inside, his consciousness is struggling to break out of the shell of unconsciousness, to reassert that consciousness in the good, in the service of humanity. The struggle is not easily given up. I saw that when my Master was in the hospital for eight months. I am sure inside, in his deepest consciousness, there was always this problem of the future of Sahaj Marg, the future of humanity on Earth, because Sahaj Marg by itself is nothing. It is the possibility that it offers for human transformation, for human goodwill, for human brotherhood, for a future in which there shall be divinised people on Earth, where truth, morality, will not be something we are searching for, but something established in our lives as something very natural to us, where compassion, mercy, will be natural to us. We won't have to look and find somebody who is compassionate, where health will be natural to us, where we don't need any more laws, no legal structures, no advocates, no doctors. Because people will be so very loving, kind, compassionate, that we will be all brothers and sisters.

So, I repeat that the danger to Sahaj Marg is with its abhyasis. The Masters can do nothing. We have seen Masters, we have seen Christ, we have seen the great Buddha. What is Buddhism today but another ritualistic religion? Where is that

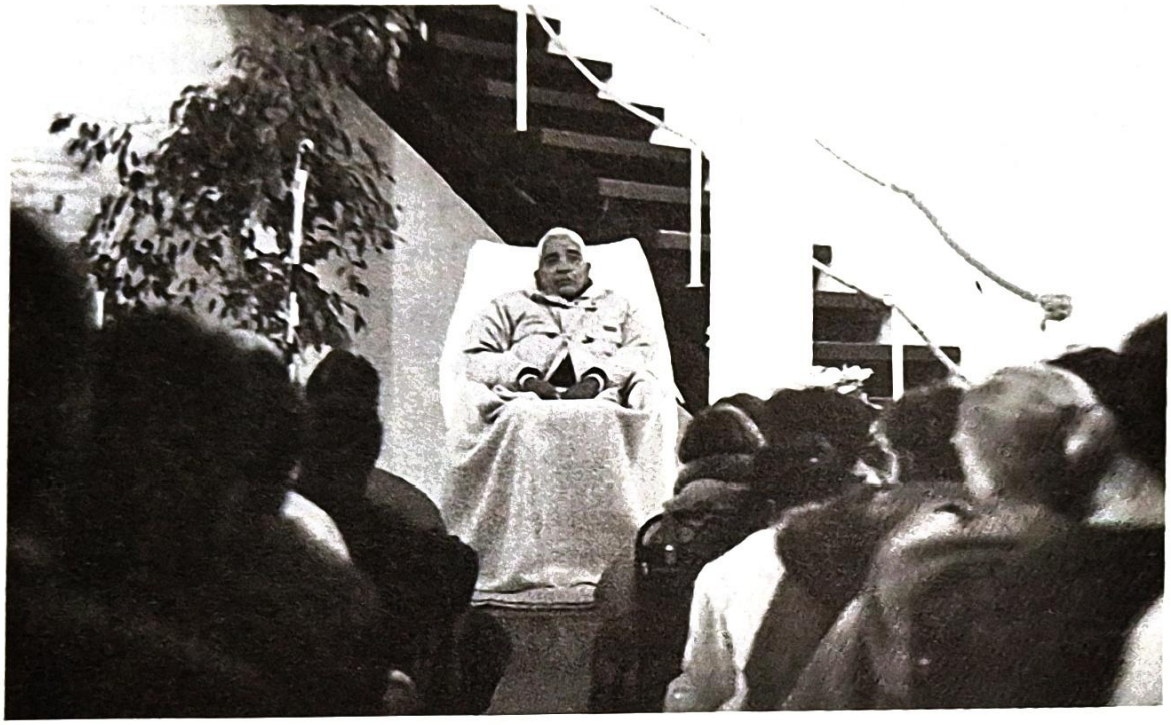
life that Gautama the Prince lived, and which made him a Buddha? Nobody speaks of a second person in Buddhism, because there is no second person. Who speaks of anybody but Jesus Christ in Christianity? Nobody. Why? Because there was no second person.

So you see, when we become restricted to something which lived in the past, was practised in the past, achieved in the past, and died in the past, we are worshipping fossils and not living things. So, the danger is fossilisation, mummification. The Pharaohs of Egypt as mummies, the teaching of great saints mummified in their literature, in their *murtis*, as we call them — idols. And because there is no reality, we have to indulge in this hypocrisy of rituality — prayer as a ritual, offerings as a ritual.

So, if Sahaj Marg is to continue into the future, with and for each generation, then you run the relay race. One man takes the baton and goes around, and the next man is ready to take it and go around again, and the third man, and the fourth man. But there must be somebody there. If there is no somebody there, that man falls, his baton falls, and everything is finished.

So, this is a message, sort of, on Christmas Eve, that while we love that man who sacrificed so much, including his life, for human beings, and who could shout from the cross to forgive those who tortured him and crucified him, let us not create for ourselves a similar situation: that we become the vessels of his compassion, and not the vessels of his love.

Thank you.



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UNBECOMING

Vrads Sande, Denmark
26 December, 1993

I may have a little American accent because of the cold. [laughter] Well, the other day, I tried to make a new approach to the difference between spirituality and religion, and how religion is nothing but spirituality which has become ossified or calcified, petrified — all because there is no spirit of the original founder behind the movement, only what in medicine we would call 'quacks'.

Now, I think religions have sustained themselves so long because they have been in some way convenient to us, to human beings. (I don't mean us here, but to human beings in general.) Because you have the religious institution as a sort of a buffer institution between God and yourself, and you have not much to do. They don't ask you to do anything. So long as you go on Sundays and pray in the church, put some money in the plate, the priest prays for us. **We** don't have to pray, **he** prays. He says, "My son, I shall pray for you." And we don't understand to whom he is going to pray. Is the present Pope

praying to the previous Pope, who is going to pray to his predecessor, and so on, until we come to our Lord Jesus Christ, and is he going to pray to God? It is not possible!

So, in a sense, we hand over responsibility for our existence, for our future, in a very convenient way. Convenient in the sense that we become in some way relieved of our responsibility towards ourselves, our welfare, our growth. So, religion is very convenient. "What can I do? The Father in heaven has not blessed me?" "What can I do if the priest prays and it doesn't work?"

So you see, religion has survived, not because of any profundity of truth or thought or teaching of the original founder. Most of the Christians don't know what Christ taught. In the last five hundred years, I wonder how many people have read the Bible? We all know the Ten Commandments of Moses because of the cinema. We would not have known it otherwise, and even after seeing that, we know how Charlton Heston acted beautifully there. But, what happened on the mountain? What happened when he came back? You see, within the space of his going up and coming back, perhaps a couple of days, here they had already started making golden idols, images, and they were making merry. So much so, that Moses had practically to throw down the tabernacle at them and say, "God help you!" — something like that.

So, even when such a man brings what he says are the Commandments of God, received directly by him from God himself, people don't want it. They want an institution where they can live happily, merrily leading their own lives in their own way and yet in which a benevolent God through his benevolent priests will absolve them of their sins. They are conscious of these negative tendencies, negative activities; otherwise they wouldn't go to confess. But then, why doesn't the confession work in changing the character of the confessor? By 'confessor', I mean both the one who is confessing and the one who is supposed to be 'confessing

him', the priest. Because once you confess Fridays and the priest says, "In the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, I absolve you of your sins," we start with a new page to write a new chapter for next Friday.

Religions have not brought about change in character. On the contrary, I think religions have ruined such character as we had, precisely because of this system of being forgiven for our sins. In Sahaj Marg, there is no forgiving — excuse me for saying it. We are not forgiven for anything because the Master has given us a method by which we can clean ourselves of the past, simultaneously removing the impressions and the effects of whatever we have thought or done, and also cleaning those tendencies for the future, removing those tendencies for the future. To my mind, only in such spiritual systems there is the possibility of character transformation, character change, evolution. Whereas religion, whether it is in temples, or churches, or whatever it be, has only brought us down more and more until we are worshipping stones and symbols.

So, this problem of religion, you know. Even nowadays, many abhyasis leave us. Suddenly they become aware that Christ was a wonderful person. A man or a woman who has never thought of Christianity all her life becomes an abhyasi, and one fine morning she comes and weeps and says, "No, no, no. I cannot betray Christ." I ask, "Which Christ? When did you ever accept him, or pray to him, that you are now talking of betraying him? Have you ever done what Christ asked you to do? Have you ever lived according to Christian principles of charity, humanity, mercy, and compassion? Have you shown love towards your neighbour? Have you stopped coveting your neighbour's goods and your neighbour's wife? Have you stopped killing? Then which Christ are you talking of betraying? Do you know who Christ was? Where he was born?" "No, no, but Chari, you know, I believe in my heart that if I do this, I will be letting my Christ down." I say, "In everything you have done, you have let your Christ down, and now when you do the one good thing which even Christ will

be proud of, you want to go back to Christ. And what are you going to do by going back to him?" No answer.

You see, I would like to avoid saying certain things, but to me, poor Jesus was crucified long before the Romans actually crucified him. He died in desperation, a death of despair. Even while he was alive he was betrayed. Someone sold him for thirty-two pieces of silver, and betrayed him to the Jews and the Romans. And at the Last Supper, he himself says to Peter the Great, the originator of Christianity, "You will betray me twice before the cock crows twice," or some such thing. "Before the cock crows twice, thou shalt betray me thrice."

So you see, even before he died, he knew that his life, his purpose, the meaning for which he came, was all gone, destroyed, sold for thirty-two pieces of silver and betrayed by him, and the one whom he had chosen as the most staunch of his disciples was going to betray him all over again the next morning.

So, this is a religion founded upon betrayal, lies, and where the master was sold off for thirty-two pieces of silver — merely thirty-two pieces of silver. I would have been happy if somebody had thought Jesus was worth thirty-two **million** pieces of silver. But here is a blighter who goes and takes and surreptitiously puts it into his pocket and hands him over.

So you see, religions are full of betrayal. In fact, my contention is, my conviction is, that when the original founder cannot leave someone to carry on his work in the same way, nothing can happen except a religion again all over. Otherwise, if there was one Christ and one Christianity, why are there so many Christianities today? The Greek church, the Orthodox church, the Russian church, the Catholics, the Protestants, the Seventh-Day Adventists. I mean, the list is almost unending.

So you see, this tendency to divide is inherent in religions. In spirituality, we have the possibility of bringing in

an opposing tendency to integrate, to become one. How can fifty-seven churches, different denominations of Christianity, worship the same Christ but yet fight among themselves? It is like children who are fighting at home and all have one father.

Babuji Maharaj said, "Religions divide, spirituality unites," precisely for this reason. And it is for this reason that we do not know what can happen in the future. The future is always unknown. But does that mean we have to despair of the future? Not at all. Because Babuji said, "While the future may be unknown, it can become known when you have developed in yourself the capacity to create your own future." Religions cannot create any future for you. At best, they are only trying to remove your past in an artificial, ritualistic, useless way. And we are the fools who come out of church and temple imagining that we have been benefited by a visit. It is **our** fault, it is **our** foolishness.

What has kept religion alive all these thousands of years is nothing but our cupidity, our selfishness, and our attachment to sinful ways of life — because religion does not interfere. Religion only says, "When you feel that you have sinned, come to me. I shall absolve you of your sins." It is almost as if religion says, "Go ahead and sin! What is there to be afraid of when God, the Great and the Almighty, is waiting to forgive you?" In fact, there is a quotation from some Sufi source which asks a devotee, "Are you so faithless, and do you believe so little in the mercy of God, that you are afraid to sin?" So you see, you are **prodded** to commit sins. "Go ahead my son, or my daughter. I am here to help you next week, next Friday. But bring sufficient money to put in the plate because, after all, I have to live on collections and if I am not there, who is going to confess you?"

I believe that, not only have religions kept alive human cupidity, human selfishness, human sinfulness, human depravity, corruption, separatism, but they have also interfered with our progress. Therefore you find adherents of all

religions, without exception, have come down the moral scale progressively, until today we see what we are, whether it be Hinduism, whether it be Christianity. How can a person practise a religion where the commandments tell him, "Thou shalt not kill" — how can such a society make atom bombs? How can they involve themselves in germ warfare? How can they kill off ethnic minorities for the sake of the so-called white population in which they are existing? We need them to work as long as the economy is sound and a lot of employment is around. They do the menial jobs. They are paid ten percent of what a white man would be paid for a similar position. And yet, when the jobs go because the economy has failed, because even the government is in debt, the first target are the ethnic minorities. "Shoot them, kill them, throw them out!" What was the morality behind Richard the Lion-Hearted going to war with the Saracens?

So, a religion which is founded on bloodshed, upon the corpses of millions of people — Christianity, Islam, being the two main examples. It is said that they have killed more people than all the wars put together — two religions, mind you — preaching compassion, mercy, and love.

We have to be very, very, careful about what we talk when we talk about religion, and about what we mean when we talk of spirituality. Spirituality can never be religion. Spirituality can never become a religion, because it is like saying, "Can the sun become the moon?" Not in the foreseeable future, not in the next fifteen billion years. How can spirituality become religion? Spirituality can never become religion. All that can happen is, spirituality will stop — like a river being stopped by a big barrier of mud, and what you will have is a new sequence of events culminating in the creation of priests, the process of shriving, and compassion, and confession, and a new religion will arise in its place.

Spirituality cannot change. Why I am saying this is, people are afraid, people are apprehensive that Sahaj Marg

may degenerate into a religion. Not at all! It cannot, but it **can** stop being. A day may come when there is no more Sahaj Marg, but there are meditation halls with pictures of the Masters, amphorae of wine, all sorts of incense and garlands and all these traditional things. And we shall have groups of people praying and saying mantras, "Om, Lalaji Maharaj, Om, Lalaji Maharaj...," you know, and we shall have good sales of beads and robes and stuff like that — what you see in Pune when you go to Osho's ashram.

So, never make the mistake of thinking that spirituality can degenerate into religion. Spirituality cannot, but it can end. But when will it end? It will end only when the line of Masters stops. And when will that happen? When there is no more somebody who can take on the responsibility and the duty of continuing the tradition of spiritual practice, spiritual life.

So again, I say to all of you, the continuing or the non-continuing of Sahaj Marg depends upon abhyasis worldwide — present, and those who will come in the future. So, any one of you could be the torchbearer of the future. But I must again repeat this caution, that we should not work with that idea of becoming the Master, but trying to practise sincerely, follow the teachings of Babuji Maharaj and Lalaji Maharaj, dedicate yourself to your own welfare. There is no dedication demanded of you towards the Master, the Mission and the method — it is a false idea. Any dedication is to your own self, to your own welfare, to your own spiritual growth. And if you are found lacking, it is **you** who will suffer, nobody else.

So, the spiritual practice is not to satisfy somebody else, or to make the Master happy, or to go into the central region. What is the central region? I don't know whether it even exists — I don't care. For me, my Master is my central region. For the child, the safety and security is in its mother's lap; it does not care whether it is in Munich or in Copenhagen.

So, when Christ said, "Be ye as little children," we have to be like that — innocent, innocent of all. Innocent of every idea of being something which we are not. Innocent of even the idea of having to **become** something. Because, as Babuji Maharaj said, ours is a process of **unbecoming**, throwing off, layer by layer, all the stupidity and everything else that we have built around ourselves as shells. Now, I am not trying to tell you something about psychology, because I am not a psychologist, nor is Sahaj Marg a psychological system.

That is why when I spoke to you all last summer, I was talking of 'peeling the onion'. But when you peel the onion, finally you come to nothing, and it is really nothing. But when you peel away yourself, the grossest outer layer, followed by the little less gross inner layer, and so on, until you come to that which looks like nothing, it is really something which has the essence of nothingness, which Babuji described as being divinity. It is to **that** our orientation should be. Therefore, we are not here to achieve something, we are not here to grow, we are not here to become, but we are here to take off layer after layer after layer of our own grossness until finally, one day, that nothingness will emerge which we call our goal, our destiny, human perfection, divinisation.

Thank you.

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ADDRESS TO USA ANNUAL MEETING

Vrads Sande, Denmark
29 December, 1993

I am happy to meet all of you again, and of course, I miss those who are not here, very much. I look forward to the day when all of us will be together everywhere, if not in body, at least in spirit. I am happy that Sahaj Marg is growing in the States, slowly but steadily. Very fast in some places, slower in some places, and perhaps bogged down in some places, too. We have, I think, three new preceptors here today: Brother Sai Krishna, Sister Janmarie Connor, and Anila Beravol.

I think we now have what, about fifty-two preceptors in the States? Seventy-one! And normally, I expect at least forty abhyasis per preceptor. So, we should be around three thousand in the US. I mean, that's the rough average worldwide. That should be our growth target. Not being a profit organisation or a financial institution, we don't lay down targets for financial growth, of course. But growth in service has to be reflected in the number of new abhyasis that

we find every year coming in, and we must also be in a position to say why people have left.

It is a little painful for me to say that, perhaps, politics among preceptors has caused more fallouts than anything else. You know, America is the land of competitiveness, as they say, but competitiveness should not mean destructive competition. They say, "Dog eats not dog," but I have had letters from people who have dropped out, and abhyasis who are potential dropouts, telling me that, if and when they drop out, it will be because of power struggles among preceptors. Now, that is very sad. We are in a system in which there is no power. We don't use any power. It is a powerless power, forceless force. We have all become adept at talking about Sahaj Marg from the stage, and talking about how transmission is forceless force, how everything comes from the Master, etc. But when a group of abhyasis or preceptors gather around somewhere, there seems to be this development of power politics, which is really very bad. More than anything, it will harm your own growth — I am talking to the preceptors now, in the US — more than anything, it will harm your growth. If preceptors cannot constitute among themselves a brotherhood, knit together by a common objective, a common purpose, and common endeavour, I don't know what else can bring people together. And how can we expect a brotherhood among abhyasis if there is no brotherhood among preceptors?

This is a very real problem as far as the United States is concerned, and I would like all of you to address yourselves very seriously to this problem and find a solution to it. In his last days, Babuji Maharaj was very sad because we had this problem in India. Power problems, positional problems, hierarchies, groups, so-called senior preceptors, so-called excellent preceptors, so-called preceptors close to the Master. Only he who does his work sincerely, efficiently, honestly, and who can put his hand on his heart and say, "I have done what I could, with the best of intention, and to the best of my ability," is really close to the Master.

I don't want you to be fooled by apparent physical closenesses, proximities, things like that. The closest to the doctor is the sickest person. It is a fact. I have often said this in India; I repeat it for your benefit here, too. I tell Indian abhyasis that, where a doctor comes once a week, somebody is a little sick. He starts coming every day, the patient is sicker. He comes with a couple of specialists, he is probably on the way out! That is the syndrome, you know, in India. That's why we are afraid of doctors, we are afraid of hospitals, we are afraid of medicine. In India, people rarely go to the hospital until they are dying.

So here too, you see, if the Master has to go to the same place every year, every month, every day, then, like Shakespeare, we can say, "All is not well with the state of Denmark." I mean, this is a quotation — let not the Danes get upset [laughs] — it has nothing to do with Denmark, but it is a quotation from Shakespeare. So, when we have these power problems, you know... What is the power that we have here? Nothing! If a preceptor is not happy with serving a brotherhood of abhyasis to the best of his ability, and letting other preceptors also do the same service, instead of falling in groups and saying, "These are my abhyasis." I mean, I don't know who gave them to you, to say that they are your abhyasis. Nobody is anybody's abhyasi. They are abhyasis. They are abhyasis of the Sahaj Marg system. They are being served by the Master through preceptors.

So, there should be no possessive instinct developing among preceptors about their abhyasis, so-called. No preceptor should say, "This is my abhyasi," because he doesn't have an abhyasi. If he has one, it is himself. And people who talk like this generally are not even their own abhyasis, because they are not sincere, they are not regular, they are not honest. I am sorry to have to speak plainly, but there are two or three problem areas in the US. I have been talking to individuals concerned separately. But it's better to prevent problems by speaking openly about them, and to

ensure that there is co-operation, there is brotherhood, there is love. Preceptors should co-operate. I mean, this is not a corporation, where you have to step on the body of a dead person, and go up the ladder of promotion. Here there is no promotion, there is no increment, there is no advancement, there are no bonuses. If there are any, they are very silently bestowed upon you for your work, without your even knowing about it — if you deserve it.

So, preceptors should become deserving of recognition from the Master, not mutually among themselves, saying, "This man is very good. That man is very bad. I am excellent." It breeds jealousy, recrimination. And I have received all sorts of funny complaints, you see, that this preceptor likes music, that preceptor goes to cinemas, the third one talks only in Hindi — things like that. Well, if I am at home, I speak in Tamil, and if you want to understand me, you'd better learn it! I mean, if I can learn English to talk to you, don't you think as a return courtesy, you should learn a bit of Tamil to speak with me in that language, too? What is so good about English that everybody has to learn English? Suppose I decide next year to address you only in Tamil. It is my prerogative! What will you do?

So you see, you forget that in America, you are an English language-based society, but that doesn't mean everybody who comes there can speak always English, because it is not their mother tongue. Raghavendran might be speaking to his wife in Tamil or Kannada. Connor might be speaking in Spanish with an associate at home, or with her mother. Isn't it? Shankar and his wife may be speaking in Gujarati. And English-speaking abhyasis, what shall we say, the blue-blooded Americans, shouldn't imagine that they are being spoken about. I mean, this is the height of egotism to think that when anybody speaks, they are only speaking about you. Why this self-centredness, this arrogance, this egotism, that anybody who speaks in any other language is only

speaking about you, against you? Why don't you think it's in your favour?

In India, we have this, you know, cultural invertendo, that we praise silently, and curse very fluently loudly. It is invertendo. In Western societies, they praise loudly, but curse in their hearts, you know, to their heart's content. So, please remember this, because there are a lot of Indian preceptors, a lot of American preceptors, and more and more, I am happy to see ethnic, so-called, preceptors — Bogotons, Syrians, Peruvians — I don't know if you have an Incan yet! You're not an Incan? That makes me very sad. I am looking forward to an Incan one of these days.

You know, we have now preceptors in China, in Malaysia, in Singapore, in Australia, in New Zealand, Bahrain, soon in Abu-Dhabi, soon in Qatar. In Iran, we have about a dozen of them. In Turkey, in Israel, all over the former USSR. If all of us meet, in what language shall we speak? I am sure someday we will all sit together, only preceptors, one thousand of us, with none of the former USSR people able to speak English. The Chinaman, not being able to speak any other language except his. The French, very belligerent and noisy in their own language. And the English-speaking preceptors, a very sad minority. They may be powerful in other ways, the English-speaking races, but in spirituality, they are way behind the rest of the world.

So, I would like the white preceptors — you know, I don't want to bring colour consciousness into this, that is not my intention — but let us not assume that America is for the Americans. America is for everybody. The **world** is for everybody. We are not Americans here. We are Americans because it is an association created in the US of America, under its laws, subject to its taxation laws, therefore we form an American association. If, one day, the world is relieved, or shall we say, liberated, from political and other stupid ideological boundaries, there will be **one** world. And that is

our problem, that is our purpose, that is our business, that is our job, and that is what you have to get on with.

Not deal with, you know, like yesterday I said, potatoes for baking, Idaho potatoes. We have good potatoes in India, too, and they are not from Idaho. California grapes, I don't know, but we have California grapes, too, in India, but not grown in California. Kentucky chicken, we have any number of them! Fries, pizzas — you name it, we have it! Only thing, we call them, you know, Kulu apples, Srinagar oranges, etc. Now, any apple can be baked or stewed, any potato can be baked or fried. So, what makes an American Idaho potato greater than any other potato in the world, or the American dollar better than any other money in the world, or an American woman better than any other woman in the world, or an American preceptor better than any other preceptor in the world?

He who does his work faithfully to the Master, considering himself or herself answerable, accountable to him — please remember, we are in a very, very, precarious position, preceptors. Preceptor is 'P', precarious is 'P', position is 'P' — precarious position of preceptors, because one day we will have to stand before Him and answer. "What have you done?" "I did my best." "Yes, I suppose so." Babuji, you know, he never said, "No." He said, "I suppose so. Please take this door," very politely, and when you enter there, you find I don't know what.

We are not answerable to each other. No preceptor should criticise another preceptor. No preceptor should blame another preceptor. No preceptor should claim an abhyasi. You know, I have been telling people who come to me (abhyasis, potential abhyasis), and say, "Chariji, I cannot accept you." I say, "Thank heavens, one less! One problem less for me." If that blighter were to accept me, I am bound to serve him. You know, inside my heart, I tell you, this is a very serious and a very truthful statement: the less abhyasis, the better for me.

But that is not the goal of Sahaj Marg, those are not the instructions of my Master, that is not the purpose of the Mission. So, I go with it. More and more? Yes, come. If I am going to be hanged for one, I might as well be hanged for a hundred. Why not? I mean, I can only be hung once!

So, I welcome all these new abhyasis who say, "I accept you, Chariji. I love you." Yes, I know. I know when they say, "I love you," they are thinking of Tom or Collins, or somebody else somewhere, identified for the moment with the Master, so that they think, if they think of it that way in constant remembrance, you know, they are thinking of their boyfriends or girlfriends. Nothing wrong, but preceptors should not do it. Preceptors have to be sincere to their job, answerable to the Master, accountable, silently or otherwise, in this world or otherwise, today or in the future, I don't know, but that day of accounting **will** come.

So, preceptors must be very careful about what they think they are doing, what they think they should be doing, and how they should be doing what they are expected to do. Each preceptor should consider himself associated with the Master directly. You have nothing else to do with other preceptors, except to sit down and eat together, be happy together, be friendly, be brotherly. The rest is between you and Him. There are no network systems here, like in computerised systems — no networking. Here, it is a one-to-one relationship between you and the Master. So, what is the point in quarrelling, bickering, criticising, bitching? That, too, is happening. I hate to use these words, but again, being an American meeting, I must use words which you will understand! I know these words! I pick them up here and there, and in India, we say that the best way of learning the language is to learn all the swear words first! It comes easier. So, that's just by the way.

I don't think I have anything more to say, because depending on you all, who are sort-of buffers between the

Master and the abhyasis, the growth of the Mission, you know, its future, its possibility, and its capacity to serve mankind rests. You are a very valuable buffer. But like all buffers, you have to bear, from both sides, knocks. You are like a percussion instrument being beaten from both ends, and that is the job of the percussion instrument — to be beaten, you know, until it resounds. It cannot say, "Oh, for heaven's sake! Beating from both sides!" The both sides here are: one side the abhyasi, the other side the Master. One you can avoid — beating from the Master's side, you can avoid if you are sincere, honest, dedicated to your work. From the abhyasi's side, you must learn to say, like Christ, "Master, forgive them, for they don't know what they are saying, what they are doing." If you are able to do that, we shall have, what should I say, a galaxy of superbly brilliant preceptors. Not intellectually brilliant, but brilliant in the way that a star shines. On a moonless night, you can go by starlight.

So, your business is to shed light on the path when the Sun is on the other side of the Earth — not necessarily dark. Oldtime astronomers used to guide their ships, lay their courses, by the stars. So, the star is a very valuable thing. I want all of you to become beautiful stars, shimmering stars, of whom the Master will be proud, of whom society will be proud, on whom society will trust. Because if you are fighting among yourselves and quarrelling among yourselves, people in society say, "What is this Sahaj Marg? They can't get on with each other, and they are talking of human transformation, and they have not even transformed themselves! This guy is the same fellow he was twenty years back. No change. Still shouting at everybody, still having a glass of beer on the sly. That fellow? Well, he is even worse. Lot of preaching, but no practise. His preaching is for other people, not for himself."

So you see, if you want society to think well of you, to believe you, to trust you, and then come to you, you have to have your house set in order. I think this is the fundamental job of all our associations worldwide: to have an orderly

house, with 'welcome' written on your faces, doors open, hearts wide open, prepared to serve. The Master can do the work directly, I assure you. But as I said, you are a valuable cushion, so that the Mission's development in other ways can be his concern. It is not his business, and it is his business, both. When he hands it over to you, he has done it with truth, with belief, and with hope. You should work in such a way that his trust in you, his belief in your work, and his hope for the future, are not belied.

Thank you.

Heart to Heart, Volume VI

My Master has said that where there is suffering, God is there. And where there is the greatest suffering, God must be there. Where there is the greatest suffering, there is the highest possibility of having Him with us, sharing His presence, receiving His love and blessings, and growing in the warmth of His love. This is an assurance from my Master. Babuji Maharaj used to say that happy people don't seem to need God. But it is not the same with people who are unhappy, miserable. Therefore, we find in the developed nations a big difference from the countries which have been under great suffering. Therefore, Babuji Maharaj said, "We must welcome miseries as blessings of God"

P. RAJAGOPALACHARI

The author, P. Rajagopalachari (born in India in 1927), was raised in the rich cultural heritage of the East, although educated extensively in the Western tradition. As the spiritual head and president of Shri Ram Chandra Mission, he has travelled widely, meeting interested seekers throughout the world. This volume contains his talks given for practitioners of the Sahaj Marg system during 1993 in South Africa, Europe, and Russia.

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